# Daytona 500

## Clipse

We are the G.O.D's an' we came to rock the spot
Like Ironman Starks, they be the illest MCs in the world today
Cappa, Raekwon an' the R.Z.A., so listen to them clear
An' put the box right near your ear, light your blunts an' down your beers
'Cause you could never fuck with Wu-Tang Killer Beez
Say, "Peace" to cats who rock mack knowledge, knowledgists
Street astrologists, light up the mic God, knowledge this
Fly joints that carried your points, Corolla Motorola holder
Play it God, he pack over the shoulder
Chrome tanks, player like Yanks, check the franchise
Front on my guys, my enterprise splash many lives
Rappel on fakes like reflectors
He had sugar in his ear, in his last crack career
We can can him, manhandle him, if you wanna
Run in his crib o, get ditto, skate like a limo
An' jet to the flyest estate, relate, take a break
Break down an eighth an' then wait drop it like Drake
Thugs, they be booin' an' screwin', we canoin'
Claim they doin' the same shit we doin', fuck your union
It's the same style, RZA trainable, jump the turnstyle
On the alley, tried to challenge God for the new vials
Especially that, aluminum bat in the act
Relax, lay back, sell a grenade a day, it pays black
The Mac 10 flex white cats like Windex
Index finger be sore, bustin' these fly scripts
The Wally kid count crazily, grands with our plans
Layin' with my bitches an' my mans in Lex Lands
We losin' 'em, jet to the stash an' now Jerusalem
Abusin' 'em, rockin' his jewels like we usin' 'em
Low pro star, seven thick waves rock Polar
Roll with the older God, build with the Son an' the Star
All these MCs start realizin'
That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibin'
The Wu is here to bring you Shaolin's finest
But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us
Mercury raps is roughed, then God just shown like taps
Red an' white Wally's that match, bend my baseball hat
Doin' forever shit, like pissin' out the window on turnpikes
Robbin' niggaz for leathers, high swipin' on dirt bikes

Voice be metal like Von Harper radio bubble
Murder sleep away camp, the fly lady champ

The arsonist, who burn with his pen regardless
Slayin' all these earthlings an' fake foreigners
In the Phillipines, pick herbal beans, bubblin' strings
Body chemical 'Cream', we burn kerosene
The conviction of my tape is rape, wicked like Nixon
Long heads inscriptions with three sixes in
Kiss the pyramid experiment with high explosive
I slapbox with Jesus, lick shots at Joseph
Zoomin' like binoculars, the rap blacksmith
Money's Rolex with sparkles, Chef Ragtop is spotless
I'm Iron Man, no cheap cash metal, I'm steel alloy
True identity hidden inside secret tabloids
Breathe oxygen, both sides of my jaw carry oxes
The track hit like the bangers in hundred watt boxes
Yo, jostlin' these cats while Little J be deli-in'
Sip Irish Moss out of Widelians
[Incomprehensible]All these MCs start realizin'
That Ghost got that shit that'll keep you vibin'
The Wu is here to bring you Shaolin's finest
But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us
Give me the the fifty thou, small bills, my gold plate, my slang kills
My Benz spills, what up Lils? Murder one Dunn
Killer bee stung, guess who back home, Son?
My technique of slang camp won, third platoon soon
Cristal bottles, cages of boom, probably wardrobe
The mad hatter, big dick style, beware goons
Smuggle balloons, lord of dooms, in fat pussy wombs
Let the Gods build, pull up the grill, check out the mad skills
Top secret technique, too hard for you to peep it
An' keep it, jiggy style of rap an' watchin' knuckle slang
Sweep it out of order, ape recorder can't record my slaughter
Spoil the rotten, Don is too good to be forgotten
High top notch, borderline rhymes is hand cocked
Ninety-six, my ill sound clash is still hot
Get yourself shot
All these MCs start realizin'
That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibin'
The Wu is here to bring you Shaolin's finest
But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us

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