

Legendary Weapons

Wu-Tang Clan

I flip goods like a stock trader (get money!)
Theodore rush the floor, we attack like Al'Qaeda
Suicide missionary, black activist
Nice with the tongue, I'm a verbal type masochist
Tall body, my skin got Teflon fibers
Dodge bullets, rock chains the size of barbed wire
Roll big blunts, a whole ounce of reefer
Rocked that "Black and Yellow" before Wiz Khalifa
It's a killer bee color scheme, I blow mega cream
Bingos face before I scream, know what I mean?
Like Billie Jean, lightin' up the floor when I walk
This is Staten Island, New York, eighty-seven cheeba hawk
No pork, no swine on the rider
If your chick loose or tighter, I'ma still get inside her
Rebel porn star, thick like Dick Swellington
Beat the pussy up, leave it soft like gelatin

("What the hell is going on here?")
("Man m-man m-man man I'm not playin', I kick the rough shit")
("Say what?") ("I'm not I'm not I'm not playin'")
("Direct from the Shaolin slum, here I come")
("Right now, I'm teaching school")
("There it is, you're fuckin' with pros and there it goes")
("Yo") ("You don't wanna get too close to that man's razor")
("You about to get cut up")

You know the M.O., could never be in limbo
No live have I die 'fore I cough up info
Boss shit intro, horse dick nympho
Smooth on the chicks like a ride on dick tempo
Imprint flow make your bottom bitch unrobe
Soft pushin' in-sole, stroll on tracks
In the back of the bar when they told on black
Plaques on plaques, got racks on racks
So no need to ask why he act all that
King Cognac, got a thing for them gats
An eighties offspring, I'm a fiend for the facts
Swing on the map, overseas with the G's
In South Cackalak tryin to squeeze me some cheese
Breezed on the D's when they tailed on the pipe
Around the same time I exhaled on the mic
The name AZ rings bells on site

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("I offer you, reality!")
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("Yo") ("You don't wanna get too close to that man's razor")
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I take money like a pool shark, put the eighth in my right pocket
Hella cool dude and I won't hesitate to pop it
Still a rude dude, try to replicate my doctrine
Roll with mad killers, my niggas regulate the projects
I'm hard body, I keep a young hottie

You keep it Bon Jovi, you wear a thong probably
Blaow! Nigga you fuckin' with a sick puppy
B'ville up in this bitch it's 'bout to get ugly

I could tell you I'm hood, but y'all should already know
My affiliation of Wu contribute to the globe
I'm worl'wide with it for sho', you better check
Or get laced up from your face up and left off
We don't just do it, we do it to death (y'all)
Better respect some shit or we'll ruin your rep (c'mon!)
The realness, that split this, kill or be killed shit
It's still kill or be killed should of never concealed it

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