

What You in Fo' (feat. Method Man, Rza & Raekwon)

Wu-Tang Clan

[jail interlude][RZA]
Son I just slapped my bitch
Came to my crib 'bout half past six
Kid's in shitty diapers, no food was fixed
I was like, "Yo bitch - why ain't no food fixed?"
She on the phone with her friend talkin bout dick
I snatched the receiver from that bitch like CLICK
She got all excited, tryin to throw fit
Swung at me then I swung back - BITCH![Method Man]
What you in fo'? It happened in the club
with some thugs I was at the bar, smokin bud, hollerin at love
Ladybug was playin in my peachfuzz, she was
Talkin hot fudge, can't nobody do it like she does
in the hot tub - didn't know her man was in the club
And honey dove never mentioned that she had a scrub
It must have been the drugs or the alcohol buzz, had me
shootin my game like a thirty-eight snub baby
Let's cut a rug, that's when I felt a shove
What the blood do - actin like he won the Golden Gloves
I get one for holdin grudge, but if this kid throw a slug
I'ma throw a slug - that's how we be rollin cuz
I see this dud tryin to play me like a pair of Lugz
Big John Stud, Goldschlager in a golden mug
What you in fo'?[jail interlude][Streetlife]
I'm locked down for tryin to hold my block down since a shorty
The Old Earth was like, "Street put the glock down"
I was raised in slums, love how the gun sounds
and now I got one - c'mon, who wanna front now?
Sunup to sundown, ready for showdown
Whoever wanna throw down, the gangsters better slow down
Wake up, before you be in a cell with forty of us
(What you in fo'?) In for murder over money love and lust
(What you in fo'?) In for life, don't let me tell you twice
I might bang you twice and take double the life
What you in fo'?[Raekwon the Chef]
Jail status - get up
Wash a nigga mattress faggot, you heard about me right?
Pass off them packages cat, you gotta eat to live
Meet the crib; got a hundred starvin niggaz in here big

So pop off, drugs that's props, bring in
glocks we call 'em oxes
Be a real live nigga, swing mops and shit, take over shit
Fuck the C.O.'s, aiyyo Boo, I need clothes
Slide brokers where phones get hid
Fuck with Russians and Latins
The most powerful marble black slipper style
Goin out thrashin niggaz, kicks get thrown
Big sizes, sleep in your boots, 4000 rugged F Troops
Notarized wigs, lay six months
That's alright dog, make it home Lord
Heard you admit it in the box, slid it under walls
Bang monster anger
Bop through the halls with bangers
Live God like the Abbot of all chambers..[jail interlude]

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