

Laced Cheeba

Wu-Tang Clan

Your kung fu is good, your magic is good
That is why he waited, so my power would dwindle
My power has diminished, then he come to kill me
Yes, but, I know your kung fu is still very good
If you practice again, no one could possibly be your match
Oh, the ancient weapon

Yeah, fierce, I travel across seas on glaciers
Four shoguns that got fucked by geishas
Still gracious, still able to twist out darts
Just grew tougher skin from swimming with them sharks
Broken ankle, fucking with them wallabee clarks
Got them bitches still screaming my name ("What up Starks?")
I'm a bone crusher, ox'll split your face like a dutch master
No more minks, it's polar bears from Alaska
with shark skin Air Maxes and igloos of ice
Rocks clumped up, like overcooked rice
I'm nice, you're the reason why the game went soft
Bland niggas, I come through and season your broth
Like Mr. Dash, I blast, I'm a menace like Dennis
Young Coles, and I'm back from a six month sentence
Rehabilitated, back in the yard, flying heads with barbwire
Stay tying niggas to beds

Can you kill me?
If I didn't think so, I would not be here waiting for you now
Right, let me see what you got
Forget the tricks, let's see your kung fu

Yo, everybody get paid, everybody get laid
All these bitches dirty, everybody got AIDS
Everybody get played, everybody get sprayed
Everybody do what I say, everybody my maid
P, crack selling, black felon
Gat clap, rat-a-tat-tat, tap melons
Son thugs, one gun, one slug
Shot caller, like, yo, let me speak to Young Muggs
Listen, it's Mandela, pa
I grab wack MC's, I smack 'em hella hard
I kill niggas with the birdy big banger
My Wu-Tang niggas call me the 36th Chamber
Lyrical miracle, spit with you rap dudes
Get smacked off the skateboard for not paying rap dues
P, call me the gate keeper
Break haters off your face smoking laced cheeba

Hahahaha, he's mad, listen to me
You've lost your concentration, your magic is gone
That's why it doesn't work, you better use your real kung fu

Yeah, aiyo, she want a thug, not the loyal type
A golden boy to promote it right, sorta like a ill De La Hoya fight
I'm eating good, enjoying life, flawless ice, quick to bag a baller's wife
With no strings attached, cordless mics
Toilet white S5 fifty with the wrong pipes
Peeling off like snake skin, watch the cobra bite
Over night success story, go and check for me

You rap poorly, that's why your cassette's corny
Your money too short for long convo
You in the game hurting, trying to play Rajon Rondo
Millionaire swag, peep your boys ensemble
Jewels heavy, Prince Akeem, Coming to America
Etcetera, whoever sent the kite, kill the messenger
Because I think like the man behind the register
Quick to pull a toaster out, Starks choke 'em out
We over here, counting bread, what ya'll loaf about?

You finished already? Get up and fight
Hey, let's get some strength
Let him go til he outlive me
Let's say he killed my cult, let's go