

## U-God

### "Lipton"

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[U-God:]

Yo, yo, magnificent high score, master plan, the crowd  
roar

Throw up daily dosage, get ready for the down pour  
Human cannonball, matador, standing next to door  
Battle ya'll, sound more, get ready for the round four  
Ground war, jigsaw, bearhug, bearclaw  
Slimeball, crime bosses, you better count your losses  
Dark lord, divorce court, hot sauce, the pen glide  
Then fly, Bangkok, Chinese, Shanghai  
Red wine, fed time, bring crime, the cake rise  
Take mines, break spines, watch for them snake eyes  
Break ties, shake thighs, watch how them dollars flow  
Scholar's home, monotone, crush 'em on they  
collarbone

Cyclone, you styrofoam, up against the Wu brand  
Big gun to hold it, it's gonna take two hands  
Check the newstand, I'm running with the Manual  
Flammable, animals, call me a dynamo  
Hannibal on elephants, got you in a stranglehold  
Black man legal Gambino and my bangles gold  
Hand in the finger bowl, your face is on my chrome  
gauge  
Strapped with a bomb, gonna blow you to the Stone  
Age

[Chorus: Mike Ladd]

Woo ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooh, ooh ooooh  
Ay, ay, the way she shake it  
Ay, ay, I can't take it  
Ay, ay, the way she take it  
Ay, ay, I can't shake it

[U-God:]

Yo, ever ready wordplay, conscious survey  
Mountains fall crumble, impact your chestplate  
Heavyweight, ankles swing, therapy Bowflex  
Snowman, gold kid, melt you in your vortex  
Raw sex vibe, ultraviolet on the sex drive  
Forty five wives, new silent with my tech nines  
Respect mine in chalk line, smash for your drama talk

Backflips, somersault, chopped by the tomahawk  
Pop off, mozoltov, stung by the voodoo  
Old school, new school, invest like the Jews do  
Your broke ass, no class, broadcast on YouTube  
Fake boobs, handjob, state troops to damn slob  
Hate you, fuck off, hate you with duck sauce  
Feathers get, plucked off, when I cough with ink dust  
Linked up, inked up, strokes from the paintbrush  
Go for your taste buds, shrooms and I stay buzzed  
Music for your forehead, smashed on your horse face  
Wu on the warhead, crash through your tourgates

[Chorus]

[Hook: Mike Ladd]

Scott knocks, is on the ball  
Let's rock, she love the boss  
Oh god, she loves the mutt  
Jump up, and go for my mine  
It's so deep, you get cross-eyed  
Take that heat, and roll outside  
Black handprints on the wall  
Black handprints on the wall

[Chorus]

[U-God:]

I say I'm pimping, bitches on kneepads  
Lipton, sipping the tea bag

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