

Campfire

Wu-Tang Clan

Today I'll talk about kindness
Justice, faith, and kindness
I want you to listen carefully
Kindness and faith, are the foundation
Without them, we can't become good people
And with justice, we know we can lead a good life
And how can I be a good man then, eh?
Huh... well, first of all, you have to practice honesty
Mmm?
Keep your temper, never lose control of yourself
Keep control
Be patient, if you learn to do these things, you can master anything

Out of nowhere, there came a caravan
This was around a campfire light
A lovely woman in motion
Her hair was as dark, as the night

Cruisin on the interstate, just follow while I innovate
Too many try and imitate, medallion like a dinner plate
Front and get your dinner ate, chinchilla for the winter, wait
I'm tryin to bring the "Sexy Back" with Timbaland and Timberlake
Spittin like a calico, kush from a Cali hoe
Tell that joker "tally ho", put shots in that Denali yo
RZA you know how we go on them 20's, that's how we roll
And I don't eat berries but eat a Berry like Halle though
The game criminal, my, my chain figaro
My, my dame's pigeon-toed, I'm still the same nigga though
Uh, kid rock a fitted low, still got a wicked flow
And I'm like Barry Bonds on anything that RZA throw

On anything that RZA throw, Ironman's invisible
I left my chick for cheatin on me, now that bitch is miserable
Poppin bottles, paintin hella Wallo's on my physical
We gon' have a ball, might as well pick a testicle
Purple haze festivals, smoke a nigga like a bowl
Fuck a coma, now the state you layin is a vegetable
You wanna see me? Like you ain't checkable?
You like a CD, I burn you and I wrecked a few...

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Only God, has lept into avenged mind
And can distinguish, good, from evil
Ha ha ha ha

We gotta get more cake together, so we could branch out
Preserve land, get a boat and a ranch house
Call me a dreamer, but I hustle for real
You thought that I fell off but now I'm attackin the field
All in Chicago, grindin, puttin it down
Crush blocks of MC's, I ain't playin around
Yo you heard me on The Bassment, givin it to 'em
Fake dudes hidin theyself, but I could see through 'em

Diggler, what? I'm tryin to live and raise kids
While you throwin up ya sign, I'm layin 'em down kid
Plus I'm back home now, doin my thing
Thirty dollars to Medina just to cop me a ring

"Out of.. out of.. out of.. out of.."

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A good friend, holds his drink
Bad company makes bad wine!
Drinking among friends
Red wine means a good life
A few drinks bring comfort
Two drinks are enough!
Money can't buy courage!
Riches mean nothing to us!
Brilliant, a display of genius