

# Unpredictable

## Wu-Tang Clan

Plush whips and rollies, ice chains and stogies  
No bitch could hold me, in this Thug World

I hold it with the bolo grip, solo control the strip  
Behold, P.L.O. the click, man, it's over with  
So quick, notice how we bang with the knuckles bare  
Wu-Tang, keep it fresh like tupper ware  
The Jungle, Animal House, gat in your mouth  
Polly with the wild life, cannibal out  
Give this five course meal in effect, reel to reel or cassette  
Or with the mask on, peelin' the tech  
Killah Hill, man, you feelin' my set, feelin' my rep  
Annamette with the top down, wheelin' the 'Vette  
Scoop me downtown, cop the brown and back to the bids  
Twist a blunt in front of Jake and still mash on the strip  
Face sick with the rap shit, stacking them chips  
In the pits, stick shit, cats packing them grips  
Bad bitch with the black six, after my dick  
She like, this your pussy, and she smash my click  
Not a fake, not a fraud, see my name on the wall  
Niggaz straight, like an inmate, try'nna make the board  
Snake waiting, dudes came for sure, I lay law  
Stay raw, cause a 'massacre' with no 'chainsaw'  
Half y'all talk about it, but you don't want war  
See my wolves eat the bones and we still want more  
We be foaming at the mouth, even, I doubt we leave without eating  
So without reason, pounds are squeezing  
The lifestyle of fiends and beans, big dreams and CREAM  
Bitches ride like the Scream Machine  
For a taste of it, the chick strip, clean out the jeans  
Next thing she was smuggling coke between the seams

If real niggaz is listening, the life we living in, is wrong  
(Witty Wu-Tang is unpredictable, Witty Wu-Tang is unpredictable)  
Back for transitions, to save us from harm  
We in the race for time... so we won't lose our mind  
But if we run the race like a thug  
We would lose that mind that we made of

You kept the weapon concealed like a magician's secret dollar bill  
Liable to pull a knife from out of his heal  
Snatch the sword from the rock with one hand  
One finger, bzzz, turn ya body to sand  
You'll be hoping you'd be Spidey, to get away from this  
You be hoping you be whitey when the judge get pissed  
One man, can't uplift the land  
Like Method Man standing on the hands of fans  
See the Captain and Lieutenants, true descendant  
Splendid, unprecedented, hip hop vintage  
Started from the park benches, before the NARCs could snitch us  
He was God Cypher Divine, trying to spark the wizzes

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(2x)