

# Rushing Elephants

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, yo, yo, what up kid? Yo, these niggaz is back, son  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah) I'm telling you, spit that, done it nig  
ga

Yeah... yeah... yeah, yeah, I seen it like a Zenith, man  
You hear me man? Word up, man, ya'll know what it is  
It's on again, man, for real, Top Gun, what what

Aiyo, we came through thumping like elephants  
The new Range is super-charged, I remains intelligent  
Back to the formula, lord, hard grammar  
This is God school, make sure the lobby ain't jammed up  
Excalibur swords, T-Rexes, bibles of rhymes  
We in the lunchroom, weed and veggies for breakfast  
Polo campus, sicker lances, the crisp  
Hundred dollar kick niggas, that be showing you hand steps  
Back to the dormatory, where niggas  
Broke my forearm and index finger, now you write glory  
True holding my flag, it's all engraved in my blade  
So when I wave it, you gon' say Rae mad  
Now it's 28 Days Later, now Wu's up, do something, you can't  
It's blood in my eye, I might get amped  
To rip something down, the billboard holders is back  
So when you see me, you gon' say he gets down

From darkness to DNA, I move with my brother  
And we resonate, energy that shifts in colors  
Bringing MC's punishment, then I'm done with it  
The meter leave way on the fast break, I run with it  
It was not a hobby, but a childhood passion  
That had started in the lobby and was quicky fashioned  
Every line to line, bar for bar is clockwork  
Hazardous and powerful enough to have your block hurt  
Check the total amount of MC's inflicted  
With torture, from moving with work that's restricted  
We criticize producers til they joints are right  
Then acupuncture the track with pinpoint of light  
Hitting them from well concealed firing positions  
With explosiveness that'll make the deaf listen  
Drastic, pyroclastic, connected with the same old  
Down the dangerous slopes of an active volcano

Blitz like the Green Bay Packers, sack like the linebackers  
Hang with niggas, like redneck crackers  
Strangle cold bottles of Beck's, like a vexed German  
Duck low behind the car, my tech burning  
Neck burning, from eight karats of sunlight  
Absorbed, in the grill, Big Pun like  
Lord of the Wu-Tang sword, know what that means?  
Like J.R. Tolkien, it's the Lord of the Rings  
This is my man, Chef, auto, like Grand Theft Auto  
The 18th letter, followed by the mark of Zorro  
Plus A, not for apple, but I pack an apple  
Shorty try to buck back, and knock me off the saddle  
Caramel, pecan, sundae, Pregline  
Plump breasts, was filled with saline  
Her big booty cousin, nasty Nadine  
Get you on the floor, whore tried to double team

Is he still that nucca? Is he in the hood like that?  
Is he really strapped? Will he really split yo' shit?  
I thought you said he rap? Pull up in the yard, ten sets  
He ain't flexing, microphone ripping, heat holding  
Who testing? Rope-a-dope his black lotus  
Can't quote this, chat with the sword tongue  
Duck when the axe is swinging, wild Apache drum  
Crazy Horse kicking his thoughts, he won't quit  
Can't tell 'em nothing, he grown, give the man room  
Space was demanded, beat banging through the speaker  
Voice, heat seek missile, guided at the listener  
Swing to the gospel, catch up and wet at the brothel  
Unstoppable, direction of my flow, optional  
To the ear, depending on the current of air, the crowd's in