

# Harbor Masters

## Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, hold on, this is the way that I'm cut, right?  
Or why I sing, how I dipped under red lights  
Martini's is Ghost Deini's, stretched out  
On stage with the gauge, flash the tech like Clint East'  
Polo drawers, valour headband, Genova convertible couch  
In the back, with the two nightstands  
I'm the man, nigga, when I come through, dressing rooms  
Had the goose ready, renting cream and a bag of shrooms  
And a nice suite, room service every five minutes, I need a foot massage  
Tell the massause, she can't do it for me, do it for God  
I got the mix CD on pause with all DeBarge  
Oil me up, please, my nuts, read me a story  
Tuck me in, something like the seeds'll say  
Pass me the cold fresh squeezed OJ, I got five hundred  
Under my pillow, after I'm done, do my DJ

Cause of that, I'mma rock the show tonight  
The Twat Team, gon' get those hoes tonight  
That's Theodore shit, if you in your whip  
Two step, you slipped, get your whole crew wet  
(2x)

Stand like the Eiffel, move spiteful  
Sport the Nike shoe, nice with the mic since high school  
Fuck who like who, fend to not, niggas, trifeful  
Plot cycles, to get dough, it's so delightful  
Criminal IQ's, spiral convo's with the sky view  
This is what I do, pioneer, my peeps Power Rule  
Fuck Yacub, I'm factual, true and living  
Polo polobos with the true religion, no superstition  
This beat is sorta proof to listen, and hear the real  
So you New Jack niggas kneel, sit it still  
Lick a fifth, get your piff and chill, fix your grill  
It's ill, seen the game vanish in air  
From DeLores to the glamourest gear, show and prove  
How I move, you know hammers is near, never fool  
Appear rude, though my manners is there, get it straight  
Say my grace, before stuffing my face

Cause of that, I'mma rock this show tonight  
Hustle hard, I'mma get that dough tonight  
Crime Money, all we do is just two step  
Slip up, and get your whole fucking crew wet  
(2x)

Fuck the radio, the corners respect, Soldier I  
I'mma about to get fly, like I'm boarding a jet  
Watch your mouth, little homey, I demolish your rep  
I'm like Mohamed Atta, when I'm bombing the set  
Bottom line, you got a problem with Deck, I'm like the police gun, son  
A nigga name pop in the 'jects  
Hate in your blood, green eyes, watching my step  
I'm all money like the Pres, no stopping the rest  
This is Stones and grown man poking his chest  
Play hero watch the K blow a hole in your vest  
Why I flow like I know I'm the best, cuz I'm spitting the piff  
Half of ya'll dudes rollin' with stress

Come and see me, son, you know the address  
10304 block work, first homey, show me the checks  
Hood crooks living over the edge, Ghost saying nah  
That's a good look, focus, respect, yup

Cause of that, I'mma rock this tonight  
Light your weed, pop ya ects', let's go tonight  
House Gang on the dance floor, two step  
You out of line, get your lame ass crew wet  
(2x)