

# Uzi (Pinky Ring)

U-God, Raekwon, Ghostface Killah, GZA, Method Man,

Yo, yeah  
Don't erase none of that good shit in the beginnin'  
Yo, spill drinks on ya, get stank on ya  
Yo, yo, Pinky ring shit, yo  
That Pinky ring shit yo  
It's that Pinky ring shit, the legend of masked kid  
Shoot out the speakers when my guns get Jurassic  
Super bad, who am I? Dolemite classic  
The vandal's back, hands on Angela Bassett  
I handle my plastic, gun play I mastered  
No coke, dope mixed down with acid on record  
Broken down and crafted in seconds  
Lady's choice, the golden voice still peppered  
Better, respect it, bitch believe  
I pull rabbits out the hat, tricks up my sleeves  
I air out the showroom, the shit can breathe  
Fix your weave, behold my expertise  
I got my Uzi back you dudes is whack, face it the Wu is back  
I got my Uzi back you dudes is whack, face it the Wu is back  
Take it back to the people, leanin' gettin' rec room punch  
We in them authentic alley switchin' joints major general  
Niggaz, five stars, both arms rock when coke dropped  
We read a hundred niggaz palms silencers, garbage bags of hash  
For every cop we paid retired now the nigga on smash  
Gash you out your burner fast, you swing down hatin' me  
Now respect get your fingers off the glass  
I got my Uzi back you dudes is whack, face it the Wu is back  
I got my Uzi back you dudes is whack, face it the Wu is back  
Yo what the fuck yo? Yo what the fuck y'all comin' for?  
Get the fuck away from my door, we got big guns in here  
Coke over there with blue bag and E pills stashed under the chair  
And there's Boss Hog black and white pit with the pink lips  
Stan thought he was soft 'til he bit his fingers, the shit had me dyin'  
Yo, big fat nigga bleedin' big cat nigga all season on the beach truck  
Stuck with Hawaiian ice diamond twice the whole city thought  
I bought Fubu blew you, authentic doodoo, picture the fog iced out  
Eighteen karat rap between noodles  
I got my Uzi back you dudes is whack, face it the Wu is back  
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Up at Killa Bee headquarters, full rips is poured up  
I saw Johnny sippin' Henny from a iced out cup  
Yo with the blunt, two-way vibratin' off the hip  
I sit took, three drags off the honey-dip  
Now what you talkin'? You see my gold fronts sparkin'?  
Ain't tryin' to hear what you dogs be barkin'

Read the headline, that was blast on today's Post  
Dead King, thought he could ace Ghost  
Queen, couldn't even Jack Monk  
Probably find him in Doc Doom's back trunk  
I'm up at the Wu library readin' Malcolm's, 'Any Means Necessary'  
John John, Bacardi straight up hold the ice  
So nice like New York they had to name him twice  
Name your price, I black out then change the lights  
Give you the same advice that I gave my wife  
Don't fuck with mine, Clan give you lumps in nine  
Let the smoke cloud clear so the sun can shine  
Culture shock, for some of us that's all we got  
Whether you ball or not, you can all be shot  
New York, New York, legendary rhyme boss  
Code name Charley Horse, bust with blind force  
I smash set it and wreck for cash credit or check  
You crabs test, can't measure the threat  
I dance on a nigga like my name's Zab Judah  
Rap Barracuda, three XL kahuna  
Sure to get it perkin' and 'cause a disturbance  
I'm thirstin', feel what I feel then we can merge then  
Creep it through the states in V8's and 12's  
My weight's hell, fuck with me then brace yourself  
The Noble, Sir I Mass Mogul  
Known to blast vocals, and move global on you locals  
This is grown man talkin', coward I split your head  
I'm from the East where the streets run red from the bloodshed  
Hit Chef for the rice and peas Nuff respect Father E tumbled at ease  
My brothers can't wait to squeeze the automatic  
They need wreck like a drug dealer need a addict  
Floatin' on the 95, sting like a killer bee  
Your hands can't hit what your eyes can't see  
From dark matter to the big crunch  
The vocals came in a bunch without one punch  
Rare glimpse from the, strictly advanced, proved unstoppable  
Reputation enhanced, since the 'cause was probable  
So you compare contrast but don't blast  
Through extreme depths, with the pen I hold fast

Watch the block thirst for one became all  
Shot 'em with the long forgotten rainfall  
Delivered in a vivid fashion with simplicity  
The blind couldn't verify the authenticity  
The rhyme came from the pressure of heat  
Then it was laid out, on the ground to pave streets  
I got my Uzi back you dudes is whack, face it the Wu is back  
I got my Uzi back you dudes is whack, face it the Wu is back

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