

Masked Avengers

Wu-Tang Clan

Y'all niggaz ready or what?
Go after it, Lord Superb
My nigga Shyheim, 27
What? What?

Superb's the next nigga, respect for those before me
In these last days, I'm bringin rap glory
In the streets they hear it, some will remember the lyrics
In my demise, some will remember me in spirit
And I ain't tryin to die like 'Pac and BIG
And lose my talent to a cultured thug life
I'm a man, see a man stay around his
It takes years fear, like fuck y'all plans!
Tell the truth, son, you stole my dream
When I slept you schemed, you was deemed to see me fail
Your frail movements, almost got you killed
And the pressure you felt was what made you tell
If you could do the crime, how 'bout the time in jail?
I shall survive, we shall prevail!
I'ma keep it field while others keep it real
And get a real long time in jail
Tell the truth, son, you want my life
I studied for years, got years and did years
Niggaz in my PJ's got knocked in pairs
Locked, or stared, some got needles in chairs

It's the drugs, turnin' cowards into thugs
Burnin' slugs that had them wishin' they never was
In this position, up to goods, had eyes my proposition
Execution style, .45 brown starts the rippin'
My mind, body and soul got me stuck in the zone
Fuck a stay, I want the globe, take control with the chrome
Through sickness and health, poverty or wealth
Love or animos', we as one not for 'self!
Stay true to the, code of the grain
Keep out, certian types, let nothin' come between
what we had for years, growin', others staired
Survived the minor set backs, mock it anywhere
It's the heavy or major and your wiz be tryin' to play us
Cause your friends to take it, straight an assassin

Get 'em hot what? We get 'em hot what?
I give a kidney or a lung to my co-D. if he needed one
Cuz that's my dunn-dunn, I give him my only gun if he needed it
Oh that bitch, we both beatin' it
I could tell him a secret, he ain't repeatin' it
Cuz that's my dog, second grade to the mall
And when I get locked up, that's who the fuck I call
Got the cheddy ready to play the clerk to get me out the dirt
Put it in my Aunt's name because she works
We don't jerk one another or try to blow each other's cover
My mother's like his mother, his mother's like my mother
But no one on one's, I'm jumpin' in, fuck that!
We blazin' at the club with our guns back to back
Chicago Bulls style, The Rugged Child
Ain't nothin' sweet on the streets
or if I hit the penal, you know my style

You know my M.O., steal 60 on the vote on the Staten ferry boat

For my niggaz I grew up with, got drunk, threw up with
Smoked mad weed and kept guns to shoot up shit
Some sold crack, lookin' up to niggaz with stacks
Got locked up, left back, outside of the rack
Aiyo we drink what we been drinkin', think what we been thinkin'
Really free the slaves, not like Abraham Lincoln
Catch me in Cali sinkin' in Black Lincolns
Your brothers backstab you for the Benjamin Franklins
Whoa, say that we got no guns guns?
Who dare say that we got no guns?
From Jerusalem, fuck what you write or who producin' 'em
I come to the youth and 'em to drop jewels in 'em
We the lost sheeps, lift you off feet, we gon' eat
My .4-5th'll break off ya wrist, we off the cliff
Bungee jump, Mathematics beats make ya speakers pump
Fuck what you needin', son, this is what you want!