

We Pop

RZA

Yo, yo, P. Diddy might run this city
But I walk down the block, flash my - (Yo RZA, hold up, hold up)
Yo what's up son? (Yo, we gotta remix this joint)
Yo, come on then (Yo, 40, it's on you)

I gotta tell you, we ain't next to nice, made you nice
Don't get your head cracked, don't get your tomato diced
I'm the coldest M.C. in the game
And I shouldn't have to say it, you squares know my name
Pimped with all the slang in the game, that they recite
Every time I open mouth, these suckas bite
I bust like a Dutch Master, blast you if a have to
Somebody call the pastor

We got realest long beats
Flows stop, make the beat go -
I'm in the Coup with the seats low
Even on the East Coast, I gotta keep my heat close
We leaving holes in your cheap clothes
My only job is to stop imposters, watch the mobster
Cop the Boxster, drop the top and squat
Switchin' through lanes, this is the group thing
Cause this is Wu-Tang and Horseshoe Gang, what up?

We pop, we brawl, get money till the day we fall {please believe it}
(We pop, we brawl, gettin' money til the day we fall) {please believe it}

Yo, I Bonecrush' ya, like I ain't 'never scared' brother
That baby mother's like baby powder and there another
M.C. does this cutter, when I cut, I split jugglers
When my teeth get yellow, I spit butter
By now you know my name, man, who hold the belt, now
Plus who hold his self down, all with the same hand
Now what's the game plan, let money change hand
I'm still champ, and white boys still can't hang

Yo, P. Diddy, might run this city
But I walk down the block, flash my glock on the jiggies
An ounce of chronic, crushed up in the ziplock
Outside the club, is packed up to the gridlock
Dime piece wizes, high heels and the flip flops
Real players pop with those cringy wrist watch
Big bouncers the size of Sasquath
Tuck riff with the rim that'll make your eyes pop

Do I have to assassinate them?
Man, I leave 'em with no altimatum
I ain't hate 'em, I ain't make 'em make mistakes
But I'mma break 'em, the cops, could I shake 'em
Or will they catch me and charge me
On the streets I put something in ya, that'll send you to God
Meet my man, we don't have to roll, candy when we ride
She love it, when I give her, pull her panties to the side
Bullet loco, you might catch me breaking and entering
Mama, I had to jump bail right before the sentencing

Get it up in 'em, cool, that strip and claimin' the set

And quick to Sway the Tech, ya'll straight bang and connect
It's the dog, ya'll get it off, on your backpack and blue marker
Chronic smoke cougher, I don't shoot walker
Dub Sizzle on the remix, the last to speak
Now it's all coming together like sweaty gas leaks
Fo' sure, a nigga will say, 'yo, it's Dub C'
40, Crooked I, RZA, Method Man and Jayo