

# Older Gods

## Wu-Tang Clan

Aiyyo, I roll like a bat out of hell  
Evil acapell's fly spittin' out of my grill  
Before I hit the sky with springtime colors  
Juicy as a Sunkist, certain broads double dutch this  
They carve it in they wrist, pales berry blazes  
Straighten the crumbs left on the stove clothes in my lady hair  
Plus yours the look gold God, the old tainted bald technique  
Got these vestibules designer niggaz in they whips  
Jumpin' out they seats, eighteen, Bronzeman Part II  
We like Dorothy Hamill on ice  
We in your hood we might circle, hats down low in the Range  
Switch lanes, change my tire, peel out  
Real loud on the stage yo, I shitted on your hood kid  
I shitted on your hood, got to your burner too late  
I'm lookin' real good, draped out, shinin' like a fresh fifty cent piece  
Your girlfriend, c'mere  
Oh shit, you my man's niece, the gourmet pocket twenty  
Bombs made of clay, Sexcapades take place  
We fucked in forty-eight shades might walk up in your studio  
Time slap your engineer, it's lighter fluid to that style  
Hand me the matches now  
Aiyyo rainbow Roley on the wrist, now what's this  
Niggaz bless this, eight and a half, Bally banana twist  
E shakes, puffin' on lye, feedin' the seed's plate  
Pullin' out, old dirty eights to rob gates  
Major wake up, the kid telltales, make a nigga head wake up  
Beats break, the nigga would take off his time  
Honolulu status, gladdest  
The rich rock cabbage and dollar vans grands  
That nigga mad savage, stationary Hall of Justice  
Niggaz came clumped out  
Just came home, now they bunked out  
Money be longer than triple life  
Til the sun burn out, that's my word, move it with the burner out  
Fidel way of thinkin', roll with the Mac bent Ac-10  
Most of my team, Five Percent check what the live said  
Rollin with Guess vests pedestrians yo  
Holdin' my nuts, fuckin' thousand dollar lesbians  
Yo, the Older God put me on and had to rock this  
Maintain Three-Sixty Lord live prosperous  
It only takes a lesson a day, just to analyze life  
One time in the respectable mind  
Yo, the Older God put me on and had to rock this  
Maintain Three-Sixty Lord live prosperous  
It only takes a lesson a day, just to analyze life  
One time in the respectable mind  
Let the shot spark, soon as his pit bull barks  
Tire scars from skid marks leaves from jams in school parks  
Witness, forget his original statement  
Even in protection programs there's no escapement  
Gunned down, we in town, hit king from seven crowns

Spent rounds catch him while he rhyme in the Zebra Lounge  
Wounded, back in the eighty three summer heat  
Up in three-oh-nine park, rhymin' off the drummer's beat  
I stalk the city streets demonstratin' mic wrecks  
All lookin' stank, I ain't playin' wit a full deck  
And as they nervously stare, I know they scared  
They saw the coming of Wu, the neon in Times Square  
Household name, assassin, killa bee  
Mill to the grain, that posses the Wu, trilogy  
Quick to spot those that bite camouflage and blend  
Those that got styles, they got identical twins  
Don't stretch the small thing, copycats are finnick  
Without skills, they master the art of mimicry  
But I go line for line on the whole page  
Your unspotted life on the mic is old age

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