For Heavens Sake

Wu-tang Clan

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang
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Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu
Yo, aiyyo my rap style swing like Willie Mays
My eyes Purple Haze, my solar razor burn through shades
My grenades raid the airwaves, catch this rap page
I glide like, hover crafts on the Everglades
Boom master, with the faster blade, track slasher
Manufacture poems to microphones, bones fracture
Limited edition composition spark friction
Non-fiction, the calm bomb keep your arm distant
Zero tolerance, dominant intelligence
Wu original, true colors step from the melanin
The most high, most try, to get close by
And overthrow I, but choke, with they hopes up high
I circulate the tri-state and vibrate beyond the Richter
Flies sense to flock when they spot this live nigga
The crowd seducer black your third eye before I lose ya
Verbal high I leave stars in the eyes of Medusa
Top ten, parley like Cochran, it's often
Narrow margin, of your odds to dodge the marksman
Murder rap, kill you soft like Roberta Flack
Words attack like a British bulldog, observe the stacks

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