

Popa Wu, Who's Got Game?

(Intro: Don Chulo)

Yo, Don Chulo (that nigga got a problem with the Don Chulo)
Les Ness, 2 G's (got, you heard)
Flatbush, Park Side, 225 (what?)

(Don Chulo)

Why I feel like I been thru this before?
Dj vu, ya still want more?
Have it your way, we'll skip the foreplay
Down on all fours, guess who gettin fucked today
Fucked on your royalties, fucked on your event
Fucked on your deal, and this is your very last chance
So now we gotta take it back to the streets
By this son, you know I mean back to the heats
Back to knowin this beef, knowin that nothin is sweat
My click got eatin you food, leavin nothin to eat
Come thru, tear it out, nothin but Jeeps
Leavin nuthin to retaliate, nothin to creep
Game's over, it's a sweep, and I'm the MVP
Snatchin awards and applaude on MTV
No need to wonder why y'all envy me
The Don C., now y'all see who the Don be

(Chorus: Don Chulo)

Yo who got game nigga? Yo what's my name nigga?
The Don Chulo, ain't shit change
I continue to reign, but the bitch is the cocaine
Take a blast of this and watch it num the brain
Yo who got game nigga? Yo what's my name nigga?
The Don Chulo, ain't shit change
Knowledge to minister, Chulo the migraine
Know I return to continue my reign

(Don Chulo)

Yo, hold up, hold up, let's back this shit up
You, you and you, yo pack ya shit up
Yo I'm pushin weight while you crackin the sit ups
Don't make you lean you hit up, till you spit up
Quadriplegic, need help just to get up
While I'm shy like the skyline with all the buildings lit up
Don't be bitter, son take it like a man
Take it like the cracker did to Cherokee's land
And when you wake up tomorrow, I'mma still be the man
I'mma still be the cat, you gotta come to the grams
Stay stackin my grands, in the Benji
Smokin large amounts of censi, boy don't tempt me
To let my clear cinque siete, spit until it's empty
Hold that, give it back, like it's some shit you lent me
Don't take it personal, cuz this was meant to be
The best, is how they gon mention me
From now until the end of the century

(Chorus)

(Don Chulo)

It's that head banger shit, drug slanger shit
Years of anger shit, now it's some danger shit
Got ya body divided, with no remainder shit
You can't change the shit
I'm movin so fast that you can't aim and shit
This is my game kid, don't you forget it
If you do it, boy, will you regret it
Be somebody gets deaded, yo, I guess ya can see where this headed
The analytical, lyrical, seven, syndical, biblical, reverend

Alpha, omega, beginning, the ending
So what I reap, so I'm cheap, no borrowin or lending
Cuz once you burn bridges, there is no mendin
I'm the king of mi casa, with me you can't prosper
Chulo dilomite doctor, fuck with no hosta
Blastin vangoda, stay away from the yada yada
Keep my mind on nada but the chadda

(Chorus)

(Outro: Don Chulo)

Yo, for real all ya playa hatin ass niggas
Yo this 225, Bronx style, Flatbush nigga what
BK representin, Les Ness, my nigga Self, Lady Raw
The whole Flatbush Crew, BK in general the click nigga
This how we put shit down, what?