

Pioneer the Frontier

Wu-Tang Clan

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We don't hunt deer
Vegetarian dishes from the concierge
Presidential suites, presidential treats
Brazilian models, oiling up my feet
10 days a month, my girl pays for lunch
3 days a week, we work out at Crunch
Time after time, line after line
Our stock increases, rhyme after rhyme
In the valley, of San Fernando
Found Q-Tip's wallet in El Segundo
Proolly been spotted on Telemundo
With more wild cards than a box of Uno
That spin like propeller, my dog like Old Yeller
Holler at the moon, my goons at Coachella

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I got my hands in the pot, 500 grand in the yacht
I'm the dope man with plans to expand on every block
Wu-brand, legendary hands, hard as penitentiary rock
Now put that to your temple, the Wu symbol's bout to drop
Insert the beam on my Glock, got that lean in my bottle
What that mean? High self esteem, straight cream on the top
Riding chops similar to UFC kickbox, kick rocks
Dirty trucker pit stops, shit, grams in a Ziploc
Watch how the pitbull lock his jaws, then lock your doors
Feds watch the boards, hip hop spills out my pores
I be raw, 4 plus 4, but 7 more
The Clan rock the tours, we be them reservoir dogs

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Guaranteed I bang hard
I plan to leave the game large, no brainwash
The devil himself could not persuade God, my blade's sharp
Circle my square, I dare you Braveheart
Before I leave your head in your hands, what's your name, huh?
My lines get in your cells like 7 Ls
Any problem, I address you like I'm sending you mail
Let me do well, they'd rather see me dead or in jail
But let it be my life story if they ever do tell
Know I died for what I live
An intimate connection for that infinite reflection
That's my wife and my kids, there's a price on my lid
So now my stock's high and shots fired
My niggas who was tight with the kid

I'm hot as Hell's Kitchen with the oven on
Deck bomb, teflon the rappers nothing to a don
If I'm fronting then respond
If not, throw up your arms, it's the Killer Bee swarm
And your set, the fuck is y'all?

You entering the 36, mastering the 18
, hands down, I crush bricks
Backs that'll break bats, this is what y'all wanted back
Classic Wu RZA track with mathematic actual facts
That weigh heavy, the universal striking attack
Dance the drunken medley, long axe blade, machete
The shallow stepping ninja

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