

# Meteor Hammer

Wu-Tang Clan

I don't touch that swine  
I want that unnecessary beef  
You smoke garbage buds  
We smoke tons of keef  
Fishing, looking for that big-mouth bass  
An' flashing, jack your whole stash  
In fashion, keep my goons lined  
In an orderly fashion  
It's glossy with 500 horsies in the Benz  
Tinted out to spend the night  
You ain't got angel funds is low, stack  
Your bitch been ho-jacked  
Still scoop her up, bring her home  
And blow that, 'cause Ghost be mostly  
Looking pretty toasty  
Front row at Mayweather verse Mosley  
With a Bin Laden bottle  
A Brazilian model  
Got the paparazzi jumping  
Like they hit the Lotto  
I party hard, like I'm fresh out of the cages  
I rages like Charlie Sheen, out in Vegas

You drop your pants at your ankles  
At the urinal at a ballgame  
I'm on the stool getting brain  
From a tall dame, 'cause I'm 5'8"  
Shorty like 6'2"  
Feed her coke, locked jaw like a pitbull.  
I was born to rep you fucking with a hornet's nest  
Old shooters in the corner like Hornacek  
Young boys that be handling the rock  
Chris Paul dish off, hammer in the sock  
Gold flakes in the Gold Schlager  
The ammo green XJ12, you know the old Jaguar  
Got the birch-wood lacing the interior  
Poppy bagels getting flavored out in Syria  
Only the Fonz, best laced plates  
Cheese that reach maturity,  
Dick sucks from Shannon Doherty  
Take your temperature anally and orally  
Make a batch of home drizzle royally with oil B

Hopping out the Rolly Royce  
Rolls Gold nouveau  
Diamond-studded shoes, so  
Fliest nigga you know  
Puerto Rican version of Scarface  
Fuck with the God's say  
Disrespect, piss in your broad's face  
Chains stay chunky like Oprah's belly  
Got the purple and the brown:  
Peanut butter and jelly  
When I step up in the spot with the rock  
You'll see the popular poppin' rappers  
Go in their pocket and pull out their wallet  
When I click-clack, now get up on the ground

Cause I Onyx, Pete Rock, Chuck D shut 'em down  
You know Term, I'm the kid with the 'preme beats  
Butter Pecan J Lo, kid with the mean cheeks  
Boobies on my gold fronts, iced out notebook  
Making volcanoes in the kitchen when the coke cook  
I rode around with all kinds of thugs  
High on drugs, pissing out tiger blood