

# Wu-Tang Clan, Ron O'Neal

No matter what the weather, we be getting our cheddar  
So we can have a better tomorrow  
Oh, money, cars, superstars, getting ours, working hard  
For a better tomorrow

Coach, put me in the game  
I'm for real, other peoples tryna to put me in them chains  
Whatever the topic, let's put it in the frame  
We can even load it and cock it and put it in they brains  
I'm saying, some rappers do it for a chain  
Kill yourself, I know killers that'll do it for some change  
These veterans is slipping, they ain't doing it the same  
I don't slip, set a pick and put a shooter in your lane  
Precise, 'bout shoot them at the range  
But I ain't tryna shoot it with you rappers, I'll just shoot it at your dame  
Y'all never should have threw me in the game  
Found a new word for weed, that was so mean  
I threw it in my name

My soul laid out on the block like arms spraying  
The law hating, warring like Blacks and Caucasians  
God versus Satan, I'm laying in the dark  
With the Mossberg, waiting, letting off first basing  
Slim from the cotton club washing a scrub  
Deuce high when he cruise by, spotting his love  
Hold the mic like a .38 muzzle to snub  
This flow, call it OJ blood on the glove  
Above rap, capital G's speak on the facts  
Please believe that, meaning that I keep it a stack  
He's back, he a beast on the track  
The only time that I go soft is probably with your freak in the sack  
Feel the bass make sure he shake, murder verse, first forty-eight  
Manslaughter, nearly caught a case  
I crack heads more than base  
Stack bread when I orchestrate, that said y'all the base

No matter what the weather, we be getting our cheddar  
So we can have a better tomorrow  
Oh, money, cars, superstars, getting ours, working hard  
For a better tomorrow

I seen niggas sniff coke through a crazy straw  
Come out they shirts sweating bullets with the Bobby Brown jaw  
Dry mouth, grinding back and forth plus he's steaming a Newport  
We all holdin' the torch  
Few staircase murders, some burners don't blam right  
Guns that kicked around the wall you better stand tight  
Full of X, AK's, whilin' in lobbys, bulletproof PJ's  
Fuck around and get spunned like the DJ  
CSI traumatized by viewing the instant replay  
Spongebob niggas get scar nigga  
I'm off style in any section of the hood I'll pull your car nigga

No matter what the weather, we be getting our cheddar  
So we can have a better tomorrow  
Oh, money, cars, superstars, getting ours, working hard  
For a better tomorrow

See ignorance wouldn't allow retreat  
So you rather pursue death than admit defeat  
See ignorance wouldn't allow retreat  
So you rather pursue death than admit defeat

Ayo, I used to be so narcissistic, park the whip and spark the biscuits

Spit hollow tipped shells at the Narcs with quickness  
Live to tell the tale, cause only God's my witness  
Been a long time, change gonna come son, I'm optimistic  
I hold the shield like Ron O'Neal  
Super fly, do or die, killer hill, Brownsville  
Never win, never will, yes I can, yes I will  
Put a dot upon your knot then I shoot through your grill  
Like a dentist, my apprentice speaks with a vengeance  
Demented scientists counting bodies in the trenches  
That's judges off the benches, got inches for y'all wenches  
We plant those hot seeds then drove in cold winters

No matter what the weather, we be getting our cheddar  
So we can have a better tomorrow  
Oh, money, cars, superstars, getting ours, working hard  
For a better tomorrow

See ignorance wouldn't allow retreat  
So you rather pursue death than admit defeat  
See ignorance wouldn't allow retreat  
So you rather pursue death than admit defeat