

## Cobra Clutch

## Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, yeah bitch  
Aiyyo, motherfucker  
Aiyyo, swallow it

Aiyyo we dazzle off this bloody version of 'Glaciers'  
Slang shot threw a gem in his mouth, swallowed his razor (wssst)  
Say no more, my back be parked against the wall  
Trooper square holding, 'Face don't give a fuck about the law  
Take off the bracelets, don't get blinded by the ice Boo  
It's not cool, Veronica slept, plus the decimal  
Look at my jumper logo look familiar? It's Power (Where is he?)  
Yo every fine snitch knocks an inch off Eddie Bauer  
Gucci sneaker rockin just another form of 'Chessboxin'  
No cock-blockin, supreme clientele, till I'm droppin  
Kangol slanted, Ghost'll ran with it, hippie hung-out  
Club bandit never empty-handed when I brand it  
Mark callin Austin, Mark callin Austin down in Boston  
Both of them dead, cop in the loft and  
big chain swingin nigga, Matchbox car drivin  
Street whylin, Role' with the four-finger glidin  
Watch him, scorchin with spells and top toxin  
Amoxins til the stock skyrocket, Bobby Mocassin  
Switched from Pert Plus, escrow on the side throw in sun trust  
Ghost'll keep shinin til the sun bust  
yo word up, born-to-be right behind the curtain with her nose out  
Sixty center get the Rover out  
Featherhead heathens, teethin on mic dicks  
When thy said, "Let the kids die for your bread nigga!"

Yo, promoters don't want us in clubs because we spaz out  
'Who is these righteous motherfuckers with they flags out?'  
Stapleton Projects, recognize you're lookin at  
Allah's best, puttin on the hits is no contest  
NOW, who the hypest in New York City?  
WU-TANG! Radio stop shittin on me!

"I got fifty men out in the street  
Now if they all get bitch troubles I starve  
Is that it? Is that what you're tryin to tell me?"  
(Superfly)

Aiyyo, the moccasin money, one man behind the plate  
Hold it down honey-shallah rock the half man Gumby  
Twisted, the mime of the floods, niggaz spell drama  
one oh five point six llama  
Cosmetic classical, slum is shield, Milagro Beanfield  
Watch me inhale half of you, new attributes  
Teletronics, DBX, one sixty X  
Compression with the A and sharp press  
Extract bass in which the gooey dew drips, vanilla suckle  
with jasmine bits, five hundred rap battin average  
One taste the bowl and blow up magic, Houdini escapes  
from the fermenting hell halls of tragic  
Speaking to the First of April's, deep in the rap game  
Erasial, Excedrin head bredderns catch facials  
Side orders, one telephone for take out  
Stomp your man half to death rob him then we break it

Get off on the ?Clove? Exit, knees dirty, chick now  
with low leverage, watch it how she lick the head of me  
Cause it's law, order today, we pay dues  
New Tomorrow's, Rubik's Cube money in a tube  
Deck the Halls, crush salary dice that's in ? hall  
Hey y'all Peppermint Pattie's, slum my Peter Paul  
Wrangler, straight laid the track when it's sag  
with one banger, interlude loop caused me to hang up  
Ticklish, Crunchberry niggaz at the flicks pissed off  
Standin in the rain and can't find they whips  
Suckers! Motherfucker! Yo

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