

Az, Whatever Happened (The Birth)

(feat. RZA)

[AZ:]

Yeah... some Firm shit, you know I mean? For all the niggas, in New York all across the motherfuckin' world (world), ain't nuttin' changed yet (ain't nuttin' changed yet) shit's still real (shit's still real)... Yo (Yo)

[CHORUS: AZ]

Yo major large niggas get they grind on cash, while the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass
I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to last
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

[AZ: Verse One]

You know the routine, fast cars, rings get a crew seen
We true fiends, old school style that's how we do things
Born & destined, hands on many investments
Strong, reflect this 'til I'm drawn back to the essence
Street wise, 36 waist, small feet size
The C.I.'s quick to slide off, once the heat rise
Detour, poverty zone, police war
Going through each dawn, searchin' new ways for me to eat more
Fast learner, quiet storm, play the back burner
Bureaucrats, I react like Nat Turner
Hold weight, used to rock kicks wit no lace
Fuck a soul mate, low heart pace, pulse at a slow rate
Runnin' rapid, while others play as if they captive
Brain's inactive, bein' subjected to this crab shit
To each his own, fuck the foulness, need a week alone
We can zone, all day long, on the speaker phone
600, nine five North, stay blunted, stress I came from it
Sex got drained from it
The new breed star gazin', raisin' two seeds
To be free, the franchise is all a whole crew need....indeed

[Partial Chorus: AZ] [starts after need]

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

[Verse Two: RZA]

Whips & full clips & pussy lips
Rubber grips attached to hips
Past the journey to the crib, the purest sickness cura
Holy Koran, sirah, leaves man to understand, I stand up as rough briva
Heart is bleedin', stress got my hair line receedin'
God look we feedin', leadin' my seeds, back to Eden
And stay suspicious of promiscuous bitches
Who don't wash & do dish & to big for your britches
Lustin' riches, fuckin' the next man mistress
You wonder why your pussy itches, fat ass sample wit out the glitches
Shatter your mental, split your bean up like a lentel
Disfigure your face, you recognizin' by the dental
Hot lead from raw heat, left in store meat
Lay it out on Broadstreet, before he
Left all he heard was the echo from the shot
Cops autopsy revealed, he was stopped by the Glock
Devils lettin' off SCUDS, thugs trapped up in HUD houses
New York, been infested by Bloods, lustin' for colors of red
More black lies done shed through
Yet the blood travelin' through veins remain blue
Boned out until we zone out, no doubt

Chickenheads beg for the 9 inch Applehead
Their legs open like fallopian, lubricated by petroleum
Nine months later comes the ovary explosion
Bitch you stupid? A hundred dollars you couldn't recoup it
When I reign the truth on your brain you muted
Rula Zig-Zag, Zig Allah, plus Allah Zig, Zag-Zig
We addin' more knowledge to your wig

[CHORUS]

[AZ (RZA): sometimes overlapping each other]
(Word up, word up) Yeah (Wu-Tang, Firm up in this piece know what I
mean?) Holdin' it down stamp of approval, you know? (Get ya brain
washed, you know what I'm sayin'? Get ya muscle tendered & straight)
No doubt, no doubt
(Word up, the black God exists in the physical form, you know?)
The Firm baby, holdin' this, A to the Z, I know what time it is
(Aight) Armageddon