

The W

Wu-Tang Clan

I grew up around block parties ready to rock
Behind the rope nigga with my rhymes on cock
The verse shot first nigga who had shit to pop
A bad weather blow the feathers off a hundred flocks
With 70% goose, 30 ducked, get stuck
And each link in your chain is trucked
No ends in this rhyme cipher with nine snipers
Charge of the kiss from the Pied Piper
I live around DJ's, b-boys, MC's
Through rap never thinkin' +Airways+ are TVs
It was strictly all about magnificent rhyme clout
+Rec Room+, 2 dollars with the flyer as we would doubt
Now his wigs pushed back
Name scratched off the plaque, too wild to re-enact
(Yo)

Got to check out +The W+, got to check out-- +The W+
Got to check out +The W+, got to check out-- +The W+
(2x)

MC's have the right to remain silent
Everything you say can and will be used against y'all
muh'fuckers
And Mef can only trust ya as far as I can see ya
Me need ya? That'll be the.. day, ya busta
It gets no rougher when, me and my comrades rush ya
Like red heat with hammers and sickles
I milk like ya baby mama's nipples, got issues
It's just us, so what's what if any can touch us
Then lord strike me down where I stand at now
wit this bottle of Remy, gettin' fucked up child,
listen
The most notable MC, ya source for hip hop quotable MC
Of course it's Tical!

Got to check out +The W+, got to check out-- +The W+
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(2x)

The Princess, the Pope, incest, dope
Choke you by the throat, the chrome handle smoke
The man not for joke, we all out for broke
Plus the herbal that I tote, the murder that I wrote
You can't do me none, my Uzi weighs a ton
I'm comin' from the slum, Wu is number one
I stumbled on the drum, the Gods are troublesome
+Rumble+ when we come, boy you better +Run+, +Run+

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(2x)

Aiyo, it's like this jumpin' out of golden whips
Flashin' mega bricks, outfits, rock ridiculous whips,
bitch
Wavy hair, men of the year, bent in the stairs
Sick winter gear, been on position is where

Call him an Asiatic God-body, +Longevity+
Slang rap, you get your whip wrapped
Swing through the hood calmly
Yo what up? Staten Island, Bush, George
Dust shut shit off, whips spin off
Get off, slips, which, wiz
Mind di-tects mines, lines lick sick nines
Pick wines, lift up, bill a nigga six flies
Dip wide, dress my shit up, fuck six times, wish mine
Rub lamps, take thousand dollar crystalines

Got to check out +The W+, got to check out-- +The W+
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(2x)