

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'mon Yo, 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 fight
You best protect ya neck!
You best protect ya neck!
You best protect ya neck!

Songwriters

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