

# You Don't Want To Dance

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?

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 scam  
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'

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

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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?

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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

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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