

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 dumbbell 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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