

# The M.G.M.

## Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, up in the M G M coked up  
Sike, six niggaz walked in flashing they gems peace  
Aight, one dark skinned nigga fifty six inch rope  
Wrapped around twice smash the Gilligan boat with ice They threw sign language, ordered hot coffee  
Wit a danish, Relax whispered, "They rap entertainers"  
Had Lizzy on, two Japanese birds with furs look good kid  
Laid back handlin' hors d'ourves, it's like round three We too black for bet you memorize the 1 to 40  
I'm at the 19th degree  
If a civilized person doesn't perform, his duty  
What shall be done? Pardon me God, that nigga gotta gun  
Bulgin' out his sweatpants, check out his stance  
See the side of his grill?  
Look like my cousin Lance Left hand rock a Guess watch  
Yo I think I did his clarks, he wore the crush bone leather  
With the strings dark, now I remember  
He from Bear Mountain He and Mitch Greene shot the fair one  
Near the water fountain  
Seventh round, Chavez bleedin' from his right ear  
Yo keep ya eye on that same nigga from right here Popcorn spilling all on Liz Claiborne  
Ghost had the fly Gucci mocks wit no socks on  
Seen Deion Sanders in the back with the fat fur on  
Workin' dem hoes with the fly Wu shirts on Mixed drink session dunn, pour me some more  
Chef leathered down blinking at Chante Moore  
Tenth round Chavez tearin' 'em down  
Sweet Pea get ya shit off It's like blacks against the Germans  
Gettin hit off smooth and them walked in  
Brownsville representin'  
They sent a bottle over, autograph blessin' Chef pull out the doodle twist the dank pink noodles  
Yo I'm 'bout to roll one  
Matter fact twist two of those  
Yo they wound up stoppin' the fight Steels took a point away from Chavez  
Rematch scheduled on October ninth  
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Lyrics provided by

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