

# Snakes

## Wisdom In Chains

Now number two, practiced the snake style  
He was known as the snake spirit  
He had the speed of a snake  
Niggaz is like serpents out there  
Snake style, no one could compete  
Serpents will bite  
Lay outside, and then they roll back into they holes  
They slither, in the streets of Brooklyn, New York  
Slither in the streets, of Manhattan  
In the streets of Queens, streets of the Bronx  
Streets of state in Island  
Wherever you see em they slither  
Whoever fearsome shit check it out  
It broke me up when they pat me on my shoulder  
Said stay strong cuz his life is now over  
I flash back to the heathens that he roll with  
They shot him up and down nobody knows shit  
My peers, little ears  
Came up to me with a eye full of tears  
Last night we was shootin dice and gettin nice  
Kid rolled us, played us for our merchandise  
We were in the hallway all day  
Me, Steve, and Little Ray  
Probably at first they tried to rob me  
Back me in the lobby, pull out the shotty  
Then came scotty, fragile body  
My first impression, he returned from a party  
He was just stagger, smellin' like Bacardi  
The dragon, braggin, how he was fuckin mad hotties  
Pressed on the elevator button, then all of a sudden  
He licked off, about a dozen  
Slugs from the cannon, that ripped through my cousin  
Nobody was standin when the nigga started bustin  
Blood started to flood the floors, by the elevator doors  
That's the last thing that I saw  
Damn, we plan to make grands of our home  
Number two  
Jagged edge, rockin god, hard as Stonehenge  
Pledged whoever crossed his path get scrapped with a sledge

Hammer, he didn't give a damn about the manor  
And on the block he was called by the mommas and the grandmas  
Indecent, heathen, juvenile delinquent  
His weekends was frequently, locked inside the precinct  
His most recent cape for catchin papas  
Was snatchin up snakes on a roof butt-naked hang em off like drapes  
Then ask what's the combination to the safe, with the brace  
And those who didn't reply they fell straight to their face  
Razor blade sharp who invades the dark  
And raid more spots than spays and narc's iron heart like Tony Starks  
A fierce lion, who never leave the crib without the iron  
And on the block he be slingin rocks and duckin from the sirens  
Greetin niggaz he loved with a pound, and a bear hug  
Those who wanted life, they catch a slug from the snub  
A five percent, who all knew was one to ten  
He loved the gods with his heart but his brain was filled with sin  
And when he came through niggaz be lookin out  
Hopin he gets shot or token out,  
Or locked the fuck up in Brooklyn house  
In PC, on a liquid diet, but he was louder than a riot  
Number two, the snake  
Do the knowledge to a nigga named Frigga  
Bad rude boy from the land of Jamaica  
With visions to venture, to the US  
To receive the gold that he couldn't acheive  
In his country, even though he sold mad weed  
For the next man, who was the don of the clan  
Niggaz actin like they got the block locked  
Like I can't sling drug raps and eat food  
But I be the rudest, bad boy steppin gun totin  
Shots lash out like a violent explosion  
At the nigga, who tries to stop my production  
Intervene the scene and slow up the cream  
None of that black, east New York, gun talk  
Niggaz I extort from Baltic to Boardwalk  
Memories of injuries wounds and burns  
Walkin through the streets of Medina I stand firm  
Because I know this, which means I can hold mine down  
Without a doubt, niggaz who front, get snuffed out  
Justice must be born there's no escape  
Because a snake can't be reformed so I wait  
Comin in the name to proclaim your fame for protection  
And you don't know no fuckin lessons?  
Number two, the snake  
Bad, bad, Leroy Brown

Baddest man in the whole damn town  
Badder than the deep blue sea  
Badder than you and me  
Niggaz comin threw the trees, like a salamander, bitin  
Like a piranha, but I'm bitin you back, like a black panther  
The style I'm ampin the fuck my name, who I be?  
Fuck the game, it's all about the money  
Owahhaerahh, sometimes I get high with the meth  
Then I turn to the killah priest  
When it comes twelve o'clock!  
I turn into the demon beast  
Yo fuck that shit  
Number two, the snake  
Show these motherfuckers what time it is  
Number two, the snake  
Whose the bad ass?  
Whose the bad ass?  
Now number two  
He practiced the snake style  
He was known as the snake spirit  
Lyrics, never waitin, twelve days, penetrated  
When I come with the roughness, mad niggaz try to rush this  
Slip into my killings, then I slays and you're helpless  
When I try to stay sick, it's ya cub grafted six  
Calm for the kill, knowing the style that's I'll  
When I drop, lyric skills, brothers say, buddah chill!  
I don't need to rhyme no more, niggaz know  
To all the Wu Tang clan members  
The Ghostface Killer, the Gza, the Rza, the Ol' Dirty Bastard  
The Method Man, the Chef Raekwon, Inspector Deck, you God

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