

La The Darkman, Az The World Turnz (Album Version)

(Intro: La The Darkman, (Raekwon))

Word up. La The Dark' and Chef.

(True. Let's get it right.)

Aiyyo. Fourth.

(Let's get it right like white.)

Burning that ass. Sniff it up.

(You know how we go, kid.)

Like a hound on dope.

(Yeah. Yeah.)

Word. Word life. La The Dark'.

Big up to my many Buck-Buck.

Don't sweat that.

(What up, son.)

It's all good.

(Check it. Check it.)

(Raekwon)

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Aiyyo La, whats up son

Aiyyo, you read the papers

2 columbian niggaz hit these funny niggaz

A heavy routine, Chevy, Yukon green

Had crazy coke up in that piece by all means

(La The Darkman)

The kids was mad flonting, Rae', it had to go down

Killers be coming for your neck, when you wearing a crown

4-5's and AK's, kids ready to spray

The cats got nine lives from around my way

Timb boots and dough galore, two techs by the door

So, when the po-po come, I can take them to war

(Raekwon)

Same subject, techs and royalty checks

Plus marketing the drugs, equal mad respect

I gotta get mine, blast mad nines on a regular

Fake competitor or player, I mean this maker

(La The Darkman)

Who's the rap mayor, its me, i be the slayer

The dark's in the realm, you contemplate your prayers

Meteorite or clips hitting in the 9-5th

All you yapping MC's, like pancakes you get flipped

I got a thirty shot clip at the grip of the hip

I'm a mad av. warrior, young tale from the crypt, kid

(Chorus: Raekwon, (La The Darkman))

As the world goes round yo the same is the same

(Same junkies on the corners shooting shit in their vein)

Whats the deal, black man must rise up to the top

(Representing Darkman with this real hip hop)

(Interlude: Raekwon, (La The Darkman))

And you don't stop (and you don't stop)

Yeah! (and you can't stop) and you can't stop

(Word up! word drop that style)

(La The Darkman)

You only live once, execute your dreams

A third real triple beam, weighed out my scheme

For the cream, my sold cracks, never could relax

Now build with Wu-Tang, spitting lyrical facts

Young black mad bastard from the concrete street

And never leave the land without strapping my heat

Keep peace and don't beef, word life tariff
I stole the million dollar show 'cause i'm that dark thief
La, Dark gold spark, ready to rip you apart
I was born with a gold shield over my heart
So, don't start none, it won't be none
I'm dominating the screen, my reign just begun
I got raw and uncut for the kids doing the biz
You can't figure my physical like a pyramid
I'm that wicked dark star, may La now ride
I switch to warp space 5 like the starship Enterprise
shy...

(Chorus to fade)