

## U-God "Stay in Your Lane"

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Yeah, tired of all this shit God  
Channel you wanna come out?  
Niggas betta respect this shit

I see, I see the same ol' rap cats gettin' real lame  
Same ol' funny cats, Radio Cats, Dummy Squads  
Get one gold record step in the party hard  
Like Tyson with ten body guards

Quiet stormin', we still countin' enourmous odds  
One enter this shit, in a sence represent  
Just the sun drenched the Gods up  
Kept his law start date March 5th ninteen nintey nine

Mighty healthy, wealthy for fine  
Braveheart, veins, respect mines  
Before the war happened, we connect to your glass  
spines  
And as we bash heads, clash nines, who said you could  
use my lines?

Who said you could rock my Wu sings?  
The golden eye chastisement, supreme team shit  
Spy versus spy shit, small crimes comitted  
Tryin' it wit' my shines on, gimme mines

Suppost to be comin' wit' proper flows son  
Over the hill, headed with thrill on elephants till the  
buffalo guns  
The greatest of all times, this time, I'm not gon' say no  
names  
If you not one of the same, I suggest you

Stay in your lane, stay in your lane  
Stay off my stage, stay in your lane  
If you ain't from the grain  
If you ain't my main man like RZA  
Stay in your lane, stay in your lane

The run-away train double the sting  
Me and Edith stay beneath us  
Flip like Batman and Bruce Wayne

Don't take my kindness for weakness, 36 peak shit

Sweetness, ride the bridges skim the bubbles real  
fridged

Don't get mad 'cause we lived it  
As our dog we don't trouble you  
Tell your bitch and your friends respect that "W" too

Y'all make me sick  
Renegade chicks, strap a grenade to my dick  
This shit is feather  
Stuck in a high, but more calibre job

To rip your best in half  
We arm wrestle you till you beg  
Pop your legs in the pretzel  
The one in the flames and came out the drain, I  
suggest that you

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If you ain't my main man like RZA  
Stay in your lane, stay in your lane

The rain of Spain falls mainly on the plane  
Ready to bake this shit  
Snake verse crane  
Detrail me, hope I fell

I'm hot on your tail people  
You can't be the light  
I came to Earth first by a meteorite  
Frog, analog, non descript, I gently empty the clip

Crack the whip, rip you from your lips to your hips  
Chip for some men off, you fake dreds  
Action bitches about me and my black belt degree in  
rappin'  
I make a whole lot of shit happen

The moister peal, oyster vapors  
Ember on papers, still scalpin'  
Y'all piggy backin' snakes  
Jiggy rap, shinin' like 'Pac, a whole fuckin' album

This time, through the flames of triumph  
Through the flames of triumph  
I ain't go'n play no games  
I ain't go'n play no games but I suggest you

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Stay off my stage, stay in your lane  
If you ain't from the grain  
If you ain't my main man like RZA  
Stay in your lane, stay in your lane, stay in your lane

Mothafucka stay in your lane  
You ain't from the grain  
If you ain't my main man like RZA  
Stay in your lane, stay in your lane, stay in your lane  
Stay in your fuckin' lane

Niggas  
Bang bang

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