

Manhattan Transfer F/ Laura Nyro "Careful"

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[RZA as Bobby Digital]

Wait, hold up, chill, what's that son?
Damn nigga got fuck shit, huh?
The God stack, watch nigga run
Seven in the center of your eight point sun
Old type grip on the God-U, Now you
best be Careful, can't dodge two
Self-heats aimed at your dome piece
Father U C King police

[U-God]

Somethin in the slum went rum pu-pum-pum
Somethin in the slum went rum pu-pum-pum

[Masta Killa]

Yo Rae it's been a long time son
Since we bust gun, clap Glaciers
Ran the world and snatched paper
Return to the 36th Chamber
Proceed with caution as you Enter
We have an APB on an emcee Killa
Looks like the work of a Masta

[Cappadonna]

Somethin in the street went bang, bang
Makin it hard for you to do your thang, thang
Somethin in the street went bang, bang
Up in the force game, wildin money for grabs
I ain't fuckin with crabs, outta state
Cop two labs, hop two cabs, back on the Av.
Stab you with the vocab, catch me at the big dopey
head
Tryin to re-up, keep my feet up, snake niggaz in the cut
Hold the pride up, your time is up
No love, heat start to bust, niggaz you can't trust
Deal with lust, seen him at the ball games with James
Somethin in the street went bang, bang
Makin it hard for you to do your thang, thang
Somethin in the street went bang, bang
Makin it hard for you to do your thang, thang

[Ghostface Killah]

Somethin in the hood went click, click
The box cutter went click, click
Somethin in the hood went click, click
The box cutter went click, click
These are the bones, bones from the grave
Yo, Hoodini, G-Dini, rhymes only, Noodles sprinkle
throw yo Embry
Climb like the deficit, profits, death threats to Israel
Slid through Bethlehem, bong on one wheel
Syringes, rubber bands, needles, the sixties
Granddaddy Caddy, was coppin six g's
B'Gosh all that, Oshkosh jumpers
Pink Champele, brown paper bag, wall to wall pumpin

[U-God]

Beats in the camera guys, cause terror in ya eyes
Sweat on the hammer fly, Ways of the Samurai
News flash bulletin, Gods on the prowl
We full again, rough men, scuffed Timb's
Sonic bionic lens, RZA console
Is it Bush or is it Dole?, front row at the Super Bowl
Black gold in my soul, on the whole, stroll
Don't go boy, you on parole, you don't know?

[Inspectah Deck]

Someone in the back went clack, clack
Money is stacked, now bust ya gun clack, clack
Someone in the back went clack, clack
Money is stacked, now bust ya gun clack, clack
Made 'em throw they hands up and then lay flat
Rap pack, eat up, the average alley cat
Prepare for the impact, when we contact
Known to drop facts that crack your hard hat
Must I Show N Prove? Trust I, bust I
Make your head spin like chrome 20's on the Buggy
Eye
Benz, who contends? Wu like the Super Friends
Who's Your Rhymin Hero? Wu-Tang rules again
Someone in the back went clack, clack
Money to stack, now bust ya gun clack, clack
Someone in the back went clack, clack
Money to stack, now bust ya gun clack, clack

[Cappadonna]

Somethin in the street went bang, bang
Makin it hard for you to do your thang, thang
Somethin in the street went bang, bang

[Ghostface Killah]

Somethin in the hood went click, click

The box cutter went click, click
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[U-God]

Somethin in the slum went rum pu-pum-pum
Somethin in the slum went rum pu-pum-pum

[sample]

Careful, Careful, Careful, Careful

[Le Rat Luciano]

le systÃ¨me transforme l'homme en bÃªte, j'suis pas
arrivÃ©
y'a pas de flingue braquÃ© sur ma tÃªte ou planquÃ©
sous ma veste
mais tout peut arriver ma belle
on peut m'retrouver mort au fond d'une benne
vu qu'chaque jour le mal rÃ¨gne
donc d'main on voudra me descendre
je n'verrai plus le matin
donc d'main c'est ma main droite qui deviendra
l'assassin
pour l'instant j'marche sans gun
le comble : sÃ©parer aucun corps d'son 'me pour le
fun
on perd sa vie Ã essayer de la gagner
dÃ©s qu'on y arrive on est bon pour la morgue
parfois les anges viennent t'aider car l'grand maÃ®tre
donne l'ordre
ici bas on a tout c'qu'il'on mÃ©rite
qu'Ã§a finisse par "BANG"
c'qui doit arriver arrive...

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