

# Get At Me

Wu-Tang Clan

Two On Da Road right here  
(Uh-huh, somethin for the radio, nigga)  
Two On Da Road  
Uh, Two On Da Road

When you see me at the party homey get at me  
And don't be mad when your girl try and spit at me  
Cuz when the beat got doo-doo-doo-doo-doo  
It ain't no limit to the things that we can do  
(2x)

I'm at the bar, Long Island Iced Tea  
Double shot of Hennessy for this pretty piece  
with pretty feet smellin like Victoria Sec'  
I could see her bra and panties were pink  
Lookin Spanish or Greek, finest thing I seen all week  
Movin with her cousin and niece  
I'm movin with my mans Monk and P  
Stand at the wall, long chrome 3-3-3  
Pussy for free like ODB, high off the eves  
Bitches lookin like Pamela Lee  
Butt-naked on their hands and knees  
Roll up the trees, burn somethin 'fore we leave  
Give your friend your car keys, slide with me

Peace  
Hey vagina, use my name Davey Crocket  
I'm king of the wild frontier, your sex hostage  
MMMMM.. Mr. Lover-man, what's cookin good lookin?  
Let's jump in the fryin pan, fuck yo' man  
He don't want it with us killas  
With E-40 Skrilla, for real-a

Bottle for the Wu years and I'ma hit the flow after a few beers  
Just tell the DJ the Black Knights is up in here  
Wu-Tang is in here, the whole Killa Bee Gang is in here  
and ladies holla when we in here  
cuz they know it's Big Pimpin goin on in here  
and in the VIP, ho's take it off in here  
So get at me cuz I know you wanna spit at me  
and I'd be a fool to let that fat ass pass me

You wanna ride in the 600 BAAA-BAAAY  
with your head out the window like "HEY HEY"  
Tell everybody in the hood you my LAAA-DAAAY  
We big up for life so you crazy

This killa dog puffin green gandy, ready to sink through some panties  
Caught some eye candy, sippin on Coke mixed with Remy  
Yo Monk, shorty got a lot of junk in her trunk  
Now she surfen through the crowd for our weed and skunk  
A nigga 12, droppin treasures like the jewels of the Nile  
Twenty-seven, ManChild from the Isle of Shaolin  
We sky Sushi bar, Meoshi par, finest cigars  
and the ladies in the place wanna know who we are  
Gumah Oz Dubar, my hand all in her bra  
So what's the deal ma'? Can me and my Clan Bar Mitzvah?

Call your girlfriends, after-party, house on the hill  
Come and do real, she said "I'm burnin heart off the pill"  
Drinks for free, I got my own VIP  
Two or three, or it can be just you and me  
Let's get it on and poppin, crack-a-latin with no debatin  
No time for the fakin, baby girl what's shakin?

Catch Monk in the midst of party crackin, don't dance  
but I boogie to the beat low key, I stay splashed  
And drunk still drinkin, poppin major with the ho's, I'm groovin  
with this fat bitch, she stuck with my slang and my dresscode  
I got close, whispered "What's up with the Bar Mitzvah?"  
Then I grabbed her ass, she laughed with a porno look  
and pussy popped her ass on rhythm with the beat  
But passed, she with her man but her friends came two cars deep

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(6x)