

## K' Da Cruz "Wisdom Body"

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Intro: \_The Mack\_

No man all bitches are the same, just like my hoes, you  
know  
I keep em broke  
Wake up one morning with some money they're subject  
to go crazy you know?  
I keep em lookin good, pretty and all that  
You know, but no dough  
When I get a bitch, I got a bitch (right on)

Lyrics: Ghostface

Word up, that motherfuckin brother wise  
Youknowhat!msayin? Teachin the uncivilized  
Yeah, runnin the streets, know it's deep  
Word up, check his technique, yeah  
I be Ghostface  
Flippin the, marvelous track  
Yeah  
You know the steelo, but yo, yo  
Check the bangin sounds that I invent  
Fake niggaz who tried to flex hard came and went  
They couldn't match up with the fly nigga  
Wit his back against the wall  
Heads clapped once I came in the door  
I played the speaker, sippin on Kahlua  
Saw this bad bitch wit a switch  
And yo, I had to step to her in a manner  
and rather wished the current was warm  
When I had reached her, I looked and knew the shit  
was on  
Peace, excuse me, allow to introduce myself  
Yo, I'm the man, and Honey, you've been rated top  
shelf  
Yo, what's your name hon, hair wrapped up in a bun  
Your eyes sparkle, just like glass in the sun  
Never diss em, it's hard for a nigga just to miss em  
Especially, when you're browsin, goin fishin  
Your wasteline, bangin like a bassline  
Physical form is well complexed

And yo, I love your outline, Boo  
Your whole body is wild, wit your rugged profile  
Enough to make a hard rock smile  
You can't strikeout, tell me what can really go wrong  
You rockin' labels - Tommy Hil down to Claiborne  
Show me some love hon, show me some love boo  
Show me the vibe and I'll be more than glad to shoot it  
through  
Aiiyo peep it, I know you love Victoria's Secret  
And lovin' all the marvelous slang on how I freak it  
Plus, see you're the type to make a nigga crash  
Far from trash, your flesh is way softer than a baby's  
ass  
Your body lotion is the potion, the shit got me open like  
dust  
And yo, your stee is high potent, yo  
We can go the distance, I put you under wings  
From this convo we can spark and see whatever brings  
I walked a hot Arabian desert, barefooted  
I grabbed your hand, you grabbed my joint and knew  
where to put it  
Word up, yo, straight up and down yo  
Check the joint, baby  
It be the Wu-Tang production  
Yeah, yeah, and all types of shit  
And brothas catchin repercussions  
Yo, straight up

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