

# The RZA, Fools

(Intro: RZA)

And I told him, "Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with me"  
Yo, yo..  
{\*singing\*} Everybody, everybody, everybody,  
everybody..  
Yo, come on..

(Chorus: RZA {\*singing\*}):

Everybody plays a fool, sometimes  
There's no exceptions to the rules  
Get your nines

(RZA)

Digi Digi, Shaolin Shaolin..  
But in Brownsville..  
Check it out..

Niggas was psyched out, Beretta brought the dirt bike out  
Everlast just came home, it was his first night out  
He was arguin' with these bitches how they don't mind their business  
When he was locked the fuck down, no one came to visit  
He was snuffed, black, his little cousin Moe stuck Cap  
That's Miss Sommers on the bike with the gat like, "Fuck that"  
But finessin' over here, he could've wished he had ten more years  
Cracked a cold beer then bust a shot in the air  
Everlast, ego went full blast, didn't splash  
He'd act like his head was too big for the casket  
I told him, "Slow down God, you ain't wild  
You ain't been in these projects in a while  
Runnin' 'round with that old school style"  
Don't think these young bucks won't lay you down like tile  
A hard head makes a soft ass, these New York lads  
Chopped faces, you talk fast - they bust off fast  
And chase you out the hood, in a bloody hood  
Yo, son, you seen that kid was actin' Hollywood?

(Killa Sin)

Yeah, I mean that nigga, clap happy Cali, clap when he 'tack  
Most get astounded by sorrounded sound effects in the back  
Adidas shoe, phat laces, packin' buldge in his jacket  
Head nappy, black and nasty, but he nasty for gats  
He nas', passed me, bumped me and laughed, then flashed me his Mac  
Said, "I got sixteen for you, we could bang on the track"  
So strap this, nah, this bar's a bullet, par pull it  
In fact, blast me bastard, I done came to far for this

(Solomon Childs)

Boulevard life, remember late nights?  
Mama stomach touchin' a bed, two bids  
Cats sacky in Comstack, retire from the crack  
I'm askin' Allah that the warm Hennessy help me  
I ain't chose the struggle, the struggle chose me  
Lord forgive me fore I have stolen from my brothers  
Snaked my brothers, even killed my brothers  
Familiar fishscale, everybody plays the fool  
The +Older Gods+ givin' me jewels  
The younger Gods givin' me tools  
Solomon Allah, I feel I was jerked  
To the drug dealers, my baby mother's a flirt  
Holey socks, one fatigue suit, what you feel it don't hurt?  
That's my problem now, I ain't afraid to talk  
Still cop coke from the well Willy  
When I was young I got robbed from the neighborhood bully  
'Til he forced me to hit him with the nine milli'

Now him and his click know that I'm a thug fully

(Chorus x2: Solomon Childs)