

## Lyrical Swords

### Wu-Tang Clan

Uh, Dreddy Kruger, what up, my nigga?  
Yeah, GZA, you know, uh, Rassy, you know  
Shouts out to my nigga Wreckonize, all my MIA

Formed in very a strong advanced post, east to west coast  
Ahead of time, competition not even half close  
Let's say, by no means, an equal value  
Prematurely brought to play, I'll never allow you  
To strike first, so precautions must be taken  
And what's worst? When you're just fronting and faking  
It's a shame when the sixteen bars are just a waste  
And every line or word, is badly placed  
Even dealing with the narrow window of time  
My arrangements, are quick, shutting down your power lines  
On a bunch of small puppets, with a wack ass team  
That only move, at a push of a button that pull strings  
Bad boys move in silence, secretly fading in  
Unlike fake gangstas and ya wannabe made men  
Acting like they carry the gun that killed Lincoln  
Or they rolling with two hundred murderers from Kingston

Our goal is to learn y'all niggaz, about this new world order  
But I'm still try'nna run up in the president's daughter  
He the auditor, ain't let the NARC's see this barker  
Stick to bitches walls like I'm Peter Parker  
The Vida Guerrera sidekick hacker  
Five niggaz licked, on the Internet jacked her  
Dog, I'm not a rapper, I'm the black Dracula  
Nosferatu, spitting darts at you, out of black Acura  
Homies is gat packers, rat packer  
Fly nigga, I'm the Benjamin stack attractor  
Mack attacker, pimp slapper, the track cracker  
Epitome of nice, after Rainbo press the lacquer  
And y'all niggaz is a waste, like fat chicks with little tits  
If your names not YKK, then get off my dick  
Bitch, I hang with the trillest, and that's why 5 percenters,  
College kids and ex- felons feel this  
I'm sick with the words, Waterproofing Liquid Swords  
The world never heard this before, call me Mr. More  
Cause more money, more murder, and more spit to serve