

Popa Wu, How it Goes

(Intro: La the Darkman)

Yo, yo, yo (5X)

Yeah, yeah, La the Darkman

8th Wonder, top of the world, nigga

Yeah, sing sing, peach playin ass niggas

Killas, yeah

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

Uh huh, yeah

(Chorus: La the Darkman)

In these wild ghetto streets, this is how it goes

Smoke La, pack guns, plot up in my foes

And Range Rovers, rockin jewels, artica folds

2000, it's still throw holes in clothes

(La the Darkman)

You niggas lame, real game, recognize game

Some get hed, my dick long, I get brain

When I was broke, smoke weed on the train

Now puff in the GS4, dead float like a plane

Platinum watch and platinum chain

Four pound plastic glock, how dogs get trained

Jackets get stained, shirts get stained, jewels get stained

By a murderer, squeezin the flame, screamin for fame

Tombstones engrave ya name at ya funeral in rain

Old folks say cracks the blame, while they act insane

And pack the game, cock and aim, blow out ya brain

Jump in the Range, back to the grain, it's Wu-Tang

Ain't shit change, but gettin rich, bitch to bitch

Whips to switch, new outfits for new out hits

I'm raw like no condom, fuckin a whore

On some real shit, takin ya faggots to war

Back in S.O.'s, how we smack on dress holds

At The Tunnel, givin buck 50 in bundles

It's 2000, no more wowzin, no more browsin

My killas blood thirsty outta project housing

The body kid, shotty kids, red dotted kids

My crew from BK, wild out like Gotti Kid

Fuck Guliani bids, and consequences

I'm hoppin fences, jumped them bences

D.T.'s missin in these trenches

I wear all black, black gats

Only thing white on me, dunn, is my teeth and my crack

My money's green, my weed's real green, my Lex is green

I won't wait, on a mic or a triple beam

My heart like Spike Lee tell me "Do The Right Thing"

Nowaday that mean pullin the thing to take cream

Pussy, I'm real, from Bronxville to Brownsville

Queens, to Manhattan, L.I. back to Staten

I murder you...

(Chorus 2X)

(La the Darkman)

For the new millenium, I wanna be pushin a new Millenium

With bricks in the stash, for safety, about ten of them

My bitches mad femenime, suckin dick like Kim and 'em

Take 'em to the condo, constantly bended them

I'm rusty, for faggot niggas that wanna bust me

Trust me, I only run with wolves, you can't touch me

Plus me, knowledge I got, just can't explain

Street value, worth 50 pounds of cocaine

I reign like a bullet comin from John Wayne

Black male, society failed to obtain

I got big balls, big brains, big trucks, big chains
My wounds paint a picture, the cassette's the frame
I'm iller than one nigga tryin to rob a whole train
Look at America thru the eyes of Saddam Hussein
If a slut wanna fuck, me and my niggas, weren't trainin
It's 2000, but in the hood, shit's the same, nigga

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: La the Darkman)
Trapacanti, the streets for real
Trapacanti, Trapacanti
La Trapacanti