

# Get Them Out Ya Way Pa

Wu-Tang Clan

If you got it, light it up (8x)

Ain't no shook in 'em, Pyrex pots is hot, fiends is cooking 'em  
Little niggaz hugging the block, cops is booking 'em  
Women hugging they purse when they spot the crook in 'em  
Back when little J got shot, pops was whooping 'em  
Little noses dripping with snot, ock, now look at 'em  
The ghetto got a hook in 'em now, drugs, stay pushing 'em  
Used to throwing dirt in these blunts, now, it's kush in 'em  
Used to tell these chicks to shut up, now, he's shooshing 'em  
Get cash, get that ass, or put a foot in 'em  
Iron Flag, flag that cab, Bedford and Put-e-nam  
There ain't no puss in 'em, dick, dildo, or gush in 'em  
Niggaz still got that juks in 'em

If he front then we stomp 'em out (Get 'em out ya way pa)  
If he drunk and he run his mouth (Get 'em out ya way pa)  
If he front then we stomp 'em out (Get 'em out ya way pa)  
(Get 'em out ya way pa, move, move, move)  
(2x)

I'm seduced by the chrome, it's a ruthless poem  
It took a little time to get his juices going  
Producers know him, as the kid with the Iron Palm  
Righteous hammer, examine the firearm  
Approach or get fired on, permanent chest scar  
Empire Strikes Back, check out the Death Star  
Bless y'all, wet y'all, do the impossible  
Where I'm from, we use dum-dums in the arsenal  
Highly sparkable, get stretched off the knuckle check  
Known to scuffle, I take it to the upper deck  
Universal conquest, kung fu, buckle vets  
In a dufflebag, max yo, a couple techs  
Give 'em ear hustle, Wu brand, we programmed  
Next time we dance, it won't be a slow jam  
I fear no man, son, you get lynched up  
Nigga bitch, get Frankenstein stitched up

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Yeah, voice skipping off percussion  
Give it to 'em how they love it, slow flow, deadly, beloved  
All praise, the daunting, calm yet  
So alarming, without a word being spoken  
A thought with no voice, just a nod and a look  
The contract was took, straight cash, off the books  
A major pawn took a Don, look, he's armed  
With a few black rooks from the heart of the Crook  
Shook ones look while they hung him on Hercules hooks  
They found his body near a shallow brook, escaped on foot  
Switched the look up, out of state, he got the hook up  
The flipped cake, thought lighter than the feather  
Yet heavier than weight, when my mindstate starts to break, take cover  
Over RZA instrumental, I'm damn near invincible, it's simple

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Tell me, what are they like?  
They got holes in the top, five round holes  
While I was watching, this stranger, hit them  
But his fingers went right through the bone  
So then, they've... mastered it  
It's some style of kung fu, you know it?  
The Skeleton Claw