

New Producers

Shyheim

It's like, you know, I'm the heart of the shit
I'm here to bring Wu-Tang back
Come on, All in Together, one time, ya'll
Come on, man, cuz other niggaz is takin' our light
What's good?

Ya'll niggaz out to get the hoes
Me, I'm out to get the dough
Cuban Linx hangin' low, that's what I'm used to
Slingin' thousand grams of snow
Burnin' down pounds of 'dro
Emptying rounds from the four, that's what I'm used to

GZA went and got a whole, bunch of new producers (what?)
Ghost went and got a whole, bunch of new producers (huh?)
Dirty went and got a whole, bunch of new producers (what?)
But I'm f**kin' with the RZA, cuz, that's what I'm used to

I keep it one hundred across the board, with my comrade
Love is loyalty, you better have it for your comrade
I let a nigga, have it real bad for my comrade
When the odds was against me, all I had was my comrade
He lift me up, even when my problems was heavy
And now come, the drama was the deadly, my comrade was ready
At all costs, we will talk, we will boss
Four hits on the Newport, make thoughts on New York
And how we can turn it up, they fake niggaz burn it up
If it ain't about a buck, it won't benefit us
When I, take in a risk, f**k that bum bitch
Fuck that "we grew up with son", shit
Anybody can get it, that's not in the immediate circle
I media hurt you, I'm a New York
Parolee bitch, would not be in person
Been standin' on two door, sit deck to say this
Many shall come but only a few shall be chose
And no shows in, and sworn through, open
To the brotherhood, where we still together when nothing's gold

Meth went and got a whole, bunch of new producers (what?)
Rae went and got a whole, bunch of new producers (huh?)
Deck went and got a whole, bunch of new producers (what?)
But I'm f**kin' with the RZA, cuz... (That's what I'm used ta)

Yo, wear my intelligence on my melenin
Cuz I'm better than these chickenheads
Chicken dancin' bitches that you lettin' in your vortex
Beauty make you want more sex
See me up, take me out the game, you forget
I got a dream, you can't see it, cuz you need more specs
And my style can fight the storm, like it was raw tech
Playin' mami, give me the mic, bitch, go to your room
You don't deserve to hold this mic, cuz, you don't know what you doing
Chicks thinkin' they be rhyming, I don't understand it, cuz
How rap's on the politics, and block is gan'd up
I keep it street, like a man hose, guttering curb
Doing me, don't give a f**k about none of you herbs
I'm just Yumi, I'm given you, all of me

Hated on, by too many, too oftenly
That's why I take little steps, and move cautiously
Check your man, he the one who be, callin' me
These other niggaz got a bunch of/ bum ass producers
Writin' rhymes for these bitches, cuz that's what they used to (what?)
But Shy went and got a f**kin' dime, to let loose cuz (what?)
Spittin' on a beat by the Kill Bill producer

Uh... problem... P.U
Don't ever forget nobody else
You know... Shyheim.. Yumi..
R-Z-A on the track.. Shaolin, we back!