

# And Justice For All

Wu-Tang Clan

Fuck y'all analog niggas we be digital  
Wu-Tang, Killarmy we indespensible  
We never fall  
We stand tall like sky-scrapers and justice for all

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We move on MC's mechanically  
Strike nerves like Ghost's verse on 'Can It Be'  
hard to touch retarded fucks playing wit they fantasies  
respect this, specialist, black  
testing this will get ya necklace jacked  
and named scratched up off my guestlist party freak  
You the type of nigga that'll hardly speak unless you spoken to  
You throw a cold screw, but sober up when I'm approaching you  
At the same time we posting two  
Niggas on that ass that's gonna do what they supposed to do  
The limelight, snatched away from you because it's my night  
Killarm blaze inside of the twilight, you better get ya lines right  
Half of these crabs cant even rhyme right  
with dust flows, robotic movement, and blurry eyesights  
What you want I already got  
and that's control, I keep my head high, hand pon cock  
and pockets swollen, you foldin, you faggot ass fuck

Yo farotion never fails  
shoot at darts sharper than a carpenters nail  
inhale life, exhale strive anxiety's trife  
blowin' smoke out my peace pipe  
Ducking the snipe  
shot off the top of the White House and cop 4'S  
war never does and many causes  
my offense is my defense extreme precautions  
moving cyphers high valocities making you nautious  
ya forcing it  
parishly extortionists  
aborting this  
space ship thats spacious face it  
im on contain shit  
pioneer looking for honey and is it matrix  
the case is  
if not ya basic  
way to make shit  
embrace it  
knowing some day you'll have to face it

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(so fuck y'all, so fuck y'all niggas)

yo, yo hard to grapple  
I raise the sharp scaple

technique slaps you invasion body snatch you money grip  
I smoke the honey dip blunts cherry bomb very calm  
First bursts like a shot from the Berry homes  
you'd be most wise to pay close attention  
to willy lynchin'  
its stupid to fuck wit' Bobby Steel's henchmen  
I step into presidential  
credentials, evident my potential  
be infinite, deluxe benetic sluts invinsible  
only ones can know me  
swore me before the Dolby  
Alexis Colby broads try to control me  
pussy whip me like Toby  
fuck the local  
I move global  
economical  
ship sea promise fool  
my info glow  
and the dark Wu-Tang logo  
sparks the attention, look listen observe  
killa bee swerv  
slam like Dr. Julias Erv  
still strike the vital nerve  
charter through the Magna Carta  
trapped like Otis and Carter  
wild like a Shaolin child from Mariners Harbor  
king devine forced to shine  
head burst open like a bottle of Pine  
use penmanship  
when I write my script  
blunt spark em' and them mark em' homeless  
Killa Hill syndrome  
peace to Two Tone  
he must know me to understand me from what you do  
to realize Im you  
everything I do honey bee from the bee hive  
Ever-green squeeze dried leaf smoke Killa Priest from the tribe  
of Levi smoke out and not steal  
or blunt spill  
the indestructable Bobby Steel's is here

Yo In The Heat of The Night  
my 4-7-7 mash on the mic  
Killarmy and Trappa John M.D.  
full metal jackets  
cuz' some gots to have it  
kill or be killed  
only time will reveal  
I think by myself  
and I drink by myself  
from 9-8 until  
let me know its real son if its really real  
understandable  
self explainable  
caution John Blaze flamable  
when under pressure, interchangable and still  
coming down like precipitation as I reign undisputed  
how Johnny do it  
dangerously, whoppin cough (cough, cough)  
two and off  
stank pussy make my dick soft (huh)  
bottom line be this high, explosive  
not for the average Joseph

come and get some  
hol' it, keep one  
up in the chamber  
blast wit' my middle finger  
now I toss men  
attack like the Four Horsemen  
see me dog walkin'  
strickly getty-o slang talkin'  
all up in thease guts, soften  
thease rap niggas, official  
we slap niggas  
wit' mak' charges  
dope shit regardless  
we usually take another niggas garments (what)

Straight up and down I got this rap shit locked in '98  
niggas cant escape the laws that I enforce like top notch politicians  
who be pola-tickin'  
slam through expand total construction accross the planet and micro chip sof  
tware  
placed in the rear of ya ear  
as I sit the next year  
all yall analong niggas fuck yall we be digital  
shit is critical  
like the hallways in my projects  
similar to the streets in Tibet  
fuck that I aint playin' wit' a full deck (son, son, son, son)