

# Think Differently

## Wu-Tang Clan

It go; gangsta-gangsta, thug, killa  
I'm the black panther that shot the drug dealer  
I live on the block, where dudes bust they knocks  
Ride on top of the car, they crush they rocks  
Niggaz hot in my fifths, to run from cops  
See I'm a nigga too, so I know how niggaz do  
Keep it real, you should let that bullshit silence  
You only been involved in domestic violence  
Nigga, I chase rentals with Long Islands  
Catch us in the club, doing them long, wiling  
The microphone marvelous, this Marvin Haggler  
It's so obvious, in the lobby, suave and dressed  
Where the party is? Round trip, flight to LaGuardia  
Nobody dodge, when we walk through the audience  
Dolo, with more dough to blow though  
For sure though, slide one deep in a four door  
I'm poor though, catch me rocking a Lisa Lobo  
Bump yo ho, I want more to the boatload

Your coat can't save your soul, but I'm foe  
It's written in gold, hieroglyphic Egyptian scroll  
Streets I've been in, from the beginning I'm a legend  
Never flee up from my enemies, shots I'm sending  
Musical martyr like John Lennon, from the beginning  
Spit with a vengeance, semi-automatic weapon repping  
Calm stop, warlock like David Geffen  
Blowin' ox', like oxygen, out of my nostrils  
Seen brave men, fight for they honor and even die  
Two gorgeous divas, blowing the heaters down the ride  
To the, end of the earth, through hell, water and fire  
Queens Messiah, camouflage black attire  
Magnum opus, top five, dead or alive  
The feds focus my militants, swervin' the lotus  
Mossberg in the hostess, I write it then release it  
Then I, bless the street, giving birth to soldiers  
Rolls gold, King Tut piece, flooded with boulders  
I praise Allah, make this a lot, facing the east  
This is for them black and white babies, starving to eat, Think Differently

Poverty stricken, fried chicken, fly rhyme kicking  
Blind visions from the mind's wisdom, in this crime religion  
Niggaz listen, what I'm spitting is hard as prison  
Benches in the trenches, grym intentions, twin Doberman pinchers  
Leather trenches, lead drenches for brat endless  
Gats eleven inches, ya neck slit it, your head spin it  
The epidemic was spread infinite, so once the thread is knitted  
For seven digits, it's just business, no disrespect intended  
To he who feel offended, a beat down cannot be prevented  
Big hit it, the game I'm deep in it, until my Yankee fitted  
Switch three, be hanging niggaz, squeeze three eighty triggers  
Used to fuck my babysitters, now I whip Mercedes-Benz'  
I stand alone, cause I'm grown, for me to crush the Walkman  
Gang lover supporter, of any sort, when I'm New York  
Rollin' for dolo, the Willie Bobo gotta go bro  
Word to JoMo, the kid in the polo, got the world in a yo-yo  
Your happy meal skills is still, no frills  
Cook ckrills, sign deals, when you see me, just kneel

Or rocking mills, your hospital bill  
Blood from your nostril spill, it's not looking well  
When I lick off shots, the hostages yell  
Chopper fell like ox tail, your optic's swell

Ninjas with blades, raised from jungles of wolves  
In hoods, where hammers bark and the tennis spark  
Police on radar, so we stay fogged up  
Puffin' blunts, sippin' Goose, and damage  
God Damn it's hard, but still, we gettin' by like rhino's  
Ones that peel, crucified on the Earth, for guns and needles  
Nine inches, hurt, I cause stitches, build  
With Gods on track, suffering visible scars, it's hard to relax  
Ready to spaz, no weed, thirst for cash, times moving fast  
We like cheaters with masks, lighting cheeba and hash  
Tryin' to balance the steps, screaming, we need freedom  
Tired of bleeding, where ego's let out of evil  
Town is of death, no time for weakness  
Higher heights to reach, advance the concrete  
With iron feet...