

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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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
(6x)