

## Listen

## Wu-Tang Clan

I knew this chick by the name of Vevorine  
Who introduced me to the streets and put me on to the game  
We did in the rain, on the hood of a Range  
But Vevorine, had a special friend called Heroin  
She told me, that's how she met Ray Charles and Marvin Gaye  
But back then, I ain't gon' front, I was peddling 'caine  
In the, form of crack, she said that was a no-no  
Cause it's a poor man's girl, and I will never give love  
To how fast heroine, that's low as cocaine was  
Martin had a dream, nigga, I did too  
To make it out the hood, rich, bitch, off that stoup  
So, I took it that thaw, and hit the street  
With bundles of that ghetto love, to give it to kids  
Momma said, never get high on your own supply  
Especially if you plan to leave this hood bitch rich  
Reminiscing on my past, damn it brings me to tears  
See the more money that comes in, the more I disappear  
Fresh to death, the latest kicks, rocking the latest gear  
New Year's after the ball, twenty one song in they ear  
Watch this strip, make me back it up, D'Angelo knows the feeling  
Off that needles warm embrace, in a sexual heeling  
This tracks moves like the 70's, got me feeling great  
Watching my pen nodding off, spilling words out on the  
I'm scared to love, cause you remind me of my past  
Baby, you gotta trust me, cause I gotta girl and you got a man  
I don't want you to judge me, I just wanna be your friend  
Baby, you gotta trust me...

Aiyo I live by the rules, trust nothing in skirts  
Cause with that big butt and a smile, she be waiting to flirt  
With a next man, a next hand, up under the skirt  
Another dick in the jaw, more dick in the george  
While you home sleeping, she creeping, you thinking it's yours  
That's just how women is, I reminisce  
On when I had to learn from experience, why they call you a bitch  
And I ain't the best, but I ain't never denied  
Tell me what nigga, flow sicker, spit shit better than mine  
The plot dope on these tracks, you get federal time  
You get your wig pushed back, that clap metal with mine  
I'm on the grind, I don't settle for mines, nigga  
With this track, a broad, with a pack, before I peddle a dime  
Line for line, whose the best artist, the rest y'all garbage  
But it's awkward, it's ass backwards, they still spinning your garbage  
It's me, blunt: the artist, y'all niggaz is garbage

Sweat jackets valor, rap money, looking like crack money  
Relax, money, niggaz, it's raw, sweet aromatic  
Backwood, fanatic nigga, this is Cali  
Vigilante's tattered, the wife beaters and khakis  
I'm taking over, cause y'all, cooking too much baking soda  
B12, rock selling niggaz vacation's over  
Medallion's guaca', only rock a three piece suit  
Whenever holding case, the cops try to stop us  
My henchmen behind me, in black benz's with big toppers  
Get up on my life, nigga, the kid's proper  
Wrist glint, the big shit, cult following fans be vixen  
This is grown man business, pay attention

Or lay your position, fuck around and have a fatal collision  
The moment where you should of made your decision  
I made it, I'm living, I'm paid and I'm winning  
From the aid of my wisdom, I created a system