

Lauryn Hill F/ Carlos Santana

"The Monument"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, yeah yeah now, what the fuck now?
Flipmode Wu-Tang shit, what the fuck now?
Yeah yeah yeah..
Historical and monumental shit
What the fuck now? Yeah, yeah, yeah

Straight smack a nigga right in the face like this was
handball
Or make a mural out his face up on a damn wall
Niggaz play hard and shit; if you know what's best for
you
y'all niggaz better safeguard your shit
Even though we rep brass knuckle rap
Fuck with street geniuses and bowlegged chicks who
walk with a gap
Street niggaz now the corporate boss
Still go to y'all resteraunt for steamed fish and Irish
moss
And y-yo, the way we do it and you see how my shit
bomb
Your whole show wack and I'ma cancel your sitcom
Fuck a nigga broad 'til she tired and real calm
You ain't knowin my name tattoed on your bitch arm
The way we blow SHIT is a shame
Casually bust my gun and celebrate bustin a cork on
the champagne
Wrote you with a whole new approach that lead a whole
team of niggaz
Y'all should know I only ball like a coach, NOW!

[Raekwon the Chef]

Check out the light fixture, freak lines like white bitches
Let the mic lines - hang that slang is ridiculous
Emperor of warlords, big gun only fuck with sawed-offs
That's my specialty, more to bust
Shot out my bed parrot keep it gangster Lord
I analyze your work those that got merked were not
established
Texture look classy, arm baby 2000 raspberry
S-5, blowin through Asbury

Soon to own steakhouses, glowin like makeover
thousand
Them them niggaz, robbin from Pinkhouse's
Show and prove, knockin off cab drivers
God, sodomize money, ring two hundred thousand
See the color of the carved out Wu emblem
Baby, it's all designers, tailor-made Wu geese
Limousine, automatic new uzi's in 'em yo
Relax, cousin just cruise through, jewels with him

[GZA]

Move up the block, giant box blast my song
Non-stop strictly hip-hop, march on
Doo-rag hang long, metal tape is high-bias
Graphics, captured with the colorful, iris
I zoom in, while the listeners tune in
Some assumin they paid dues and joined the union
Lost nigga couldn't rumble in this wild jungle
Quick to crumble, type to be on the stand and fumble
Divine Master, threw on the track that made 'em bleed
He produce at unattainable rains of top speed
This powerful magnet, that left 'em stagnant
was unlikely in cameras in larger fragments
Un-filled rifle, scout sniper, shots precise
Starlight scope, with the night vision device
Splendid marksman, that'll shoot the one off the dice
Split a grain of rice, in one shot we kill 'em twice
{*GUNBLAST*}

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