

Still Grimey

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, rated x, smack you off the stage when I'm vexed
No sweat, I crack a cold case of Beck's
Guess whose back, the jack of all trades is next
The rap cuisine, I crack a raw egg and flex
I cave in your chest, this one came from the jets
Yeah, the cause and effect, make innocent blood pour
The streets is like the rap game, a daily tug of war
For rich or for poor, or death do us part, niggaz come for test

Still grimey (grimey, grimey)
Still slimey (slimey, slimey)
Don't try me (try me, try me)
It's been ten long years, you can't untie me

Bring fire and Ruck let the heat pour
Niggaz like Ruck 'Fuck you rhyiming to this beat for?'
Listen, life is like a muthafuckin' seesaw
One minute you're hot, the next, your rep drops
None of your biz, fuck around, and run in your crib
Wife like 'He ain't here', throw some to your wiz
Niggaz running up on me, til the tre' pound click
Talking 'bout 'Ruck, let's battle' on some 8 Mile shit
I'm like; nigga, my name ain't B. Rabbit
It's Sean Price, Big Ruckus from busting these ratchets
Call me gay basher, for fucking up these faggots
Ya'll niggaz ain't nothing, stop fronting, stay passive
Yo, pass the dutch, on the left hand side
Sean gone til November, stole Wyclef's ride
Bob Backlund, car jacking, New Jersey driving
Ya'll niggaz ain't think about rapping, til you hear me rhyiming, oh

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I keeps it real in the field, Navy feel on the drill
Never stingy with my bills, plenty gravy I spilled
Recorded in the history of rap, two inch reels
Seven to ten mills, eleven to twenty hills
Rest in peace to my brother Half-A-Mil
Unnecessary blood spilt, another thug killed
Move with the mass appeal, the blast still
For the Cash Money Click, No Limits and no thrills
Mad cuz your hoe, feeling P. Sunzini, give you
As sweet as a kiwi, face it, you not me, nigga
Ladi dadi, the Gods like to party
We don't cause trouble, but we can make you a body
Ladi dadi, the Sunn likes to party
I don't cause trouble, but I will make you a body
Flowin' high in the Mazarati, two with my ninjas beside me
Lively, floating on some Ducatti's
With two gellati's, two hotties, we never sloppy
Jewelry rocky, Spanish pieces, they call me papi
Clear fire Bacardi, sobered up like Gotti
Rest in peace to my dog, Shotti, Shotti

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On the corner ready to bo', holding my nuts
Standing by my building looking at myself in the truck
My reflections... (still grimey)
Oscar the Grouch's worms (still slimey)
I got a jones for Miss Piggy's ham hiney
I can be a bum in the slums, and slam shiny
On every corner, I'm grams, you can find me
The boss of the burners, I fire shots if your nine speak
This is true Manchu, and who you, fams too?
Better have they face in the game, like the Blue Man Group
I heard you smell me, I make it funky
Rock hard and kick ass like, I hate you donkeys
My oatmeal lumpy like Johnson's Bumpy, Harlem humpty
Hungry wolves, pain's hummer, harbor hungry
Dumpty, blazing trees, now leave an O.E. present
Know why the hood feel me, like police presence

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