

NYC Crack

Wu-Tang Clan

Now, it's the master's turn though
I'm betting in, well there's a show here

Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid
Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid
Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid
Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid
Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid
Watch your step, kid, watch your step
Watch your step, kid, watch your step..
Yo, yo, yo

We take your wizzes away, like we be called on
Deep in space like the Millennium Falcon
Ya'll be fools, scored like ancient Babylon
Rabbits and turtles, all run the marathon
Yup, ya'll paper chasing, ya'll human racing
Who got the best basement?
You got a 6SL, I got a SSL
I score movies, make Supreme Clientele

Oh, here I am (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
No, can't get it near, I quit (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
All day, all night, what brings to you life
For you in the world (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City Crack)

Silly rabbits, trynna disrespect The Abbott
Don't you know that we'll turn your cold body to maggots
I got forty million records sold, some platinum, some gold
Some we just put out to meet the tax code
Your career will be shorter than the 21st of December
Be one of those thousand rappers no one remembers
While my name is carved on trophies, colleges recite my bars
You can look up, and see my name up on the stars
And when it comes down to that basic talent
I got 20 little cousins that can meet your challenge
Yo, stop and listen, and check this proposition
Son, got lots of vision, plus lots of wisdom
Hindsight, foresight, insight, out of sight
Some try to imitate, but they are not alike
They only piggy back, have a Digi Snack
That Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack

Oh, here I am (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
No, can't get it near, I quit (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
All day, all night, what brings to you life
For you in the world (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City Crack)

We're just dealing, of a man
Tough take before you
A cryptic to your power
The reason why we slept and spared your son's life
Was to give you faith
Thank you, man, thank you
You fight well, the hand must reach to the sky
Save the best for me, and have perfect breathing
Good breath control, you know of these

Oh, here I am (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
No, can't get it near, I quit (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
All day, all night, what brings to you life
For you in the world (my Wu-Tang slang is that New York City Crack)