Protect Ya Neck

Wuâ€•Tang Clan

I smoke on the mic like smokin' Joe Frazier
The hell-raiser, raising hell with the flavor
Terrorize the jam like troops in Pakistan
Swinging through your town like your neighborhood Spiderman
So uhh, tick tock keep ticking
While I get you flipping off the shit I'm kicking
The Lone Ranger, code red: danger!
Deep in the dark with the art to rip the charts apart
The vandal, too hot to handle
You battle, you're saying Goodbye like Tevin Campbell
Roughneck, Inspectah Deck's on the set
The rebel, I make more noise than heavy metalThe way I make the crowd go wild
Sit back, relax won't smile
Rae got it going on pal, call me the rap assassinator
Rhymes rugged and built like Schwarzenegger
And I'mma get mad deep like a threat, blow up your project
Then take all your assets
Cause I came to shake the frame in half
With the thoughts that bomb shit like math
So if you wanna try to flip, go flip on the next man
Cause I grab the clip, and
Hit you with 16 shots and more, I got
Going to war with the melting pot, hotIt's the Method Man, for short "Mr. Meth"
Moving on your left
And set it off, get it off, let it off like a Gat
I wanna break, fool, cock me back
Small change, they putting shame in the game
I take aim and blow that nigga out the frame
And like Fame, my style will live forever
Niggas crossing over, but they don't know no better
But I do, true, can I get a "soo"
Enough respect due to the one-six-ooh
I mean ohh, yo check out the flow
Like the Hudson, or PCP when I'm dustin'
Niggas off, because I'm hot like sauce
The smoke from the lyrical blunt makes me eughckOoh, what, grab my nut, get screwed
Oww, here comes my Shaolin style
True B-A-ba-B-Y-U
To my crew with the "soo!"C'mon baby baby c'mon baby baby c'mon baby baby c'monYo, you best protect ya

neck!First things first, man, you're fucking with the worst
I'll be sticking pins in your head like a fucking nurse
I'll attack any nigga who slack in his mack
Come fully packed with a fat rugged stack
Shame on you when you stepped through to
The Ol' Dirty Bastard straight from the Brooklyn Zu
And I'll be damned if I let any man
Come to my center, you enter the winter
Straight up and down, that shit packed: jam
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him, man
The Ol' Dirty Bastard is dirty and stinking
Ason Unique rolling with the night of the creeps
Niggas be rolling with a stash
Ain't saying cash, bite my style I'll bite your motherfucking ass!For crying out loud, my style is wild, so book me
Not long is how long that this rhyme took me
Ejecting styles from my lethal weapon
My pen that rocks from here to Oregon
Here's more again, catch it like a psycho flashback
I love Gats, if rap was a gun, you wouldn't bust back
I come with shit that's all types of shapes and sounds
And where I lounge is my stomping grounds
I give a order to my peeps across the water
To go and snatch up props all around the border
And get far like a shooting star
Cause who I are is livin' the life of Pablo Escobar
Point-blank as I kick the square biz
There it is, you're fucking with pros and there it goesYo chill with the feedback, black, we don't need that
It's 10 o'clock, ho, where the fuck's your seed at?
Feeling mad hostile, ran the apostle
Flowing like Christ when I speaks the gospel
Stroll with the holy roll then attack the globe with the buck us style
The ruckus, 10 times 10 men committing mad sin
Turn the other cheek and I'll break your fucking chin
Slaying boom-bangs like African drums
Coming around the mountain when I come
Crazy flamboyant for the rap enjoyment
My clan increase like black unemployment
Yeah, another one down, G-g-genius
Take us the fuck outta hereThe Wu is too slammin' for these Cold Killin' labels
Some ain't had hits since I seen Aunt Mabel
Be doing artists in like Cain did Abel
Now they money's getting stuck to the gum under the table
That's what you get when you misuse what I invent
Your empire falls and you lose every cent

For trying to blow up a scrub
Now that thought was just as bright as a 20-watt light bulb
Should've pumped it when I rocked it
Niggas so stingy they got short arms and deep pockets
This goes on in some companies
With majors, they're scared to death to pump these
First of all, who's your A&R?
A mountain climber who plays an electric guitar?
But he don't know the meaning of "dope"
When he's looking for a "suit-and-tie rap"
That's cleaner than a bar of soap
And I'm the dirtiest thing in sight
Matter of fact, bring out the girls and let's have a mud fightYou best protect ya neck!
You best protect ya neck!
You best protect ya neck!
You best protect ya neck!

Songwriters
CLIFFORD SMITH, COREY WOODS, DENNIS DAVID COLES, GARY E. GRICE, JASON HUNTER, LAMONT HAWKINS, ROBERT F. DIGGS, RUSSELL T. JONESPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/