

# Protect Ya Neck

Wu-Tang Clan

So whassup man?  
Coolin man  
Chillin chillin?  
Yo you know I had to call, you know why right?  
Why?  
Because, yo, I never ever call and ask, you to play somethin right?  
Yeah  
You know what I wanna hear right?  
Whatchu wanna hear?  
I wanna hear that Wu-Tang joint  
Wu-Tang again?  
Ahh yeah, again and again!

Wu-Tang Clan comin at ya, protect ya neck kid, so set it off  
de Inspector Deck  
watch ya step kid (8x)

I smoke on the mic like smokin Joe Frazier  
The hell raiser, raisin hell with the flavor  
Terrorize the jam like troops in Pakistan  
Swingin through your town like your neighborhood Spiderman  
So uhh, tic toc and keep tickin  
While I get ya flippin off the shit I'm kickin  
The Lone Ranger, code red, danger!  
Deep in the dark with the art to rip charts apart  
The vandal, too hot to handle  
Ya battle, you're sayin Goodbye like Tevin Campbell  
Roughneck, Inspector Deck's on the set  
The rebel, I make more noise than heavy metal

The way I make the crowd go wild, sit back relax won't smile  
Rae got it goin on pal, call me the rap assassinator  
Rhymes rugged and built like Schwarzenegger  
And I'ma get mad deep like a threat, blow up your project  
Then take all your assets  
Cause I came to shake the frame in half  
With the thoughts that bomb, shit like math!  
So if ya wanna try to flip go flip on the next man  
Cause I grab the clip and  
Hit ya with sixteen shots and more I got  
Goin to war with the meltin pot hot

It's the Method Man for short Mr. Meth  
Movin on your left, aah!  
And set it off, get it off, let it off like a gat  
I wanna break full, cock me back  
Small change, they puttin shame in the game  
I take aim and blow that nigga out the frame  
And like Fame!!, my style'll live forever  
Niggaz crossin over, but they don't know no better  
But I do, true, can I get a ";sue";  
Nuff respect due to the one-six-oooh  
I mean ohh, yo check out the flow  
like the Hudson or PCP when I'm dustin  
Niggaz off because I'm hot like sauce  
The smoke from the lyrical blunt makes me \*cough\*

Ooh, what, grab my nut get screwed  
Oww, here comes my Shaolin style  
Sloop-B and my b-boy's U  
to my crew with the ";suuue";

watch ya step kid (8x)  
c'mon baby baby c'mon (4x)  
Yo, ya best protect ya neck

First things first man you're fuckin with the worst  
I'll be stickin pins in your head like a fuckin nurse  
I'll attack any nigga who's slack in his mack  
Come fully packed with a fat rugged stack  
Shame on you when you stepped through to  
The Ol Dirty Bastard straight from the Brooklyn Zoo  
And I'll be damned if I let any man  
Come to my center, you enter, the winter  
Straight up and down that shit packed jam  
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man  
The Ol Dirty Bastard is dirty and stinkin  
Ason, Unique rollin with the night of the creeps  
Niggaz be rollin with a stash  
ain't sayin cash, bite my style I'll bite your motherfuckin ass!

For cryin out loud my style is wild so book me  
Not long is how long that this rhyme took me  
Ejectin, styles from my lethal weapon  
My pen that rocks from here to Oregon  
Here's Mordigan, catch it like a psycho flashback  
I love gats, if rap was a gun, you wouldn't bust back  
I come with shit that's all types of shapes and sounds  
And where I lounge is my stompin grounds  
I give a order to my peeps across the water  
To go and snatch up props all around the border  
And get far like a shootin star  
Cause who I are, is dim in the light of Pablo Escobar  
Point blank as I kick the square biz  
There it is you're fuckin with pros and there it goes

Yo chill with the feedback black we don't need that  
It's ten o'clock hoe, where the fuck's your seed at  
Feelin mad hostile, ran the apostle  
Flowin like Christ when I speaks the gospel  
Stroll with the holy roll then attack the globe with the buckus style  
the ruckus, ten times ten men committin mad sin  
Turn the other cheek and I'll break your fuckin chin  
Slayin boom-bangs like African drums (we'll be)  
Comin around the mountain when I come  
Crazy flamboyant for the rap enjoyment  
My clan increase like black unemployment  
Yeah, another one dare, G-Gka-Genius  
Take us the fuck outta here

The Wu is too slammin for these Cold Killin labels  
Some ain't had hits since I seen Aunt Mabel  
Be doin artists in like Cain did Abel  
Now they money's gettin stuck to the gum under the table  
That's what ya get when ya misuse what I invent  
Your empire falls and ya lose every cent  
For tryin to blow up a scrub  
Now that thought was just as bright as a 20-watt light bulb  
Should of pumped it when I rocked it  
Niggaz so stingy they got short arms and deep pockets

This goes on in some companies  
With majors they're scared to death to pump these  
First of all, who's your A&R  
A mountain climber who plays an electric guitar  
But he don't know the meaning of dope  
When he's lookin for a suit and tie rap  
that's cleaner than a bar of soap  
And I'm the dirtiest thing in sight  
Matter of fact bring out the girls and let's have a mud fight

You best protect ya neck (4x)