

# Take It Back

## Wu-Tang Clan

On the firing line... lock, one round load  
Ready on the right? Ready on the left?  
Ready on the firing line? Watch for ya targets  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah...) pay attention

Welcome to the fish fry where niggaz get burnt to a crisp  
Jump out the pot, "Yeah yo I got this"  
Long armor, construction's on, I'm pro-drama  
Catch me in the wildest beefs, I bring bombers  
Bearded like Talibans, booted, my black ninjas  
'll come through, tuxedos on with the gold llamas  
Priceless like emeralds, check out the ski mask  
King Tut's nephew gave it to me for three bags  
Of heron, Don Baron, sniff a bag of blow  
Fifth out, runnin' up in Saks with the ill army  
Shake feds, play dead, yo check out what Rae said  
Lay on ya hands, let the Branson break bread  
High energy, all my niggaz a kin to me  
Regardless how it go down I still get ten a ki  
Beware of my enemies, y'all remember me  
Nikes with the low goose on and I've been a beast  
Wilding in my headphones, red in my stones  
Good ganja out, if I die fill up my headstones  
With water, dough, acid and gold classics  
All my niggaz who pump, the spirit'll jump out and grab shit  
Max with the laser on 'em, staircase caskets (caskets)  
Broke bugged thugs in the hallway maxing (maxing)

Still them 1-6-Ooh niggaz, straight up (whoa, hold up, hold up)

The nozzel aim, rip through ya frame for pocket change  
Fiend for the Rush Hour 4, then pop a vein  
Thousand dollar corks pop, pause or get off top  
Used to be a general, just lost your spot  
Animal House, two grand'll handle ya mouth  
Beast mode with the G-Code, cancel 'em out  
Son, I've seen hell, fell into the palms of Satan arms  
Don that I am made 'em bow in the face of God  
Graveyard Shifting, different day, the same thing  
The name ring then the chain swing and dames cling  
Money green, Maury kicks, whips and new fitteds  
(It was all a dream) Advocated by the few who do live it  
Bloomberg, make a nigga cop the Mausberg  
Shorty ain't a shorty, he a Shooter like Wahlberg  
Old man told me, don't be, blind to deception, only  
Sharp with perfection, homey, ya mind is a weapon

Relax, you got ya muscles tight, relax  
Word... Word...

First we told y'all niggaz, then we showed y'all niggaz, huh?  
(We gon' take it back with this)  
By the time you get a show, we've been all around the globe, huh?  
(We gon' take it back with this)  
Before you even had a name, you was screaming "Wu-Tang"  
(We gon' take it back with this)  
When we was running on the block, you was under ya pops, remember

(We gon' take it back with this... let's go)

Armored truck money, Shazam bangles, play the throne like  
Julius Caesar, gorilla mob, slash, Killah's gaurd  
Fake passports and visas, all of my goons  
They be carrying spoons, because boom, he had a massive seizure  
Hot chocolate lovers, guns is published  
Detroit bitches out of town be dying to fuck us  
This is real talk, shank lullabyes  
Ben Franks, we like Jet Blue we stay hella high  
Curl on the dumbell L, we can't even S-P-E-L-L MTV or TRL's  
Supreme novelists, we rank superior, guarding the post  
Down low in the 'jects, got it locked in ya area  
Ain't tryin' to hurry up  
We like rebel niggaz powdered up wilding in the streets of Liberia  
No matter the crime, I'm beating the case  
If I'm a wrong, a chair hit a judge right in his face  
Shitting shanks out, come to court dates  
Mittens on shines with blood Wally's that's the color of wine

Talk to me, my criminal mystique  
Kick back the boards, six thousand a week  
Pay homage, what the don beat, you're a minor threat  
I see ya sweat roll down ya cheek  
And ya soft and sweet, ya talk is pork  
Get murdered in New York when I enforce the heat  
And the cost ain't cheap, my advice is priceless  
Bring back the life that ya thought was lifeless  
The Way of the Gun, son, who the nicest?  
S.K., no stungun, smooth devices  
Time Crisis, I played the game, low lifers  
In a brawl, ripped the phones out the walls in Riker's  
Vipers in the infirmary rooms with slicers  
Shiesters with hate in their blood might bite ya  
Fuck that bitch, ya wife don't write ya  
Cancel her, buy another one just like her  
Pipers in the bucket of ice taste righteous  
Today's mathematics when we build in cyphers  
The baby automatic kill like Air Force strikers  
I'm still Asiatic when I spill the hypeness

The dark, and this place will come here  
That's right!

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