

Rap Burglars

Wu-Tang Clan

The niggas commercial...

Fuck outta here, you know where we came from
Word? Word up... nigga don't wanna shadowbox this, son
Right, right, right... yeah, wheelie in one hand
Right, you know it God, check the tale of the tape
Tale of the tape, yo, son, yo, son, yo

This Alaskan nigga approached me, he had suede on
Caesar head half moon, had his weight on
Five sixty drop, rest in Barbados
Stacked potatos, like he rich shit, have Play-Doh
What's your name? Louis Rich the Third
Back your herb, half of that, kid, polly your bird
Now we speakin', took off my hat, waves leaking
Beat your beak, he acting like he know about reef'
He still unsure, other than that, feel more than safe
Let money fake, I got three, for his hate
That more up, thought a nigga would front and fold up
Threw a medallion out, rocks all rolled up
Whose your beagles, money grabbing his gin
Puffin' illegal, that's chico, yo, what up with Rico?
He's chilling, plan status, nigga with that rams had
Check the stands, then check where his hands at
Jewels is gorgeous, priceless shit that's foolish
Fifteen, thousand in the trunk, he asked for Louis
Cat reached, grabbed his burner, shots'll lease
Like a new Sable, yo, except one touch the God niece
Emotional, throwing up shots like they promotional
Shorty run for the door, hit the floor composable
Stop playing, banging on the door, jakes laying
Something crazy, he had a eighty in the cab BM

Stay still kid, them niggas over there, want drama
Hold your head, sorta like Wu vs. Llama
Rap pehito, salute them niggas who got shit
Calico pop shit, rap burglar rock shit

You bein watched like you new on the block, from roof tops
Get your bruise on, it's hot shots, pop, music stops
Party's over, bold soldier move for his holster
Shot the lights out, struck the bouncer in his shoulder
Hard times for po-9, they can't control the masses, scream for Wu
Backstage, we slingin' V.I.P. passes
Jakes sprayin mace, riots be takin place
When the Clan show they face, the fans slow they place
Get your blunt rolled, fuck the 5-0, they want it dun' know
Bitches gettin' trampled, niggaz wildin the front row
Fire marshall catch a beat down, tryin to cut my sound
Radio dispatcher, back-up, bustin rounds
Without intermission from a crouched position
Bullets ricochet off the strobe-lights, strikin Christians
My nigga slipped in, 'nuff ammunition, to bust back
Fuck that, them out-of-town cats'll take the rap
It's war on the dance floor, quarter to 4
Before we peeled off, they tried to seal off the back door
Gats for the beast, high persuit down the side streets
Shot up my getaway Jeep, crashed the front glass

And blew the head rest off the passenger seat
I grabbed the heat, ditched the whip and then escaped on feet
While the locals interrogated for names and photos
Work with 5-0, swappin info for dough

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(2x)

What, what, from here to Indianapolis...