

Kill Too Hard

Wu-Tang Clan

They told me, what happened, alright
You're still young, and things like that always happen
When you'll learn, then you'll know not to make those mistakes

Really? These dudes don't want it with Deck, no, my set glow
Hate it or you love it, but you gonna respect though
You ain't got to know my name, check the blood, sweat & tears
For years, niggas know I bang
I'm a made nigga, caking what you call a boss
On my own two, never taking orders from ya'll
What I spit, get the corners involved, it's wreck on the yard
It's House Gang, son, it's more than hard
The life that'll glamour and glitz, best believe
On the flip side, nigga, it's them hammers and clips
Wanna live in high fashion and rich, so we scramble the strip
Camouflage, with they hand on the grip
Ain't nothing gon' stop kid from getting his due
No, your feets not big enough to fit in his shoe
I don't rock what you rap, niggas, they be pole
On 'the wire', just not HBO
They under fire, edge around the way we know
They know they time up, guess that's why they hate me so
But yo, they will never take me though, I had to go like
Montana, licking, sniffing crazy blow
Still I be Hard to Kill like Seagal
Warrior built, big shield and long sword
One Six Ooh'ing it, doing it, king size
Salutations, that's respecting the king eyes
For those that follow my lead, attract to the light
At the same time, marvel the speed
I'm so dope, I can bottle it free
The most influential, modern day murderous he

Yo, deep in the bungalow, chopping the motherload
Carving my own path, taking another road
I need a son to soul, he brought the troops with him
It sounds presidential, I got the truth serum
Don't want the booth near him, respect in the sabotage
I'm on the patio, stretched in my camouflage
And my grammar's hard, the Wolverine skeleton
I be the yellow man, snatching on the other brand
But on the other hand, light up the darkness
I'm stir fried, nigga, yeah, I'm heartless
My apartment is a hole in the wall, nigga
Pass me the rock, stop holding the ball
I told you before, under worser conditions
Chessboxing, nigga, mic's a dead body position

Aiyo, it's time to make cash dinero
I'm going to the Summer Jam concert to bash your hero
Lie up in your bedroom, smash your bureu
We looking for the money, man, pass the Euro
Apartment to pesos, pass the yen
And, we don't want to have to ask again
Cuz we ain't gon' be laughing then
These three men, take on your whole staff and win
Look, labels stay messing with a cat's future

And that weighs on me heavy like Rasputia
But I still keep spitting like a shortshop
I'mma be sitting at the table when the cork pop
You gon' be sitting at the table with a porkchop
Lacking on the beat like a short cop
It's your boy Ace, BK's own
All you ringtone rap dudes, please stay home, come on