

Back In The Game (phoniks remix)

Wu-Tang Clan

"It's true - the Shaolin and the Wu-Tang, could be dangerous!"Uh-huh, Mr. Biggs, Track Masters (woo!)

It's a Wu-Tang official right here y'knowYeah, the employees of the year yeah we're back to work

We took time off, while other rappers got jerked

Shit's bout to change now, it's a shame how

things ain't the same but I'm back in the game now

And as we step in the door, we cause panic

Yep, the usual suspects, we at it

Vet status, y'all went a week with the belt

Few chicks felt your style, now you feelin yourself

Meet your maker, I dropped you at eight years old

I got stock in your flow and crops to sharehold

Crops with the prose where cops won't dare go

Got top centerfolds too hot to wear clothes

Still me - always have and will be

Ill G - it's silly to hate but feel free

Hey - hear what I say, they gotta pay

And my return is like Christ, declare the holiday

Back in the game now. copped me some weed now

My people bout to eat now. shit's bout to change now

Back in the game now. all my niggaz in the hood now

Better catch up now. shit's bout to change nowUh, y'all see I'm in the street strugglin

Young dumb and thuggin, give a FUCK about nuttin

Stuck at rock bottom, tryin to come up on somethin

Pumpin from sundown to sun-up, we hustlin

Vision my nigga now get in where you fit in

And see prison, as just the high cost of livin the life

Ante up cause if you blow the dice

on that O-Z, Dorothy ain't goin home tonight

That's on e'rythang, put it on the kids and the wife

Been buryin my folks ever since they raised the price on the coke

Searchin for a quick antidote

Mo' money, mo' problems to cope

We were at the same table when the chips were checked

A gamblin +Rebel+ who +Inspects+ the +Deck+

Just when you thought we would fold our hand

Against all odds we raised the bet like we changed the plans

It was live on air but in between station breaks

I was holdin a pair and just made the table stakes

Split the demos, put insurance on tapes

A safeguard against the crusaders in capes
If I double down they say the Gods are sharks
If we win against the house they thought the cards was marked
We draw hit after hit from a royal flush menu
While the dealer promoted the full house venue
A spade in the club with the heart to wear diamonds
The high roller who got credit upon signin
They look puzzled when I shuffle, most of 'em stunned by the hustle
Recourse of bluff game's your muscle() - 0.75X
(Raekwon) Say what? ("Shaolin shadowboxing!")
(R. Isley) Shit's bout to change. Aiyyo, on rainy days I sit back and count ways on
how to get rich, coolin with a mean ill Jamaican bitch
Banana coat matchin with the ratchet
Lil' black weave sweatpants style, air force is actin
Jump in the 6, kicks look crisp, talkin bout the bird
Flow through your hood in the mean tints that's giant
It's like the family that flipped on you for lyin
Buried you alive, left your whore cryin
We on your floor look more doors
Dey ain't ate either, I hope y'all niggaz is armed
And when we get there, all my niggaz in the mix
Yeah Shallah Lex, Diamond got me buyin Louis Rich
Most people say the Clan was missin since I got dropped
offa radio
Overnight your whole style was bitten in the process
Everybody switched they names like
Whatcha call it, any fast (?)
It was the Gods that repped that, sharkskin dark skinned bitches
Clarks from Digi left the game dizzy
Ooh got busy, that dancey shit slid through
We had to stay hood cause that's who we been through
RZA came through, mastermind got the cash and power
Proof that power plastered divine classical lines
Mathematical rhymes, the style is unbearable
Now niggaz with the radical shines
It's Ghost-Deini, every coast need me
We back motherfucker that's right, it's the W.T.C.
World Trade Center, Wu-Tang Clan
We brought so much heat that we was givin you tears an' shit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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