

## Brooklyn Zoo

## Wu-Tang Clan

I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the one  
I'm the one-man army, Ason  
I've never been taken out, I keep MCs lookin' out  
I drop science like girls be droppin' babies  
Enough to make a nigga go crazy

And energy buildin', takin' all types of medicines  
Your ass thought you were better than Ason  
I keep planets in orbit  
While I be comin' with teeth, bitin' more shit  
Enough to make you break and shake yo' ass  
'Cause I create rhymes good as a tasty cake mix

This style, I'm mastered in  
Niggas catchin' headaches, what, what? You need Aspirin?  
This type of pain, you couldn't even kill with Midol  
Fuck around, get sprayed with Lysol  
In your face like a can of mace, baby  
Is it burnin'? Well, fuck it, now you're learnin'

How, I don't even like your motherfuckin' profile  
Give me my fuckin' shit, ch-ch blow!  
Not seen and heard, no one knows  
You forget, niggas be quiet as kept  
Now you know nothin'  
Before you knew a whole fuckin' lot

Your ass don't wanna get shot  
A lot of MCs came to my showdown  
To watch me put your fuckin' ass low down  
As you can go, below zero  
Without a doubt I've never been taken out

By a nigga, who couldn't figure  
Yo by a nigga, who couldn't figure  
Yo by a nigga, who couldn't figure  
How to pull a fuckin' gun trigger  
I said, "Get the fuck outta here!"

Nigga wanna get too close, to the utmost  
But I got stacks that'll attack any wack host  
Introducin', yo fuck that nigga's name  
My hip-hop drops on your head like rain

And when it rains it pours  
'Cause my rhymes hardcore  
That's why I give you more of the raw  
Talent that I got will riz-ock the spot  
MCs, I'll be burnin', burnin' hot

Whoa-hoa-hoa! Get me like slow-mo with the flow  
If I move too quick, oh, you just won't know  
I'm homicidal when you enter the target  
Nigga get up, act like a pig tryin' to hog shit  
So I take yo' ass out, quick, the mics  
I've had it my nigga, you can suck my dick

If you wanna step to my motherfuckin' rep'  
Ch-ch bloaw! Bloaw! Bloaw! Blown to death  
You got shot 'cause you knock, knock, knock  
"Who's there?" Another motherfuckin' hardrock  
Slackin' on your mackin' 'cause raw's what you lack  
You wanna react? Bring it on back

Shame on you, when you step through to  
The ol' dirty bastard, Brooklyn Zoo!  
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