

Starter (feat. Sunny Valentine & Tasha Austin)

Wu-Tang Clan

[Chorus: Sunny Valentine (Tash Mahogany)]

She's my number one gangsta chick (my starter) She's my number one starter chick

She's my number one drafted pick, she's my number one line on the hit

I only wanna see it (my starter) It's truly needed, When the ball drops...

Anything she say, you know I'm gonna do (my starter)

Watch out, watch out, when that ball drops...[Streetlife]

You're a starter, like Candice Parker

Take flight like Skywalker, might wolf it on ya father

Still the athlete, play of the week

G.P.A. 4.0 and the game's complete

Skintone buttercream, all defensive team

Dreamgirl like Jennifer Hudson, you're my Queen

To be, I'm ya King, keep ya under the wing

Together we can capture the ring

You the human highlight, body type, just right

Hairdo stay tight, go hard ball all night

All-star shine so bright

Hall of famer, about to take the game to new heights

You're my number one draft pick, Madonna classic

No look dunks to the basket

Yeah, yeah, that's mine, that's mine...[Chorus][GZA]

Blunt smoke, fifth hundred stroke

I'm going nuts, full clip, shoot up her fat lips

And round butt, catch Heat when I'm In Too Deep

The answer beeps, she take dives on the busiest streets

Whatever situation or the circumstances

Outdoor, indoor, she's taking the chances

Hotel, motel or Holiday Inn

Overlooking that bible, she continued to sin

Spread wide on the desk, paperwork all in a mess

While the ceiling fan blowing her dress

Ten minutes of jerking along with the slurping

Her skirt hid her talent until I raised the curtains

Showtime at the Apollo, she'll follow my lead

Then get on her knees, then swallow her pride

Strapped and ready to ride[Chorus][Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, that's my down bitch

That's my down bitch, anything she do for her man

If it's lying on the stand, fish frying in the pan

She a Queen like Liz the third, wicked curves
On her word, stay still, rocking linens and furs
While she do it in the sack, jazz music in the back
Flat blew a nigga back, act two, I'm into that
Damn right, she the star of my team
When we stepped on the strip, baby girl, we the heart of the scene
Whether Brooklyn, Bronx, Manhattan or Queens
Staten Island, she styling, if not, she's not seen
Playboy status, every man's lust
She acting all shy, but she likes handcuffs[U-God]
I'm the first on the court, first to hit the dance floor
The floss in this rap sport, what more can ya ask for?
Let ya glass pour, Wu-Tang is here now
All my Independent Women, time to let ya hair down
Bottles popping, everything is fair ground
Fresh legs, window shopping, can't help to stare it down
You're a starter cuz I chose ya first
Baby, you're a starter, where you throw that skirt
Lady, you're a starter, where ya hold it down
Yeah, I'm Cold Blooded, then ya love my style
This is rush hour traffic, first one to merk off
It's like clockwork, first to get ya work off
I'm the workhorse, Killa Bee performer
Pro darter, starter, not a bench warmer, what?[Chorus][Outro: kung fu sample]
You've learned how to kill
Every moved you've learned is trained to that end
Yet, we wish to preserve life
The first thing to learn, is that difference
Then you can start training with us, from the beginning

Songwriters

DIGGS, ROBERT F. / GRICE, GARY E. / HAWKINS, LAMONT / HUNTER, JASON / CHARLES,
PATRICK / VALENTINE, SUZANNE

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>