

## Soul Power (Black Jungle)

Wu-Tang Clan

Two thousand and two!  
Lookin like a tennis player  
Representin the Wu!  
You gangsta nigga?  
Two thousand and two!  
You? You isn't!  
Representin the motherfuckin Wu!  
Stand for it right now

Two thousand and two! .. You know how we do!  
For you and your crew! Representin the motherfuckin Wu!

Aiyyo catch me coolin in Aruba, one sneaker on  
Lookin raw beautiful, a blue Ruger, who you lookin at?  
600 whale, steel color, Brazil love us  
Y'all niggaz is fake - all y'all do is steal from us  
Remember this line, I'm that nigga word to my mother  
Slap one of y'all fake ass niggaz  
Reefer from Egypt daddy we rock magnums  
All big niggaz heavy on the wrist play diss niggaz  
Ghost story blow 'em, RZA throw the fork through 'em  
Me, Wonder Woman cousin, jewelried out, talk to him  
Hammers that bust endlessness, cover terrorism what?  
Slide in the 7, measure the whips

It's soul power! (Two thousand and two!)  
Soul power! (You know how we do!)  
Soul power! (For you and your crew!)  
Soul power! (Representin Wu!)  
Soul power! (You know how we do!)  
Soul power! (Two thousand and two!)  
Soul power! (For you and your crew!)  
Soul power! (Representin Wu!)

I'm a dollar and a dream from seein a brick  
In grimy hallways, slingin nicks and treys  
When it's on then it's on and poppin, shots lickin  
I'm spittin this shit for the hood, glock clickin  
Tension in the street, we stressed, still wanna eat  
I walk through the valley of death, the hotstepper  
Holdin red pepper, everybody on reach  
I need a beat to expand, the mind guide the hand  
Pen stroke, excellent quotes of literature  
Nights over Egypt, black as Arabia  
Gundeliro(?) Self I savior, I need the (uh)

Soul power! (You know how we do!)  
Soul power! (For you and your crew!)  
Soul power! (Representin Wu!)  
Soul power! (You know how we do!)  
Soul power! (Two thousand and two!)  
Soul power! (For you and your crew!)  
Soul power! (Representin Wu!)

Aiyyo, aiyyo  
Aiyyo I got the whip smellin like lemon  
Roger Clemens jerseys the man blew seven cold coolies in the Worthy and

I crush those rappers, keep the toast near the radiator  
We like our guns warm, it's easier to make the papers  
Stayed off, the cape came off, Ghost G'd off  
The track's like doin six months and I'ma beat off  
At the airport attention always flow in my direction like  
You let the best then sparkle his perfection and  
Bitches be askin them, Ghost you got so much shit  
You need to cash in, bracelets matchin 'em

Yo, yo

Line Cadillacs to blocks, Richard Pryor, Redd Foxx  
Jukebox records, flatfooted cops  
Get automatic systematic jumpin in your socks  
Mama's apple pie in the park hopscotch  
Reunited on the radio, Wu-Tang superb  
In the sprinklers girls double-dutchin on the curb  
Sinatra, the pop the Jackson 5 recordings  
Uptown Saturday, "Cotton Came to Harlem"  
Ringmaster circus was, Bailey and Barnum  
Crack a Coca-Cola, summer heat was my boredom  
Dr. J before Jordan, Al Green on the organ  
When Rerun did the dance, the whole world saw him  
The blackout fears, Foxy Brown, Pam Grier  
Ford motor gear, your life and times queer  
"Smokey the Bear", Burt Reynolds gray hair  
Throw 'em some gems, throw up your fists and say yeah, it's

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I'm the nigga that got you talkin bout "Fight the Power"..

Aiyyo Flav

Whassup Meth?

What you know about niggaz from Long Island right?

Huh?

True Long Island right?

All my life!

All your life right?

All my life!

Westbury

Word up, Freeport, Long Island, Roosevelt, Long Island

And and an-an-and went through Westbury too

You from Westbury?

Nah I got family in Westbury, New Castle Park and them

Oh stop jokin, I ain't know that

You from Hempstead? Yo man, my family from Hempstead!

The Heights man

Yeah, ...

Word up, come on man

...

Oh, what?

..., Hundred Terrace Avenue

Stop jokin, the El Dorados, nigga what?

I got family up in El Dorados right now nigga word!

That's where I'm from, that's my block!

That's MY BLOCK RIGHT THERE! Aiyyo!

That's right y'all, that's right, it's all good  
Me and Method Man from the motherfuckin hood!  
So get it from the Bricks to the fuckin wood!  
YEAH NIGGAZ!  
KnowwhatImean? Word up to the bird up  
They caught the bird, made him soup, now I sip from out my cup  
Nigga!

Oh yo man you just hit me in the head with a brick for real  
You got me bleedin from the side of the head Meth  
.. you're a beautiful fuckin person  
Yo Meth.. yo Meth..

Yo check one two  
Without me havin my finger in the plug  
I'm gettin shocked anyway, hahaha!

"Since you're all so skilled,  
let's fight your way - Shaolin style. Come on!"