

# Non-Equivalent

## Wu-Tang Clan

Aiyo, the Rugged Child is something else, man  
First met that nigga (I ain't even like ya'll niggas)  
Straight told me that shit, man (don't be coming in my circle)  
They like why, he don't fuck with a lot of clowns (I heard you)  
Straight business dude, you know? Up front type of guy

Yo, I don't rock with you dick-in-the-butt-ass kids  
You ain't a thug with this saw-headed doing bids  
Kill a what? You wouldn't kill a fly  
Nigga, front like you ready to die, cuz you high  
But when I let the ten milli, buck on that, who done it  
Bloods take it in blood, your life is a course  
I give your girl a dog dick, to tell her more, bitch  
And cluck like the bird that she is, but that's your wifey  
Since I came out, she like me, Rugged Child fanclub, she write me  
Get hype g, lose your windpipe, breath through your tube  
I love to win, I hate to lose, one of them crazy Wu-Tang dudes  
A Killa Bee, I attack the suite, niggas killing me  
Softly, talking bout the street  
What they know about this life? I think they persian  
Close the curtain, stop the press, they can't fuck with the S

It's hard to cope with (cope with) so they smoke shit (smoke shit)  
You ain't equivalent (equivalent) you suck ass and you suck a dick  
You ain't dangerous (dangerous), you ain't terrorist (terrorist)  
Go against, and you will pay the penalty (you shall pay)  
(2x)

I'm giving you the cold shoulder, lil' nigga  
But a big notorious gun holder, cocoa broke  
I get it fresh and white, like a boulder  
There, pump it anywhere, spots, blocks, still  
I got to get this money like Tiger Woods  
Dick good, so I'm wanted by the shorties in the hood  
Once moved like valor, and rock a worldwide tour  
Fuck a BMW, I wanna buy a store  
What you selling crack for, your looks? You ain't a crook  
In the 4 building, you got your Air Max took  
And yea I can respect, Tommy Hill down  
On the V.I. with the specs, cuz when my numb bust  
Clear the echo, I'm so bad, I get bail with a parole hoe  
Guzzle them Olde Gold

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Killa Kane (Reddy Red) Red One, that nigga Pull, Pop  
Tray (Stapleton) you know, Shaolin, (Ill P) the Rugged Child is here forever  
(Real Gil), the millennium, the millennium, (Debo)  
(All my niggas locked down, we don't go against the grain)  
Forever, nigga (if we do, death is a penalty)  
Superb signing out (I don't fuck with ya'll, chop my head off, you know?)