

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