

# RZA, On Tha Ground

This is not those two DJ's, not Touch, not Wop  
Not that skinny bitch Cameron although she's hot  
Not those brothers Tony, wanted to pop me in that movie  
Now I'ma claim that name, Diaz, y'all can sue me  
Any beat given to me, shit, I'll close it down  
In and out the booth, hot like we supposed to sound  
Now who holds the crown? Yo let's split it four ways  
I'm always, gonna be Spain and Norway  
(Petter (RZA))

Slicka upp sparka ner dessa katter blir fler  
fr dessa snubbars problem  
jag silar snacket p scen  
det r vad dom sger nr jag har gtt  
vad dom skriver p sitt nt  
hur jag lt, hur jag var  
vad jag sa, var jag bra  
var jag keff, var jag deff  
Var jag aight, var jag tight  
var jag nice, var jag bajs  
var jag ingenting alls  
var jag kung, var jag tung  
(F\*\*k that shit)  
om du inte diggar min stil man  
(Nigga, f\*\*k that shit)  
(RZA)

Don't f\*\*k with my money, son, don't f\*\*k with my bitch  
Don't f\*\*k with my lab and don't f\*\*k with my whip  
Don't f\*\*k with my jewels, my weed or my dip  
Or I might get the glock, son, and f\*\*k with this clip  
Blast off the Remingtons, steel shots got you tremblin'  
Runnin' so fast you lost the tree off the Timberland's  
Flamed from the heat I squeeze, feel the adrenaline  
And we could bust shots like we cowboys and Indians  
(Feven)

Yo  
Let the world witness some real shit 'bout to go down  
RZA program, N.Y. mixed with Europe sound  
When it's laid, history already made  
We broke gates across waters, across lands, across borders  
Remember my name F-to the E-V-E-N  
Tell ya crew, tell ya school, tell ya next to kin  
In act two, this is my chance to blast thru

And my crew G-F-X, yeah remember that too  
Down here on the ground - ? (repeat 4X)  
(RZA)  
Nigga-nigga-nigga what?  
Down here on the ground, we f\*\*k niggaz up  
We break shit down, yo look  
The God Rzarec' is known breakin' Gucci specs  
Magnetic attraction to wizzes keep their coochie wet  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, I'm a super-nova  
Controller of the lunar and polar, German luger holders  
Best to back the f\*\*k up, my mag buckin' up  
The slugs could stop Mack trucks so don't act up  
Fatal guillotine carrier blast like the space harrier  
Sip of the blackberry, Berry I might marry ya  
(Diaz)  
There's a lot of shit that separates y'all from me  
I'm in touch with the streets, they reply to me  
If I'm needed by my people there's no why in me  
A real fighter, maybe there's a young Sly in me  
I'm like that Spanish Rocky, attitude a bit cocky

Me around ya girl, y'all could guess where that cock be  
Well it's not in my pants, not in my hands  
Y'all could look at it like, I make her hot in advance  
(Petter)

Jag ser ett finger I ett publikhav  
vi tar till publikhat  
det r alltid likadant, hr ditt prat I publikhav  
jag klarar mig sjlv  
fixar mitt shit sjlv  
slashar mitt shit vl  
drar in cash varje kvll  
stndigt aktuell 100 decibel, debil, ikvll  
g p scen I ett svart kldesstill  
jag r som en grogg utan virke, bara ren jvla stil  
jag r som en hundra formel ett, fast I en jvla bil  
(Feven)

Let me bring more, spit more, kick more shit  
I'ma hit more, stick more than Clark on Dick  
I'm a bit more sharper than Bronco whips  
You talkin' this, don't underspeed the Miss that's killin' this  
Down here on the ground - ? (repeat 6X)