

# Biochemical Equation

Wu-Tang Clan

Tempted by the sins of life, the pleasures of lust  
With wild imaginings that you can't discuss  
Oh, the flesh is weak, it's a struggle for feast  
It's a daily conflict between man and beast  
We, strive for God, and a better tomorrow  
Still suffering, from the unforgettable sorrow  
Repent from thy sins, son, and walk these straight  
Stop talking all that trash, boy, and spark these straight  
Evicted by the pressures of life, at every vital point  
Still, I wouldn't give an oint'  
Or, flinch an inch, or pitch a pinch  
Off the pie, or every try to try your winch  
Confronted by the devil himself, and stay strong  
You think you can take the King, now meet Kong  
Strong as the base of a mountain, there's no counting  
How many MC's, have sprung from our fountain  
Fifty thousand year process, to make this combination  
I'm not, giving mine away to Satan  
Although, I know that he's awaiting  
To get ahold of my biochemical equation  
I'mma slip him son, I'mma dip him, son  
When I catch the drop on him, I'mma clip him, son  
Fifty thousand year process, to make this combination  
Ninety nine elements, biochemical manifestation  
I'm not giving mines away to Satan  
Although, I know that he's awaiting  
I'mma slip him son, I'mma dip him, son  
When I catch the drop on him, I'mma clip him, son

Bet oc', straight to the head with the pet rock  
At least til I can get from out this booth, it's like a sweat box  
Trained a few bars of head nodding, throw us a stack  
Pants militant sawed up like linen, bobbing bonus pack  
Invest in the first b-  
boy kid show, life on skid row, with jive talking negro's  
He wear his beard like a frizzly haired grizzly  
And kept his appearances exquisitely rare, where is he?  
Is he in the backyard, or on your front porch  
Or standing in the corner of the club, with the blunt torched  
You're soft, they say he rhyme like he starving  
And sold odds and bob kins, to old gods and goblins  
Valley, adjust a pest and your worst best friend  
Who mending with space time fabric like polyester blend  
Not a hobby for no body, lead less from men  
Or sloppy like the rest of them, they probably need estrogen

Yo, yo, drunk or sober, son, don't lose your composure  
Semi off the Remy, mixed with Henny, Moet demi'  
Underneath the passenger seat, son, tuck the semi'  
Israeli issued, automatic black pistol  
The cop with the flashlight, chew gum as he whistle  
Tapped on the glass, roll it down fast  
License, registration, addressed to your lab  
They made insurance, the reason why I pulled you over  
Cuz the way you were swerving, sir, you can't be sober  
Have you been drinking? Breathe into the breathalyzer  
Get out the car, please, follow this exerciser

Put one finger on your nose, now from heel to toe  
Walk in a straight line, ten paces, down the road  
My homeboy Kano, used to do the mashed potato  
On cartwheels, and then spin house like whirled tornado  
That used to chase the light, but, son, he will always save ya  
Becoming pump blows, and make beats inside my basement  
Drunk or sober, never lose your composure  
Stress on the brain, cause pain and stomach ulcers  
If you can't understand, then come closer  
We civilize the uncivilized cuz we supposed to  
Drunk or sober, never lose your composure  
Might give your hand, black man stand as a soldier  
Stress on the brain, cause pain and stomach ulcers  
If you can't understand, then come closer...