Tar Pit

Wu-tang Clan

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)

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Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

[U-God]Blood money mercenaries, think you can muscle Wu?

It's a foot race, who can out-hustle who?

Hip hop junkie flunky, monkey see, monkey do

Great minds connect like mobster rings

Sit back, let me do my, Sinatra thing

I'm in the Hip Hop Hall of Fame, on the wall is the plaques

Old ball and chain, I named her Madam X

She love big cannons, sex unprotected

You better respect it, kid, we 'bout to set trip

You get ya neck ripped, eyeballs are scoping

I don't sell crack, I sell dopium

Catch him at the podium, nah, he moving too fast

Professor X, behind the bulletproof glass

You need a Wu pass, a bag of that high

Easy with the flicks, baby, I'm camera shy

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

[Cappadonna]We might have to 8 Diagram one of y'all MC's

We grind everyday and we hustle for cheese

Got our face on the front of CD's, we off the hook

W.T.C. y'all soft and shook

Y'all not built like the Cuban Linx Clan that get CREAM

And back heads down every time we sing

Give us a hundred grand for a show, let us rock

For more money, more chicks, more private stock

[Streetlife] They call me Streetlife, slap the taste

Out ya mug, know ya place, you ain't thug, fix ya face

Throw a slug, catch a case

Meanwhile, beat trial, back on that cash cow

Getting CREAM, however, a street brother know how

Point blank, I'm pulling rank, calling shot, I got bank

Pass the rock, my hand's hot, hit 'em with the showshotter

Peace to my ala mater, Wu-Tang block scholars

Never settle for less, promoters pay us top dollar

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)

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Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)
Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)
[Outro: George Clinton]The Clan'll talk, Calabama niggaz all'll quit
Talking that short dick shit, we was s'posed to be cool

Only the clue's on the other end of the stick
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo
Chickenhead skeezer crackrock hoodrat
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
Barney here is down to a feeding dreadlock
Armpit like two Buckwheat's in a headlock
Macy Gray's hair between your leg lock
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back Somebody let the monkeys out the cage Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

[coughs] This shit is strong, god damn, what you got in there?

Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo

Chickenhead skeezer crackhead hoodrat

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back Calabama niggaz all'll quit

Talking that short dick shit

Speak up, no loud speaker but I'm speaking loud

Venacular ass kicking, truth got there in crowd

Shit, they call me the lethal lip

The linguistic, full metal jacket of venacular ballistic
Shooting out at the mouth without Chap or Blistec
Here's a mothafucka, I didn't flunk diaper rash
terbally toxic, metal piercing, forked hollow point tongs

I'm verbally toxic, metal-piercing, forked, hollow point tongue
Dum dum, pow, shot from gattling gums
Hooked on phonics, packing a vicious vocabulary
Malicious, with malice and mayhem
Fuck a dictionary, give me the mic and I'll slay
Them and literally poetic symptoms

Pissing me the fuck off, missing me with that shit
I stick a venacular foot so far up in ya ass
You won't be able to pass verbal gas

So far in ya ass that one of my knees will rise so far above ya head And you drown of a poetic ass kicking Leaving lyrical lacerations on your lungs, from a verbal hangnail That hung on my big toe, as I flow upward Kicking yo on ya eardrum, you wanna hear some? Tap dance on ya tonsils, leaving kiwi shoe polish on ya breath Cavity in ya best rhyme, and I'm the access on the rest Call me the proverbial verbal menacing dentist With the drill, I got lyrical skills I could perform oral root canals It's unwise to fuck with me Kick ya wisdom teeth down ya throat Leaving you to choke On where it hurts, unspoken vocals Tying down ya vocal cord and windpipe tight With toe jamming and ya mothafucking hemmoroids Fuck the dumb shit...

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