

**Kate Yanai****"Wake Up Show Freestyle"**

Visit "[Wake Up Show Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Shyheim]

This is on some Cash Rules Everything Around Me type  
thought

Yo bust it yo, yo

We was chillin on the ave, buggin out lookin dap

And these four cold boys rolled up in a cab

They pulled out a tool, said get against the wall

F' that, I'd rather brawl than to go out at all

My man pushed back \*blaow\* he pulled the trigger

Nah G not on Sin, that's my main nigga

His body hit the floor, blood covered the ground

How that sound? I didn't even get my last pound

The red glare with his tears made me shed

Now I'm fed, my right hand man could be dead

Hell no, I couldn't let em flee that ain't me

Or how me and my crew lounge and be

So we dash with a rugged child on his ass

In the grass his life is now come to pass

The fam made him trip, aww shit the gun slip

My man picked up the burner and emptied the clip

In his back, no slack jack, with sound to retreat back

Wipe the gat and pack it in a napsack

Yo be out cause 5-0 is soon to come

You get arrested and bagged for murder one

I'm in the house with Bishop, The RZA, The GZA

Represent kid you know how it goes dizza

[Prince Rakeem/RZA]

I'ma set it off for The GZA then GZA gonna finish his-a

Set it right here from the beginning? Aiiight bet check it

Cash Rules Everything Around Me

CREAM get the money, dollar dollar bill y'all, check it

I make a rugged bloody spectacle

Technical feast where beats hits like a kick to your  
testicles

Niggas remind me of vegetables

So I'ma stir fry your brain like the incredible edible

Egg, I got mad CREAM between bread

Rip it on, pass the bone, let's get stoned like Fred

Flintstone when I roam boy it's evident

We only puff on the leafs with the ganja scent

I be the mean black gugger bust a slug in your mug  
Watch the blood overflow your head like beer suds  
The temple that I am in I got the mental rhymin  
While chumps try to pump the styles of Simple Simon  
I be The RZA, yo I gets bizza with my lizza  
Here be my nizza, The GZA  
Live in effect on KMEL boy

[The Genius/GZA]

Yeah, and you don't stop yo  
Callin all cars, callin all cars, lyrical psycho  
Armed and dangerous, leavin mad scars on those  
Who are found bound, gagged and shot  
While I blast the spot niggas took off like astronauts  
Difficult see even your best can't come on down  
You're the next contestant  
Get your non-lyrical rhymin ass a spankin  
I'm catchin wreck, gettin more respect than Aretha  
Franklin  
Avenue and Putnam, the rhyme wreckin center  
Bacardi and Rum through those cold days of winter  
I used to warm up the cipher with a rhyme that was  
hyper  
Than your average JFK sniper  
So yo yo, don't even start it  
I roll like Kaufmann, lay that ass out like carpet  
25 rhymes a square yard  
I hit em so hard he wake up sayin "That wasn't even fair  
God"  
Stop the stutterin boy, save your place for the 5-0  
Then praise the lord you're alive bro  
I release stacks, you premeditate the grab  
You couldn't catch it so you bounce back to your lab  
Just to look for what, wack rhymes you couldn't finish  
Yeah, I know forgot to eat your spinach  
Here's a can, for those who wanna sleep, pills  
Cold snorin while they slept on my deep skills  
That originated back in Shaolin, an endangered island  
Shorties losin blood by the gallons

[Shyheim]

Yo I gotta go after that boy  
After The GZA then we go to a commercial whatever  
y'all wanna do  
Check it, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
You better look out kid cause I'm the Wu-Tang's  
smallest artist  
When I come through niggas be jettin like I'm narcotics  
I'm the shorty of the bus but yet I hit the hardest  
When I rolled upon your squad you showed me where  
your heart is

You start to snitch like a bitch cold droppin dimes  
I cut that ass short like a tree of alpine  
But I'm a lumberjack black and a matter of fact  
I flip that track like 2 kilos of crack packs  
I lit up quick like a 4-fifth automatic  
Who got static, like Spike Lee I gotta have it  
I gave it to your ass raw like a proud faggot  
I keep it movin like I did on my first LP  
I stay true to the grain of G.P.  
Word to my mother I can never be a sucker  
I die hard too, yippie-ki-yay muthafucker

Visit [Kate Yanai](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.