

# It's Yourz

## Wu-Tang Clan

Machine gun rap for all my niggaz in the back  
Stadium packed, linebacker nigga flashback  
See through yellow lines  
Rock a fly jersey in the summertime God  
Magic marker rap, bleed Benetton  
Relaxed, wrote this, comin' at your crab ass cope  
And snatch ya ice off, chillin' in the back, throw the lights off  
Waves, water blend, rhyme flow in slow motion  
Thick snare, I'm feelin' like a snail in the ocean What's your wish? Wanna kringle like Kris?  
Melodic single, dark snap a nigga just like fish  
You fucked up, some rich niggaz you done test yo  
Select the wrong apartment, and niggaz pulled up your dress  
Style molest that, canal chain nigga, where ya vest at?  
Flex'll make me wanna bless that, yo  
Saddam Hussain niggaz light the torch, we flamin' niggaz  
Autograph that, flatten all the main niggaz It's yourz  
The world in the palm of your hand  
It's yourz  
Twenty-three million of useful land  
It's yourz  
The seed and the black woman  
It's yourz  
Double L P from Wu-Tang Clan  
It's yourz! It's yourz! Yo, super freak physique, like Raphael Sadiq  
Baby love the Ganja leaf, everyday of the week  
Super friends wake up, deluxe gourmet beads  
The night is right, I might find me a suite  
It's a quarter full moon, now I ride with my swoon  
Well groomed, dance hall packed, full room  
Lady move, peep my glide, peep my zoom  
Keep in stride, smoke the lah, smoke the boom Feel the fumes, consume toxic tunes  
Hell bound, species forty ounce typhoon  
The ultra-violet scream machine, move your body touch  
The totem pole wobble ark builders God's rush  
Beams of light, stop ya breathin', it's huntin' season  
Honey eye-ballin', down for no reason  
Grab her close, play post, wind and wax floors  
Never mind the laws, 'cause tonight  
It's yourz Stop the fader of the ram, pass my watts through my pre-amp

Them can't stress the beat vamp the shit'll get blam  
 At full throttle, hot lead propels throughout my nozzle  
 Crack your soul like bottles, leave you stiff as models  
 You fag, you couldn't pull one drag, off my blunt  
 You couldn't punch your way out of a wet paper bag  
 With scissors in your hands, bitch, the Raza  
 I stand close to walls, like number four the lizard  
 Enchant a few solar panels, blast off like Roman Candles  
 Rap vandals, stomp your ass like Randall McDaniel  
 You Cocker Spaniel dogs, can't fuck with our catalog  
 Put your lights out and leave your brain inside a fog  
 It's only natural, actual facts are thrown at you  
 The impact'll blow trees back and crack statues  
 Million dollar rap crews fold, check the sick shit  
 Explicit, I crystalize the rhyme so you can sniff it  
 We live this, fitted hats low conceal the crooked I  
 No surprise, verbal stick up, put em high  
 Rebel I, outlaw, split second on the draw  
 Blow the door off this shit, like bricks of C-4  
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 It's yourz! It's yourz!  
 It's yourz! It's yourz! Check out my beaver, baby blue glock in the safe  
 Seems Dorthy and the God and get ski roll weight  
 We hold a belt son, that's my word  
 Spot a rapper run him down, throw him out in the third, yo check it  
 I think like the man behind a register  
 Evergreen smokin' estates, rhyme and power made me treasurer  
 With third down, six to go flash his strobe lights  
 I'm open Raza hit me off lovely and I love him  
 With root beer thoughts, here's a tennis court  
 For your birthday, the Baby Face of rap politic with Sade  
 Avenging eagle crooks rock the W and Spiegel books  
 Annheiser Busch Kings came through, and stopped your whole joos  
 Spitfire Kangols, watch Tony Train a gang of hoes  
 Painful like hearin' the news, like when your man go  
 Ends blow, windy at times, watch the room safety girl  
 Love to sit out this song, now watch your water break  
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