

Gravel Pit (Quinten 909 Remix)

Wu-Tang Clan

1,2 1,2, yo check this out, it's the jump off right now
I want everybody to put your work down, put your guns down
And report to the pit, the gravel pit
Leave your problems at home, leave your children at home
We gon take it back underground, I be Bobby Boulders
Wu-Tang Clan on yo' mind one time It's the jump off, so just jump off my nigga...Check out my gravel pit A
mystery unraveling
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it[Meth]
Ha, holla cross from the land of the lost Behold the pale horse, off course
Follow me, Wu Tang gotta be The best thing since Starks in Clark Wallabees
African killer bees black watch On the radio blowin out yo' watch
From Park Hill, the house on haunted hill
Every time you walk by, your back get a chill
Let's peel, you want to talk, rap skills I spit like a semiautomatic to the grill
Elbow grease, and elbow room Baby play me, baby fall down go boom
Party people gather round, count down to apocalypse...I'm the kid with the golden arms[Meth]
And I'm the motherfucking Hot Nikks, pass the blunt My nigga don't front
You had it for a minute but it seem like a month now I'm chokin, smokin, hopin
I don't croakin from over dosin...Hey kid, watch me as I...
Wu and Meth got you open let's ride, can't stand niggas who floss too much
Can't stand Bentleys they cost too much kid want to get up, then kid get touched
Kid want to stick up, then kid get stuck I'm the one that called you bluff
When your boys tried to act tough remember what Old Dirty said
I'll fuck your ass up! Now listen Back, back and forth and forth Back, back and forth and forth
Back, back and forth and forth As we go...Back, back and forth and forth
Back, back and forth and forth Back, back and forth and forth As we go...E with the English extinguish styles
extremist
Bald head beamers run wild It's the kid with the gold cup, stepped out like what
What's poppin and y'all niggas bobo Blasting shae shae, chocolate shortae
Rich fellas rock those all day 1960 shit I'm goldie
That's right motherfucker don't hold me
The world's greatest, Las Vegas, paid as rock
Skin painted on my face looks ageless Perfect combos, Ghost bang out condos
Jeff Vamos and exclude bamos Bancos, stank hoes, in plain clothes
Change those, bang those, same old, same old Yeah y'all, straight up this the jump off right here
The Gravel Pit, word up, represent, rock the boulders
All my rich gangsta style killers
y'all know what time it is, shorty do your thing

Get upon that shit right now boo, do you That's what I'm talking 'bout Step to my groove, move like this When
we shoot the gift, of course it's ruthless
Grab the mic with no excuses In a sec, grab the tech and loot this
Execute and shakin all sets Now I'm breakin all heads, I'm takin all bets
Move all best, who want the dram' next You all stank, we got the bigger bank
Bigger shank to fill your tank Still the same kid for real, while you crank
Slide, do or die, fry the bank Admire the grades, on fire wit a heart of hate
Bitter shark, every part I take, heavy darts that shake
It's all cake, all fate, get caught by the dropkicks
You know the drill, yes it's Park Hill
Yo we hit 'em with the hotness On the go, check the flow
Sayin Wu don't rock... [crash] Stop quick, hold the gossip
Stop sweatin my pockets, I hear the hot shit

Songwriters

DUHAMEL, ANTOINE DOMINIQUE/DIGGS, ROBERT F./COLES, DENNIS/HAWKINS, LAMONT
JODY/SMITH, CLIFFORD/MOORMAN, PAULISA/BLACKMON, LARRY/KENDRICK, KEVIN
LLOYD/LEFTENANT, NATHAN DAVID/JENKINS, TOMI

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>