

# Tar Pit

John Debney

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)

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Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

[U-God]Blood money mercenaries, think you can muscle Wu?

It's a foot race, who can out-hustle who?

Hip hop junkie flunky, monkey see, monkey do

Great minds connect like mobster rings

Sit back, let me do my, Sinatra thing

I'm in the Hip Hop Hall of Fame, on the wall is the plaques

Old ball and chain, I named her Madam X

She love big cannons, sex unprotected

You better respect it, kid, we 'bout to set trip

You get ya neck ripped, eyeballs are scoping

I don't sell crack, I sell dopium

Catch him at the podium, nah, he moving too fast

Professor X, behind the bulletproof glass

You need a Wu pass, a bag of that high

Easy with the flicks, baby, I'm camera shy

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

[Cappadonna]We might have to 8 Diagram one of y'all MC's

We grind everyday and we hustle for cheese

Got our face on the front of CD's, we off the hook

W.T.C. y'all soft and shook

Y'all not built like the Cuban Linx Clan that get CREAM

And back heads down every time we sing

Give us a hundred grand for a show, let us rock

For more money, more chicks, more private stock

[Streetlife]They call me Streetlife, slap the taste

Out ya mug, know ya place, you ain't thug, fix ya face

Throw a slug, catch a case

Meanwhile, beat trial, back on that cash cow

Getting CREAM, however, a street brother know how

Point blank, I'm pulling rank, calling shot, I got bank

Pass the rock, my hand's hot, hit 'em with the showshotter

Peace to my ala mater, Wu-Tang block scholars

Never settle for less, promoters pay us top dollar

[Hook: Method Man (George Clinton)]Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)

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[Outro: George Clinton]The Clan'll talk, Calabama niggaz all'll quit

Talking that short dick shit, we was s'posed to be cool

Only the clue's on the other end of the stick

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo

Chickenhead skeezer crackrock hoodrat

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Barney here is down to a feeding dreadlock

Armpit like two Buckwheat's in a headlock

Macy Gray's hair between your leg lock

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

[coughs] This shit is strong, god damn, what you got in there?

Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo

Chickenhead skeezer crackhead hoodrat

Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back

Calabama niggaz all'll quit

Talking that short dick shit

Speak up, no loud speaker but I'm speaking loud

Venacular ass kicking, truth got there in crowd

Shit, they call me the lethal lip

The linguistic, full metal jacket of venacular ballistic

Shooting out at the mouth without Chap or Blistec

Here's a mothafucka, I didn't flunk diaper rash

I'm verbally toxic, metal-piercing, forked, hollow point tongue

Dum dum, pow, shot from gattling gums

Hooked on phonics, packing a vicious vocabulary

Malicious, with malice and mayhem

Fuck a dictionary, give me the mic and I'll slay

Them and literally poetic symptoms

Pissing me the fuck off, missing me with that shit

I stick a venacular foot so far up in ya ass

You won't be able to pass verbal gas

So far in ya ass that one of my knees will rise so far above ya head  
And you drown of a poetic ass kicking  
Leaving lyrical lacerations on your lungs, from a verbal hangnail  
That hung on my big toe, as I flow upward  
Kicking yo on ya eardrum, you wanna hear some?  
Tap dance on ya tonsils, leaving kiwi shoe polish on ya breath  
Cavity in ya best rhyme, and I'm the access on the rest  
Call me the proverbial verbal menacing dentist  
With the drill, I got lyrical skills  
I could perform oral root canals  
It's unwise to fuck with me  
Kick ya wisdom teeth down ya throat  
Leaving you to choke  
On where it hurts, unspoken vocals  
Tying down ya vocal cord and windpipe tight  
With toe jamming and ya mothafucking hemorrhoids  
Fuck the dumb shit...

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