

Get Them Out Ya Way Pa

Wu-Tang Clan

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

If you got it light it up, if you got it light it up
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If you got it light it up, if you got it light it up

If you got it light it up, if you got it light it upAin't no shook in 'em, Pyrex pots is hot, fiends is cooking 'em

Little niggaz hugging the block, cops is booking 'em

Women hugging they purse when they spot the crook in 'em

Back when little J got shot, pops was whooping 'emLittle noses dripping with snot, ock, now look at 'em

The ghetto got a hook in 'em now, drugs, stay pushing 'em

Used to throwing dirt in these blunts, now, it's kush in 'em

Used to tell these chicks to shut up, now he's shooshing 'emGet cash, get that ass, or put a foot in 'em

Iron Flag, flag that cab, Bedford and Put-e-nam

There ain't no puss in 'em, dick, dildo or gush in 'em

Niggaz still got that juks in 'emIf he front then we stomp 'em out

Get 'em out your way pa

If he drunk and he run his mouth

Get 'em out your way paIf he front then we stomp 'em out

Get 'em out your way pa

Get 'em out your way pa

Move, move, moveIf he front then we stomp 'em out

Get 'em out your way pa

If he drunk and he run his mouth

Get 'em out your way paIf he front then we stomp 'em out

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Get 'em out your way pa

Move, move, moveI'm seduced by the chrome, it's a ruthless poem

It took a little time to get his juices going

Producers know him, as the kid with the Iron Palm

Righteous hammer, examine the firearmApproach or get fired on, permanent chest scar

'Empire Strikes Back', check out the Death Star

Bless y'all, wet y'all, do the impossible

Where I'm from, we use dum-dums in the arsenalHighly sparkable, get stretched off the knuckle check

Known to scuffle, I take it to the upper deck

Universal conquest, kung fu, buckle vets

In a duffle bag, max yo, a couple techsGive 'em ear hustle, Wu brand, we programmed

Next time we dance, it won't be a slow jam

I fear no man, son you get lynched up

Nigga bitch get Frankenstein stitched upIf he front then we stomp 'em out

Get 'em out your way pa

If he drunk and he run his mouth

Get 'em out your way paIf he front then we stomp 'em out

Get 'em out your way pa

Get 'em out your way pa

Move, move, moveYeah, voice skipping off percussion

Give it to 'em how they love it, slow flow, deadly beloved

All praise, the daunting, calm yet

So alarming without a word being spokenA thought with no voice, just a nod and a look

The contract was took, straight cash, off the books

A major pawn took a Don, look he's armed

With a few black rooks from the heart of the CrookShook ones look while they hung him on Hercules hooks

They found his body near a shallow brook, escaped on foot

Switched the look up, out of state he got the hook upThe flipped cake, thought lighter than the feather

Yet heavier than weight, when my mind state starts to break, take cover

Over RZA instrumental, I'm damn near invincible, it's simpleIf he front then we stomp 'em out

Get 'em out your way pa

If he drunk and he run his mouth

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Get 'em out your way pa

Get 'em out your way pa

Move, move, moveTell me, what are they like?

They got holes in the top, five round holes

While I was watching, this stranger hit them

But his fingers went right through the boneSo then, they've mastered it

It's some style of kung fu, you know it?

The Skeleton Claw

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