Redbull

Wuâ€•Tang Clan

RZA came and got me, this what I came to do, come on
Ring the bell so it's time to eat
Brick Dog stash weed inta AMI-seats, bomb inside the palm
Doc rock a wife beater with me beatin' my wife ass ironed on
The front, my pump built like the Klumps
To carry it I take the spare out the trunk
I stay hungry, I ain't worked for days
That's why you see the pump when the curtains raiseBlast, don't panic
Do I gotta explain how I tame and lock
The rap game single-handed? Hell nah
I won't tell you son, if I find a wack ID, I sell you one
Doc and Hot Nick, Inspectah
My lecture's like Hannibal Lector's
Where's the ketchup? Don't speak on it, shut ya trap
I see ya whole crew yellow like mustard packsAh woo, Doc in my own zone
You say you got the rap games sewn
But it's sewn wrong
I ride through ya hood in a Mr. Softee truck
Then pull a mac out a box of snow cones
Yeah, ya little fucks
Gimme ya fuckin' money[Incomprehensible]Uhuh, check it
I'm hotter than a hundred degrees with my coat on
Playing with a dynamite stick, where did I go wrong?
Somebody pull the fire along when Jonny stomp
If ya lukewarm leavin' ya clothes and boots torn
Pro's and con's, megabomb's and so-on's
By arid actions try MC's to get their roll on
First issue, got issuesWhat is hip-hop to hot nickels?
It's like Funk Doc to snot tissues, word
Look at my hand and get the third
Finger out ya ear hole like "Fuck what you heard"
Now, that's what I call hardcore, let's act fool
Mr. Fix-It like Handyman I pack tool
I been shitty, I'm from the veils of the city
And just because my outfit match don't make me prettyBaggy Dun Gurees, dick need room to breathe
In a room full of crackers I might cut the cheese
Ain't no rules to the game
If it is we ain't playin'
In your business like EPMD, "So whatcha sayin'?"

You co-designin' that bullshit yo man tryin'
Chaka chaka cha-ta tatat
Slugs flyin'[Incomprehensible]Yo, ya
Check, the code echoes from magazines to the big screen
Fo' wheel machines like ya wits scream, kids fiend
From the urban to sub-urban
Roll upon me thirstin' like "Hey, hey, Mister Dream-Merchant"
We roll longer than dice in a casino
Cee-lo in the 4, 5 or 6 with double 0
Behind the tinted windows I lie low
On some hydro tryin' to slide from the 5-0But now, get wild similar to Ol' Dirty
On third time felon just hit with over 30
No worries, style have 'em so thirsty
First degree heats are quittin' on me
Cold turkey, no mercy
I bring the pain of a hundred migraines
But a thousand shoutin' my name that's why I came
But first bring the cash burst, then the outburst
My surround sound pound ya ear like Jevon KearseI flex muscle outside I find a next hustle
Trouble with ya here and face the tec-muscle
Even the best buckle win, I take it to the extreme
It gets ugly, but it's what a nigga do to get cream
This life[Incomprehensible]

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