

# Protect Ya Neck (The Jump Off)

## Wu-Tang Clan

I smoke on the mic like smokin' Joe Frazier  
The hell-raiser, raising hell with the flavor  
Terrorize the jam like troops in Pakistan  
Swinging through your town like your neighborhood Spiderman  
So uhh, tick tock keep ticking  
While I get you flipping off the shit I'm kicking  
The Lone Ranger, code red: danger!  
Deep in the dark with the art to rip the charts apart  
The vandal, too hot to handle  
You battle, you're saying Goodbye like Tevin Campbell  
Roughneck, Inspectah Deck's on the set  
The rebel, I make more noise than heavy metalThe way I make the crowd go wild  
Sit back, relax won't smile  
Rae got it going on pal, call me the rap assassinator  
Rhymes rugged and built like Schwarzenegger  
And I'mma get mad deep like a threat, blow up your project  
Then take all your assets  
Cause I came to shake the frame in half  
With the thoughts that bomb shit like math  
So if you wanna try to flip, go flip on the next man  
Cause I grab the clip, and  
Hit you with 16 shots and more, I got  
Going to war with the melting pot, hotIt's the Method Man, for short "Mr. Meth"  
Moving on your left  
And set it off, get it off, let it off like a Gat  
I wanna break, fool, cock me back  
Small change, they putting shame in the game  
I take aim and blow that nigga out the frame  
And like Fame, my style will live forever  
Niggas crossing over, but they don't know no better  
But I do, true, can I get a "soo"  
Enough respect due to the one-six-ooh  
I mean ohh, yo check out the flow  
Like the Hudson, or PCP when I'm dustin'  
Niggas off, because I'm hot like sauce  
The smoke from the lyrical blunt makes me eughckOoh, what, grab my nut, get screwed  
Oww, here comes my Shaolin style  
True B-A-ba-B-Y-U  
To my crew with the "soo!"C'mon baby baby c'mon baby baby c'mon baby baby c'monYo, you best protect ya

neck! First things first, man, you're fucking with the worst  
I'll be sticking pins in your head like a fucking nurse  
I'll attack any nigga who slack in his mack  
Come fully packed with a fat rugged stack  
Shame on you when you stepped through to  
The Ol' Dirty Bastard straight from the Brooklyn Zoo  
And I'll be damned if I let any man  
Come to my center, you enter the winter  
Straight up and down, that shit packed: jam  
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him, man  
The Ol' Dirty Bastard is dirty and stinking  
Ason Unique rolling with the night of the creeps  
Niggas be rolling with a stash

Ain't saying cash, bite my style I'll bite your motherfucking ass! For crying out loud, my style is wild, so book  
me

Not long is how long that this rhyme took me  
Ejecting styles from my lethal weapon  
My pen that rocks from here to Oregon  
Here's more again, catch it like a psycho flashback  
I love Gats, if rap was a gun, you wouldn't bust back  
I come with shit that's all types of shapes and sounds  
And where I lounge is my stomping grounds  
I give a order to my peeps across the water  
To go and snatch up props all around the border  
And get far like a shooting star  
Cause who I are is livin' the life of Pablo Escobar  
Point-blank as I kick the square biz

There it is, you're fucking with pros and there it goes Yo chill with the feedback, black, we don't need that  
It's 10 o'clock, ho, where the fuck's your seed at?

Feeling mad hostile, ran the apostle  
Flowing like Christ when I speaks the gospel  
Stroll with the holy roll then attack the globe with the buck us style  
The ruckus, 10 times 10 men committing mad sin  
Turn the other cheek and I'll break your fucking chin  
Slaying boom-bangs like African drums  
Coming around the mountain when I come  
Crazy flamboyant for the rap enjoyment  
My clan increase like black unemployment  
Yeah, another one down, G-g-genius  
Take us the fuck outta here The Wu is too slammin' for these Cold Killin' labels  
Some ain't had hits since I seen Aunt Mabel  
Be doing artists in like Cain did Abel  
Now they money's getting stuck to the gum under the table  
That's what you get when you misuse what I invent  
Your empire falls and you lose every cent

For trying to blow up a scrub  
Now that thought was just as bright as a 20-watt light bulb  
Should've pumped it when I rocked it  
Niggas so stingy they got short arms and deep pockets  
This goes on in some companies  
With majors, they're scared to death to pump these  
First of all, who's your A&R?  
A mountain climber who plays an electric guitar?  
But he don't know the meaning of "dope"  
When he's looking for a "suit-and-tie rap"  
That's cleaner than a bar of soap  
And I'm the dirtiest thing in sight  
Matter of fact, bring out the girls and let's have a mud fight  
You best protect ya neck!  
You best protect ya neck!  
You best protect ya neck!

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