

Enter U-God

U-God

AW SHIT!

Now I got you tremble'n for the battle to begin
I'm not gonna leave this place with no sad face
Cuz I'm gonna win
The battle everybody in the world just came to see
Golden Arms, (ah!) take out these cornwalled ass MC's
All y'all corns - walk out the door (ah!)
You run the same rhyme that the crowd don't wanna hear no more
Gun blastin this and flashin that, reality now actually
You better listen, you better listen carefully
We came here (we came here), to dull the bass (ha, ha, ha)
And Mathematics catch the cut while RZA Ra just hold the bass
And I'm rhyme and on timin', it's so fresh from out the pack
Niggas got problems, cuz the Wu is fighting back
Please don't sing (please don't sing), yo battle rap (ha, ha, ha)
We got the most, the sugar coated bully rhymes from out the back
And we breakin', and we taken everything you fuckin own
Not yo bitches, but yo FUCKIN' MICROPHONES! Y'all muthafuckas ready for the
Redemption?
Bring it muthafucka *echos*
Yo Yo, dis U-God representin' that W
Tru, we comin' thru, I'm comin' thru
Wit the Redemption
This time it's me dolo solo here brah!
Guerilla Warfare you know how we do
Uptown, Downtown, Dirty South, LA, New York, Chi Town
We commin' thru for this shit, represent (represent)
Yo, Yo, Watch out! They let the hell out the gates
Now then, the Cheesaw have four chiefs
Number one is Golden Arms

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>