Protect Ya Neck

Wu-tang Clan

{Ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to welcome to you All the way from the slums of Shaolin Special uninvited guests came in through the back door Ladies and gentlemen, it's them} Dance with the mantis, note the slim chances Chant this, anthem swing like Pete Sampras Takin' it straight to Big Man on Campus Brandish your weapon or get dropped to the canvas Scandalous, made the metro panic Cause static, with or without the automatic And while I'm at it, yo, you got cash, pass it It's drastic, gotta send half to Dirty Bastard Ayo, ayo, waves is spinnin', blades is spinnin' Slay 'em in the eighth inning Stay truck, God stay playin' linen Kill rap, observe the uptowns, ho, feel that Mink jeans on, seen where the real at 2000 zitos, movin' wit a ill ego For real, for real, ill lines, ill people Yo, bring it back, 9 more civilians Pollyin' deals, monopoly and bills Y'all niggas lyin' Caught 300, lab look royal wit a mean stomach Go broke, all seen, done it Words from the heavy set If I don't eat, then we already met Fly ass bro, liver than coke Now what Clan you know wit lines this ill? Bust shots at Big Ben like we got time to kill Niggas can't gel or I'm just too high to tell Put on my gasoline boots and walk through hell Wit 9 generals, 9 ninjas in your video 9 milli blow, semi auto wit no serial Man metaphysical, I speak for criminals Who don't pay their bills on time and fuck wit digital Never seen, smoke a bag of evergreen My sword got a Jones, more heads for the severing Johnny in the dungeon, takin' all bets, throw ya ones in Scared money don't make money, throw ya guns in

That's word to Jah Mo, San Juan, Puerto Rico
Blowin' hydro on a beach wit Tamiko
My gun bullet hollow for you to swallow
Blowin' the nozzle, hear it whistle
One in the head, this is code red, man for dead
X amount of lead spray from the barrel
Heat clear the street like Connor O'Carroll
Fully equipped, rifles, banana clip shit
To make my niggas from East New York flip
Yo, you may catch me in a pair of Polo Skipperys, matching cap
Razor blades in my gums
(Bobby!)

You may catch me in yellow Havana Joe's goose jumper And my phaser off stun (Bobby!)

Y'all might just catch me in the park playin' chess, studyin' math Signin' 7 and a sun (Bobby!)

But you won't catch me without the ratchet, in the joint Smoked out, dead broke or off point (Bobby!)

Wallo's comfortable, chocolate frosting
Your socks hangin' out, yours is talkin'
Rock so steadily, son, I'm still crazy
Sport my old Force MD furs in the 80's
Nat Turners wit burners, Jackie Joyner-Kersee
Taught y'all niggas how to rap, reimburse me
Rothsdale's, ruby red sales, Bloomingdale's, blocks
Ox tails chopped up in Caribbean spots
I'm nice, maxed out, creepin' wit the ax out
Murder these bikini bitches, switchin' with they backs out

Niggas wanna pop shit, I pop clips
Bitch, I'll put my dick on ya lips
Alabama split, hammer slay quick
That David Banner gamma ray shit
Shells in the mouth, jailhouse snitch
My powder voice, Snow White stiff
Verbal killas, gorilla grip
God body shit, puff Marley spliffs
You might see me in a 6, that's not my style
You might see me wit a bitch, that's not my child
I be in the Benzo, keep a low profile
Dead serious, take flicks and don't smile
Tryna get money, y'all cats is wild
I pose for the clothes, make a song like wild

I'm a chip off the board game, got sword game
Live life to the fullest, still want more fame
Darts on layaway, beats on standby
Outfits pressed up, ready for airtime
Run on the track like Jesse Owens
Broke the record flowin', without any knowin'
That my wordplay won the 400 meter relay
It's on once I grab the baton from the DJ
A athlete wit his iron cleat in the ground
Wildest nigga who sprint off the gun sound
The best time yet still 7.0
Swift flow made the cameramen clothes blow

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