

Sucker M.C.'s

Wu-Tang Clan

Daddy's home, your daddy's home to stay

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo same time same channel
Nasty vandals too hot to fucking handle
Bring the ruckus to all you knotty head fuckas
Shit's like Hammer Time, niggas can't touch us

Straight up and down Wu-Tang forever
Come tougher than DJ ?'s leather
Make a better tomorrow
Condition your atmosphere, air like feathers
The fire come, transmit vire come
The higher sire come, we burn your wire
Wu-Tang be number one...

Four years ago a friend of mine
Asked me to say some MC rhymes
So I said this rhyme I'm about to say
The rhyme was Meth and it went this way

Yo, we took a test to become an MC
All the withers in the crowd got amazed at me
God threw me inside his Cadillac
The chaffuer drove off and we never came back

Meth cut the record down to the bone
And now I rock solid chrome microphones
Now we signing autographs, with cheers and laughs
Champagne, caviar, and bubblebaths, but see...

That's the life that I lead, you sucka MC, we G-O-D
Take that and move back, or catch a heartattack
Because there's nothing in the world the gods could ever lack

I chill at the party in my b-boy stance
Walk, cap low, 45 in my pants
Fly like a dove, that come from up above
My nigga's Iron Lung but you can stay one love

It's just a one two three a three a two one
Throw your blunts in the air for the god Iron Lung
Blow them right in your face with the bass
You messed up, come in first place, the real rap taste

First come, first serve basis
Coolin out boo, take you to the def places
One of a kind for you people's delight
And to you sucker MC, you know it ain't right
Bet you bite all your life, cheat on your wife
Run in a gun fight with nuthin but a knife
Bangin with your boy, slingin with the crew
And everybody know what you've been through
It's the one two three three two one
Throw your blunts in the air for your dunn Iron Lung
Smoke in your place with the highs and the bass
Come in first place in the real rap race
Go uptown, buy a bag of brown

You sucker MC, a sad face clown
Gettin OD ready to rock crowds steady
You drive a big car get your gas from Getti

I'm ODB in the place to be
Didn't go to St. John's University
In the streets of Brooklyn I aquired the knowledge
A Law of Mathematics that's higher than college
I'm fly on skins that I gets in Queens
She love filthy swine and my collard greens
I'm dressed to kill, you know our style
Cause niggas don't know that Dirty Dogg fly

If you wanna see