

Die Optimisten

"Take Up Space"

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"He loves us" - repeated in background throughout entire track

[Chorus: Anne Peebles {*sampled*}]

If you're not gonna take care of business stop takin up space

If you're not gonna take care of business stop takin up space

[Lord Superb]

Eh-yo, it's Perb dunn

Wu, A.C.T., Chip Banks, Rakeem Allah

Come on! Projects, projects

Slums, bums, ghettoes

Large sums, yo

We read it all in the fan magazine

Hookers, pushers, lead magazine

I grew up in Queens around Pappy and 'Preme

Have my own dreams, cop a Caddy and lean

And Drag told me about the fans in rap

And after that talk all we said was that

I'ma keep pushin the trigger 'til ya head is back

Get rich off my songs, the hell with crack

And Jamel ran through every jail with raps

Tryin to push my voice on every reel and track

And I don't give a fuck if the reel is wack

I bring an old school MC feelin back

And we still in the hood with gats

And my goons ain't good with gats

And where you think you goin with the wooden plaques?

See, it ain't just me, the whole Wu is back

But you don't know what to do with tracks

And what can this industry do with trash?

And what the fuck you gon' do for rap?

I'ma do it for the kids, get a school, some cash

Fuck a chain, I'm jewel they ass

Like why play if the game don't last?

[Chorus 2X]

[Solomon Childs]

Yeah...

My vultures are signed and blinded by money getters
Players and pimps, ya ho chose me
Supposedly, that's how the game go
And ain't a difference in prison gats and ghetto walls
That's why we playin hard ball
This be perfections from my father's hustle
Shrimp and bustles and life's complicated puzzles
Grew up under the Older Gods, sits there with Cee
Allah
Came from the same thug parts and drug parts as
Tony Stark
I understand that the industry be under-handed
Underground and under-lined
Thank God, word, it took me so long to get signed
Climb out of a hell of a bind
That's why I still return around the way
Throw a toast to ya nose and ask what's mine
Forward my emotions of a supreme rap artist
Solomon Childs, New York protege
I've now been discovered
Adjusted, it was all in my kin, got me smothered
Wu-Tang for life, my brothers got me covered
Millionaire, billionaire status
Beef with police like Marshall and Onasis
Dealin wit uniqueness

[Chorus 2X]

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