Duck Season

Wu-tang Clan

Scrape y'all motherfuckers
This is my word, when you see us
When you see us flashing and shining
And building and adding on
Y'all niggaz just watch it, hear me
Only ones that who we got respect for
Is them niggaz that we say peace to
Hear me, pay attention, put your shoes on
Yo, my team be bellyaching hungry niggaz on the swarm again
Pirahna niggaz bite dick, yo Son, it's on again
What up, he made a move, try to assist it
Listen kid yo, you was born to be a pawn but I'm a bishop
Back to the novel, you Son, it's logical
How you figure God, what, flow on the track, flip the obstacle
Now my proposal rips the global
From California to courts, it's over God so, taste the soul food
Remember baggy jeans, the Timberlands in November
Shorty called me Santa in December
But guess what, my Wally's got messed up
Autograph pressed up what, blessed enough to blow your rest up
We scrape that, Land O' Lake that
My dolo rapper get you sent back
Represent the gentlemens who bent that
Flash medallions like Italians, la costra nostra
We movin' through your hood like we supposed ta, flexin'
Lex and Diamonds hold the settlement
So keep the bust the gun Boo
Like that bad ass bitch in Dead Presidents
Add on, the billboard sloan
Check it now, you get the gold dick award
It's like jail, and it's the sixth floor
Test me, floating in the S.E., now let's see
Half of y'all niggaz built your vine from my stress tree
Faggots, homos, yo, my flavor liver than a dobo
Stay militant kid, twist ya like bolo
You fucking idiot, playing with my Clan but you be fearin' it
Fake one, I'm guaranteed to make you take one
Please, y'all niggaz money's gettin' low
But could you come back though

Set up shop, and get the fat glow?
Tired of y'all, mostly inspired by y'all
So what the deal now, link up with us, or put your shield down
Faggot, you fuck around punk
We battle for cream nigga
You want a pound crab? Nah let his hand swing
I ought to punch a hole in his palm with these pointy ass rings
No more said, knew your chump ass was dead
When I saw the four four reflecting off your shiny forehead
It's Wu-Tang nigga, ain't nuttin' changed nigga
Still shame on a nigga, who tried to run game
Your version of perversion, fuckin' bitches on Persian rugs
Washin' niggaz like detergent, it's the surgeon
Slugs propels from Bobby Steele's 12 gauge
Front page, "Daily Chronicle" reads
"Hell up in Gotham, take heed and protect yo' seeds"
You fall like autumn leaves, you lack tranquility
In your rap utilities, to fuck with the abilities
Race like a sperm cell to the ovary
Microphone post tone like a rotary phone
Ancient poems and poetry, old sloans
Explosive head bullets, black hooded
Timberland footed ninjas, who full metal jacket clips

And know how to put it in you
Surrender your goods and your merchandise
For no purchase price, I'm certainly a heist
For your ice and curtains and vice
Come quietly, Wu-Tang Clan rules society
Because of variety, so maintain your high anxiety
And lead them to defy me, diary, ya Irie?
I need 18 points for my next joint, this high annointed king
To make a deal, I be the one to appoint
Steve Rifkind must have been sniffin'
To catch somethin' so dope, it left Monica Lynch pussy drippin'
I fuck hundreds of bitches, and split millions of dollars
And built with thousands of scholars
My life saga from the hill to the harbor
Legal kid brown in Nicaragua
Gave birth to MC's, thieves and bank robbers
We drove expensive whips and took worldwide trips
And my dick's been sucked by the finest lips
Fancy delicatessens, and the world's best refreshment
But none of the above compare to the one-twenty lessons
Or my queen and my seeds, in the home that I rest in

Enter my zone get blown to 99 sections
This rhyme has no limitations, this time there's no hesitation
Collecting minds at the door, you want it niggaz it's yours
The flavors raw, what the fuck you think I'm flowing for
It's rhyme and reason, bite the bullet
Niggaz is foul and it's duck season
We at odds 'til we even motherfucker
Bad asses, high times, lower classes
Taste mine, straight shots in dirty glasses
Bring it to him, room service, under pressure
And mad nervy, wavin' guns at the clergy
Ticallion, we ain't worried
Keep them sick niggaz seven-thirty
Picture this, watch the birdy
These bastards is Ol' and Dirty
With sharp pins that be stabbing you
Pins and needles, needles and pins
'Nuff said, dick in your mouth like Tempest Bled'
As I race track with thoroughbreds, duckin' the feds
Yo, my ice look fly up on the keyboard son
Niggaz ran up on me law, praising what we do by the lords
That's right, exile the fake, hit them niggaz like weight
Feed 'em food, let the fake evaporate
Reconstruction, that's the whole science on my, production
Y'all niggas guess who stuck son, left his nuts hungs
Switch, finger itch, starin at you like a bitch
Maybe y'all niggaz snitched
Youse a loner, Adidas shell top while I
Sip a Corona, read the Robb Report, then bone her
Buy you some jewels, here's some food
Not neccessarily mean to be rude boo, check out the analoo
We in the mushrooms, chased the high neck in the custom
Baggy jeans, thick ropes God, sliding through customs
Chill, y'all niggaz know what time it is
James Bond Beamers behind me on Bacardi Limon
Check out the pitch like Nolan Ryan, he caught a slug for lyin'
Yeah, you was lyin', where's the cash, cryin'
Militia, rollin' in position, Casa Blanca Cuban Link Christian
Lex retali' back whistlin', fake fucks

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