

# Get Them Out Ya Way Pa

## Wu-tang Clan

If you got it light it up, if you got it light it up  
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If you got it light it up, if you got it light it up  
Ain't no shook in 'em, Pyrex pots is hot, fiends is cooking 'em  
Little niggaz hugging the block, cops is booking 'em  
Women hugging they purse when they spot the crook in 'em  
Back when little J got shot, pops was whooping 'em  
Little noses dripping with snot, ock, now look at 'em  
The ghetto got a hook in 'em now, drugs, stay pushing 'em  
Used to throwing dirt in these blunts, now, it's kush in 'em  
Used to tell these chicks to shut up, now he's shooshing 'em  
Get cash, get that ass, or put a foot in 'em  
Iron Flag, flag that cab, Bedford and Put-e-nam  
There ain't no puss in 'em, dick, dildo or gush in 'em  
Niggaz still got that juks in 'em  
If he front then we stomp 'em out  
Get 'em out your way pa  
If he drunk and he run his mouth  
Get 'em out your way pa  
If he front then we stomp 'em out  
Get 'em out your way pa  
Get 'em out your way pa  
Move, move, move  
If he front then we stomp 'em out  
Get 'em out your way pa  
If he drunk and he run his mouth  
Get 'em out your way pa  
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Get 'em out your way pa  
Get 'em out your way pa  
Move, move, move  
I'm seduced by the chrome, it's a ruthless poem  
It took a little time to get his juices going  
Producers know him, as the kid with the Iron Palm  
Righteous hammer, examine the firearm  
Approach or get fired on, permanent chest scar  
'Empire Strikes Back', check out the Death Star  
Bless y'all, wet y'all, do the impossible

Where I'm from, we use dum-dums in the arsenal  
Highly sparkable, get stretched off the knuckle check  
Known to scuffle, I take it to the upper deck  
Universal conquest, kung fu, buckle vets  
In a duffle bag, max yo, a couple techs  
Give 'em ear hustle, Wu brand, we programmed  
Next time we dance, it won't be a slow jam  
I fear no man, son you get lynched up  
Nigga bitch get Frankenstein stitched up

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Get 'em out your way pa  
Move, move, move  
Yeah, voice skipping off percussion  
Give it to 'em how they love it, slow flow, deadly beloved  
All praise, the daunting, calm yet  
So alarming without a word being spoken  
A thought with no voice, just a nod and a look  
The contract was took, straight cash, off the books  
A major pawn took a Don, look he's armed  
With a few black rooks from the heart of the Crook  
Shook ones look while they hung him on Hercules hooks  
They found his body near a shallow brook, escaped on foot  
Switched the look up, out of state he got the hook up  
The flipped cake, thought lighter than the feather  
Yet heavier than weight, when my mind state starts to break, take cover  
Over RZA instrumental, I'm damn near invincible, it's simple  
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Get 'em out your way pa  
Get 'em out your way pa  
Move, move, move  
Tell me, what are they like?  
They got holes in the top, five round holes  
While I was watching, this stranger hit them  
But his fingers went right through the bone  
So then, they've mastered it  
It's some style of kung fu, you know it?  
The Skeleton Claw

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