

It's Yourz

Wu-tang Clan

Machine gun rap for all my niggaz in the back
Stadium packed, linebacker nigga flashback
See through yellow lines
Rock a fly jersey in the summertime God
Magic marker rap, bleed Benatton
Relaxed, wrote this, comin' at your crab ass cope
And snatch ya ice off, chillin' in the back, throw the lights off
Waves, water blend, rhyme flow in slow motion
Thick snare, I'm feelin' like a snail in the ocean
What's your wish? Wanna kringle like Kris?
Melodic single, dark snap a nigga just like fish
You fucked up, some rich niggaz you done test yo
Select the wrong apartment, and niggaz pulled up your dress
Style molest that, canal chain nigga, where ya vest at?
Flex'll make me wanna bless that, yo
Saddam Hussain niggaz light the torch, we flamin' niggaz
Autograph that, flatten all the main niggaz
It's yourz
The world in the palm of your hand
It's yourz
Twenty-three million of useful land
It's yourz
The seed and the black woman
It's yourz
Double L P from Wu-Tang Clan
It's yourz! It's yourz!
Yo, super freak physique, like Raphael Sadiq
Baby love the Ganja leaf, everday of the week
Super friends wake up, deluxe gourmet beads
The night is right, I might find me a suite
It's a quarter full moon, now I ride with my swoon
Well groomed, dance hall packed, full room
Lady move, peep my glide, peep my zoom
Keep in stride, smoke the lah, smoke the boom
Feel the fumes, consume toxic tunes
Hell bound, species forty ounce typhoon
The ultra-violet scream machine, move your body touch
The totem pole wobble ark builders God's rush
Beams of light, stop ya breathin', it's huntin' season

Honey eye-ballin', down for no reason
Grab her close, play post, wind and wax floors
Never mind the laws, 'cause tonight
It's yourz
Stop the fader of the ram, pass my watts through my pre-amp
Them can't stress the beat vamp the shit'll get blam
At full throttle, hot lead propels throughout my nozzle
Crack your soul like bottles, leave you stiff as models
You fag, you couldn't pull one drag, off my blunt
You couldn't punch your way out of a wet paper bag
With scissors in your hands, bitch, the Raza

I stand close to walls, like number four the lizard
Enchant a few solar panels, blast off like Roman Candles
Rap vandals, stomp your ass like Randall McDaniel
You Cocker Spaniel dogs, can't fuck with our catalog
Put your lights out and leave your brain inside a fog
It's only natural, actual facts are thrown at you
The impact'll blow trees back and crack statues
Million dollar rap crews fold, check the sick shit
Explicit, I crystalize the rhyme so you can sniff it
We live this, fitted hats low conceal the crooked I
No surprise, verbal stick up, put em high
Rebel I, outlaw, split second on the draw
Blow the door off this shit, like bricks of C-4
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Check out my beaver, baby blue glock in the safe
Seems Darthy and the God and get ski roll weight
We hold a belt son, that's my word
Spot a rapper run him down, throw him out in the third, yo check it
I think like the man behind a register
Evergreen smokin' estates, rhyme and power made me treasurer
With third down, six to go flash his strobe lights
I'm open Raza hit me off lovely and I love him
With root beer thoughts, here's a tennis court
For your birthday, the Baby Face of rap politic with Sade

Avenging eagle crooks rock the W and Spiegel books
Annheiser Busch Kings came through, and stopped your whole jooks
Spitfire Kangols, watch Tony Train a gang of hoes
Painful like hearin' the news, like when your man go
Ends blow, windy at times, watch the room safety girl
Love to sit out this song, now watch your water break
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