

# Only The Rugged Survive

Wu-Tang Clan

Hahahahaha, Steels...  
You bout to catch this vick  
Yo, you bout to catch this vick

Old sad ballads and gun permits was invalid  
Raspberry vinegar, red dripped in spinach salad  
Sippin' bitches, Cabanet grape, steaming halibat steak  
Gold plate is stainless, four forks scrape the single plate  
Chased by a shot of Scotch whiskey, brew brisky  
For sixty years, misty bottles of Crysty in the freezer  
Red twist leaf, melted in spliffy, Cali blunt piff  
Now we lifty, MC dread head, split up and smoke swiftly  
Then if we empty the safe we can all catch fifty  
Vanna piece put eighty five in jewelry  
Two sixty in deep, a half a gallon Digi  
When dog mentioned hingie, then when they tempted me  
All up a nine milli', I brought my wild cousin Billy  
This fucking Wu hater, from off of Decatur  
Bout to get smacked silly, Kinetic was like  
Yo, Bobby, don't act illy, let me handle this shit  
We rolled the candle sick spliff, we hopped inside the whip  
And through the gear on shift, about to catch this vick

It's the season of the vick, bitch, you getting hit up  
With so much weight, so much lead, you won't be able to get up

Yo, kick in the door, spit a lungie at him, son, tried to bungie  
Grab 'em, through 'em on the floor, smacked 'em, my dudes bout to sta  
b 'em  
Bitch was in the bathroom, screaming, hot bubble batch, steaming  
You can tell from her face, she just finished swallowing semen  
Shut the fuck up, open the safe up, no time to waste up  
Heard you been hating on Wu-  
Tang, we should burn your fucking place up  
He was like 'Yo, Bobby Steels, chill, for real, please spare me'  
Billy put the gun to his face like 'Bobby, go 'head, try to dare me'  
I was like 'Nah, son, chill, ain't necessary'  
His bird was in the backround, still singing like a canary  
Told 'em, open up the safe or prepare for the mortuary  
When the gun starts to click, and we spit, that crazy scary  
Open it up, it was filled with drugs and jewelry and cash  
And me, oh, I simply grabbed the Digi  
Tied 'em up and gagged up, duct tape and paper bagged him  
Him and his bitch, in the whip, yup, we back in the magnum  
Return to the dread spread, gave him his cut of the bread  
Rumor has it, Billy duffed them other cuts with dead

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