

Lyrics by Grant Amy

"Stay in Your Lane"

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(Verse 1: U-God)

Yeah

Tired of all this shit god

Channel you wanna come out?

Niggas betta respect this shit

I see, I see the same ol' rap cats gettin real lame

Same ol' funny cats

Radio Cats

Dummy Squads

Get one gold record step in the party hard

Like Tyson with ten body guards

Quiet stormin, we still countin enourmous odds

One enter this shit, in a sence represent

Just the sun drenched the gods up

Kept his law start date March 5th ninteen nintey nine

Mighty Healthy, wealthy for fine

Braveheart, veins, respect mines

Before the war happened we connect to your glass
spines

And as we bash heads, clash nines, who said you could
use my lines?

Who said you could rock my Wu sings?

The golden eye chastisement

Supreme team shit

Spy versus spy shit

Small crimes comitted

Tryin it wit my shines on

Gimme mines

Suppost to be comin wit proper flows son

Over the hill, headed with thrill on elephants

Till the buffalo guns

The greatest of all times

This time, I'm not go'n say no names

If you not one of the same I suggest you

(chorus)

Stay in your lane

Stay in your lane

Stay off my stage, stay in your lane

If you ain't from the grain

If you ain't my main man like RZA

Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane

(Verse 2: U-God)

The run-away train double the sting
Me and Edith stay beneath us
Flip like Batman and Bruce Wayne
Don't take my kindness for weakness
36 peak shit
Sweetness, ride the bridges skim the bubbles real
fridged
Don't get mad couse we lived it
As our dog we don't trouble you
Tell your bitch and your friends respect that "W" too
Y'all make me sick
Renegade chicks, strap a grenade to my dick
This shit is feather
Stuck in a high, but more calibre job
To rip your best in half
We arm wrestle you till you beg
Pop your legs in the pretzel
The one in the flames and came out the drain
I suggest that you

(chorus)

Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay off my stage, stay in your lane
If you ain't from the grain
If you ain't my main man like RZA
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane

(Verse 3: U-God)

The rain of Spain falls mainly on the plane
Ready to bake this shit
Snake verse crane
Detrail me, hope I fell
I'm hot on your tail people
You can't be the light
I came to Earth first by a meteorite
Frog, analog non descript, I gently empty the clip
Crack the whip, rip you from your lips to your hips
Chip for some men off, you fake dreds
Action bitches about me and my black belt degree in
rappin
I make a whole lot of shit happen
The moister peal, oyster vapors
Ember on papers
Still scalpin
Y'all piggy backin snakes

Jiggy rap
Shinin like 'Pac, a whole fuckin album
This time, through the flames of triumph
Through the flames of triumph
I ain't go'n play no games
I ain't go'n play no games but I suggest you

(chorus)
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay off my stage, stay in your lane
If you ain't from the grain
If you ain't my main man like RZA
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Mothafucka stay in your lane
You ain't from the grain
If you ain't my main man like RZA
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay in your lane
Stay in your fuckin lane
Niggas
Bang bang

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