GRAVEL PIT

YRRS

[RZA]
1,2, 1,2, yo check this out, it's the jump off right now
I want everybody, to put your work down, put your guns down
And report to the pit, the gravel pit
Leave your problems at home, leave your children at home
We gon' take it back underground, I be Bobby Boulders
Wu-Tang Clan on yo' mind one time
It's the jump off, so just jump off my nigga...

[HOOK: Paulissa Morgan]
Check out my gravel pit
A mystery unraveling
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it

[Meth]
Ha, holla cross from the land of the lost
Behold the pale horse, off course (off course)
Follow me, Wu-Tang gotta be
The best thing since stocks in Clark Wallabees (ZZZH)
African killers bees black watch (black watch)
On your radio, blowin out yo' watts (ZZZH)
From Park Hill, the house on haunted hill
Every time you walk by your back get a chill (BLBLBH!)
Let's peel, who want to talk rap skills
I spit like a semi-automatic to the grill (BOOM!)
Elbow grease, and elbow room
Baby play me, baby fall down, go boom (BOOM!)
Party people gather round, count down to apocalypse (3, 2, 1...)

[U-God]
I'm the kid with the golden arms

[Meth]
And I'm the motherfuckin hott nikks (AAAAH!) pass the blunt
My nigga don't front
You had it for a minute but it seem like a month [COUGH]
Now I'm chokin, smokin, hopin
I don't croakin, from overdosin...
Hey kid, (walk straight as a I...)

Wu and Meth got you open (open), let's ride
Can't stand niggas that floss too much
Can't stand Bentleys they cost too much
Kid wanna get up then kid get touched
Kid wanna stick up then kid get stuck
I'm the one that called your bluff
When your boy tried to act tough...
Remember what Old Dirty said, I'll fuck yo' ass up!
Now listen

[Meth over hook]
Back, back and forth and forth
Back, back and forth and forth
Back, back and forth and forth
As we go...
Back, back and forth and forth
Back, back and forth and forth
Back, back and forth and forth
As we go...

[Ghostface]
E with the English, extinguish styles extremist
Bald head beamers run wild
It's the kid with the gold cup
Stepped out like what
What's poppin, and y'all niggas dobo
Blastin shae shae, chocolate shortae
Rich color mocks, rock those all day
1960 shit I'm Goldie
That's right motherfucker don't hold me
The world's greatest, Las Vegas, paid as rock
Skin painted on my face look ageless
Perfect combos, Ghost bang out condos
Jeff from Hamo, ex three bangos
Bancos, stank hoes in plain clothes
Change those, bang those, same old, same old

[Raekwon]
Yeah y'all, straight up this the jump off right here
The gravel pit, word up represent, rock the boulders
All my rich gangsta style, killers, y'all know what time it is
Shorty do your thing, get up on that shit right now boo, do you
That's what I'm talkin 'bout

[U-God]

Yo, step to my groove, move like this
When we shoot the gift of course it's ruthless
Grab the mic with no excuses
In a sec, grab the techs and loot this
Executin, shakin all sets, and I'm breakin all hecks
I'm takin all bets, move all best, who want the dram' next
You all stank, we got the bigger bank
Bigger shank to fill your tank
Still the same kill you for real, while you crank
Slide, do or die, fry to bake
Admire the greats, on fire wit a heart of hate
Bitter shark, every part I take, heavy darts that quake
It's okay, all fakes, get caught by the dropkicks
You know the thrill, yes it's Park Hill
Yo we hit 'em with the hot grits...
On the go, check the flow, sayin Wu don't rock shit...
Stop quick, hold the gossip, stop sweatin my pockets
I hear the hot shit

[Meth over hook to end]

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