

# Popa Wu, New Improved

(Manley Musa)

Yo, what? What? Run kid, run!

You should break North for thinkin with your's

Send out track signed sincerely hardcore

Throw you in a choke hold hoe, I smack you with the Mac-one-one

My raps are double-action, run the track from the back end

Don't have me bust your lip or have my glock slip

That's one of you rap crews in the lip, huh?

I'm two seconds off, I'm one second lost from the six-pack

Now we put in together, we can all get that

Huh? Puff forty the rocker, Shorty naughty with two squigs

Three pulls then pass it back, don't even ask me why, black

You may act, sane, you may act, shady

I think he's still goin crazy over his baby Hailey

Go hey-hey Hailey walk slow, my slow flow's so remarkable

The rap attract until MC's come so I could spark a few

Put you on starvin like a hostage, put you on like 'em fossils

What a rascal, triangular when I'm verbal head-bangin ya

This style, lean on poles and watch heads fold

And bang their pins like it's the same session

So call the best that you know, uh, I'm numero uno

Number one, hoe, whatever language you know

You could've been my ace or my ill, we go through cases to build

Right now you goin through faces of fear

So it's a rhyme fract', you don't turn out the lights

And beast walk the streets, got you scared of the night

(Chorus 2X: sample)

Play y'all niggaz drunk, it ain't no mothafucka like me

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Cuz I be on, I be on some New Improved next shit

(Drunken Dragon)

Yo, yo, yo...

They call me Darth Vader when I'm invadin ya space

Raid your area (Yo RZA hit 'em with the mace)

Leave that hard shit up under a rock, ya sound fake

The platform shake, I'm like a human earthquake

Feel the tremors, lights get dimmer, cut your power lines

Short-shiggety-shine, illuminate your mind

I heard too many rhymes slackin, too many MC's be lackin

The skill that it takes (and they still rappin!)

My apparatus is the baddest, my lyrical flow's the maddest

Your style is the Pips without the Gladys (Hoo!)

Light-Brite, these MC's be writin wack rhymes

Claimin that they pullin fifty triggas at a time

(Yo they lyin) I'm out firin, yo Puff you be

While you poppin shit I'm poppin nuts up in your girl's coutie

I roll the mic up in the Philly

Smoked it, now watch these MC's get silly

From the contact, Dragon, I rip mic's tight

Poppin couchie in the daytime and lyrics at night

Damn right, Bob, I rock a rhyme non-stop

Straight from Brooklyn where my hip-hop gets dropped

(Chorus 2X)

(Delta #1)

Ain't no mothafucker like me...

On some next shit, holdin laser three-eighties

Givin laser dick to a bitch like Kendra, playa

I'm on tracks hustlin my pen, I'm a Nigga With Attitude

Like Ren & Dre, keepin verses gangsta

And I teach my little couso's how to spit verbal ammo  
That I had Flex on they dick and bomb shit up  
When my squad rolls up, it's Nuthin But A 'G' Thang  
We keep raps potent, that's a gumbo thing, what?

(Kendra) (Buddha Monk) {both}  
Got y'all niggaz on ya back like I'ma fuck 'em in the V  
If you see my cheetahs, China rings overseas  
(It's the darker slower, sword swingin, kamikaze gun totin  
Bust a rhyme with the Henny, drunk totin)  
It's motion on stage, put niggaz in a craze  
Musical chairs when I raise like flags, a forte  
Hell raise, find ya by doorags (doorags, nigga)  
You crews laugh, this staff blew too fast  
(We never knew that our slang would cause too much impact  
On the Devil, wantin to reject that but the kids is buyin that)  
Nigga's tryin that, tricks we give, tricks with kids  
Shit we live, catchin licks, all in the demon's grip  
Need I say more? Blow up Buddha-God, the sage shore  
Salute the lyrical tear-up, we never fearin you  
Scarin you, too tough for the wack, we never hearin you  
(You stuck by two of the greatest tactics) Yes  
(We bomby blue, blarin on every track, if you ask us  
It's the Blackout, bum-rush) You wanna get stupid?  
(Cold, ready to aim to bust back and make noise)  
My corpse is a RZA from a thriller or nine killa  
Passin by Mumia is like trapped in the raw, nigga  
(So who wanna test those who sue skin like iodine)  
Acidic, my rock frequency like Jesus in Palestine  
(Packin nickel-plated chrome nines  
I design lines to the burn-freeze minds)  
Cross the River Jordan in Timbs to get mine  
{It ain't a mothafucka like me}

(Chorus 2.5X)