

U-God

"You Don't Want To Dance"

Visit "[You Don't Want To Dance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: U-God]

Motherfucker, you don't know me, motherfucker
I be gettin' down for a long time, bitch
I be gettin' money since '88
My gun been going off, I been doing mad shit in the
streets
My history is swell, motherfucker
That's why I can talk this shit, for real
This is real nigga shit, and motherfuckers know
My name ring bells in jail, bitch, what?

[Chorus: U-God]

You don't have a chance, you don't want to dance
My gun goes blam, you don't want to dance with a
gangsta
You don't understand, niggaz ain't playin'
First time around, I come back swinging
You and your mans, you better just scram
My gun goes blam, you don't want to dance with a
gangsta
You don't understand, niggaz ain't playin'
Fuck around now, I come back sprayin'

[U-God]

Your gun cry tears of lead, one in the head
High grain, rhino shell, dum-dums, tear you to shreds
The armor piercin' slug shit, scare off the feds
Kid, I'm that fearsome, my hammer's a sled
Pledge allegiance to my conquest, prepare for the
bomb fest
Right and left connect like twin jumbo jets
I can feel the blood bubblin', under your flesh
I'm coming down here rollin' in my snowball effect
Put sugar in your ears and sweet talk you to death
My voice alone, don't have to force you for sex
Pop an ecst', get jumped off, the madness all in me
Flushed out my kidney's, with a half pint of Remy
Dust off the semi', with the speed of the centipede
Move on my enemy, and clear the vicinity
Feel my energy inside tearin' out
Clear it out, flame thrower's airin' out, baby

[Chorus]

[U-God]

Come get a glimpse, the magnificent pimp
Leave your face prints stiff, and graved in cement
Invent the daily manuscript, return of the dragon fist
You pissed? Then seek anger management
Cuz my cannon kick back, with a gangsta metal

Went right through your rib rack, and kissed the devil
From the slang, now your brain is a twisted pretzel
In the empty hallway, you can hear the echo
Don't get petro', U-Godzilla stomped in the metro
Get wild like techno, collect the dough
For wreck, the side ball and better check your hoe
Don't get mad, cowboy, just respect my glow
Just another episode, powerful breath control
Explodes in your ear, you can't hear me in death mode
In retrospect, you best Protect Ya Neck
Or get slapped the fuck up, by my next cassette, hear me?

[Chorus]

[U-God]

This - is - the - warrior's anthem
Pose, in the pictures with the golden guns, handsome
Phantom of the opera, frantic in the mansion
The head banger boogie got 'em dancin' in the
Hamptons
You panickin', one strike, get murdered up quick
And the mic's my life, and I'm surgical with this
Swift and wreckless, smoke blunts for breakfast
Master the game, this is chess, not checkers
Feel me? Bone collector, just, vision my art
In the darkness, vulture's come and, pick you apart
One rusty steel spike pierce, straight through the heart
I bleed for my Clan, don't let 'em, break us apart
Strong as Noah's Ark, in the Biblical age
Still, holdin' the Clan, in it's critical stage
Engage in combat, beyond shadows of doubt
Wu-Tang claim supremacy, son, I'm airin' out

[Chorus]

[Outro: U-God]

Yo, man, if you was real, nigga
You would say niggaz names, man
You ain't real dude, man, stop playing, man
You scared of niggaz, niggaz is runnin' with yo fuckin'

name

You ain't doing shit, bitch, worry about your own shit

Talkin' about niggaz can't talk this shit

Fuck, I've been doing this, nigga

I don't know what the fuck you talking about

Take over projects, and set up shop, quick fast

Visit [U-God](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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