

# Box In Hand (remix)

## Ghostface Killah

Wu Tang will survive, no no, you no now  
Wu Tang will survive 'cause everytime they flip a party  
You know the party screams and shouts  
'Cause you, damn aw, TC that was the bomb  
Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones  
All of 'em and lay 'em a death warrant  
Aaaah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what  
Let 'em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo  
Blend wine, who want to win mine  
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin' with the richest, huh  
Flexed out, Flinstone style  
Your criminal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the  
Mosyin', posin' for them niggaz up in Poland  
Rollin' wax style museum, G 'em  
Them richest niggaz bless this like Russian cut V.V.S's  
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this  
Them niggaz over there know, Gazelle goggles  
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles  
Scenario rap, rap imperial material  
Murderin' cats is like that real  
Yo come do me somethin' word to Michelob peep the Land Rov'  
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove  
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black, Granola Rap  
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in Photomat  
Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown  
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town  
We love horse races shakin' Jakes and high-speed chases  
Porno stations, drinkin' violations, God relations  
90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks  
Bangin' earaches, lay my verse down in two takes  
The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen  
Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin', woofer hissin'  
  
Yo, he's strong armin', manipulin' niggaz, scrapin' niggaz  
Takin' play from niggaz, hate fakin' niggaz, yo you hear me?  
The whole shit's like wrestling  
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin'  
This rap shit bust yo' gums, and leave you stunned  
Pull your plug, now you can't function

There's no total or sum to this equation, you frozen  
Many may come but few are chosen  
Pretty niggaz want to play the war po-sin  
When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their shine stolen  
Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man  
Holding court from my Wu, indivisible clan  
I see your thoughts and your hand reachin'  
It's getting deep in this mud, cats heat seekin', for one blood  
Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shootin' at these stank bitches  
Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches  
From the lamp I grant three wishes  
Johnny be parlayin', I Blaze britches, then I roll  
One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body  
One hundred percent soul, individual  
Assholes tend to run  
From this PLO extortion to the one  
The next chamber, you fuckin' with the Star Spangler  
To the dawn's early light with this head-banger  
Boogie, represent this shit fully  
Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully  
Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly  
Like a fat bitch in Spandex, Free Willy  
We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine  
Niggaz wastin' time worryin' about me and mine  
Get your own shit

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