

Cobra Clutch

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, yeah bitch
Aiiyyo, motherfucker
Aiiyyo, swallow it

Aiiyyo we dazzle off this bloody version of 'Glaciers'
Slang shot threw a gem in his mouth, swallowed his razor (wsssht)
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 hyppest 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)

Aiiyyo, 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

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!