

## 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...