Unpredictable

Wu-Tang Clan

[Intro: RZA]
Plush whips and rollies, ice chains and stogies
No bitch could hold me, in this Thug World[Inspectah Deck]
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
Niggas 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[Hook: Dexter Wiggles] + (RZA)
If real niggas 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[RZA]
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, unprecidented, hip hop vintage
Started from the park benches, before the NARCs could snitch us
He was God Cypher Divine, trying to spark the wizzes[Hook 2X]

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