

Slow Blues

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, get my voice, get the clarity (Sunzini the flame)
{Let me drop a little something hot, what?} Yeah
(Yo turn my vocals up son) {Yeah, turn my voice up}
Brooklyn, Bo King... yeah... {All my Russians come on}
I gotta pull out the guitar on this one.

I'm Vast Aire... I'm like Ali, better yet Joe Louis
I will push my hands through you, I don't need bullets
Show me the signal, let's flow
I be outside with 30 niggaz ready to go
We shine when we rhyme, so I'm, ready to glow
I liked to helm shows, I'm ready to sow
Pass me the needle, you get the cloth
Kunta'll get the thread, and we'll all break bread
This is the true birth of a prince
When I die, this song will be a footprint
I be back with the essence in an instant
I heard about Ason, and burnt an incense
Life's ill, don't get it pretzled
I can't show you, but I'll leave a stencil
I'm talking about what matters, not figures
I'm pointing at the moon, and you looking at my finger

Come correct me, and I really give a fuck
Who won't accept me, you see?
I gotta do this for the underground, broke it down
Coney Isle, BK to Uptown, yeah, they gonna know me now
I'm up in the kitchen cooking up some hot shit
Ask your boy Raekwon, he gonna tell you how I spit
Yeah, Byata live it, it's a hustle every day
I'm on the grind, try'nna see this, milion' kay-vay
But I stay shining, catch me when I'm up in the scene
Rocking the cell plus roots, now your delf, ya silk screens
Yeah, gorilla style, don't make me have to wild out
With the, surrealer, for realer, clap you, and come tell bout
Making moves, paying dues on the evening news
The Russian lifestyle, bitches, we let them lose
Now give me another blast of that green
Til I get open and I'm nasty with the sixteen
They don't even know what's coming
Til them got them rubbing off the rooster
Chick from C.I., to Brighten Beach, yea, we Russian sick
What? Yeah, we Russian sick, uh, yeah, the chick is sick

I'm Young Abraham, in front of the projects puffing
If I, honor myself, then my honor is nothing
Even a spirit of evil, in the veins of a junkie
Pay peanuts and you get monkeys
Honkey see, honkey do, yeah, Yacub the foul serpent
Amongst crack dealers, street merchants, Bo King
Yeah, flows from out of my mouth
Up North, Down South, yeah, I'm never without
Extra heat, on some black burner, semi assault
Buccaneer, yeah I'm bucking near holes in your port
Cuz, you ain't bustin' nothing, that's studio edits
Who doing the shooting, your engineer, get all the credit
So while you busting shots in a four hour session

I'll be aiming at cops in the name of oppression
Mack one to the second power, clap off end
I can hit anything up close or far away
Spray lead at the governor's head, cuz he don't wanna
Break bread with the slaves that never been fed

One for my son's money, two for the show
Three, I gets busy, four; I'm out the door, bro
Five, the click get live, the Sunn don't die
Blaze that haze in the East, that purple gush on the Westside
Tech vests with the metal slides, from rebel Bedstuy
I do or die, high and on the ride
This revolution will be televised, through mics, I'm mesmerized
Sight spies, small fries, living lies
Destined to flame, will get you blownd out the fucking frame
I don't bang, but I will let that evil reign
Never catch me tucking the chain, I'm gutter grain
That's word to mutha, main, sustained in this fucking game
Yeah, he shines like aluminum foil, make the mic boil
Ladies and gentleman, introducing, I'm loyal
Blood lines royal, hood raised never spoiled
I'm quick to bury a snake, Jake, breathe the soil
Twist that backwood berry croyal
Taste the green as it broil, and watch it burn like oil
That independent who stays major, rule one, about my paper
It all started on the block with small cash capers
A force of nature, my moms and pops ain't no glass makers
And if I see you on some shit; I'm a fair shaker
I let it out like Sharon Vegas, serving traitors
Y'all niggaz now I shine across the equator