

# Wolves (feat. George Clinton)

## Wu-Tang Clan

The fox is kinda foxy, Mr. Wolf he's the guy  
Who chased Red through the woods and ate grandma  
But a dog is a dog, is a dog, is a dog  
Unlike the wolf who made a widower of grandpa Yo, must I flex my cash to sex yo' ass?  
I wet the Ave. when I set my path  
The 'Vette don't crash, I'm built to long last  
Grab my money clip, I hit the bong fast Earn my respect, my checks they better cash  
Finger on the trigger with my nigga Fred Glass  
Knuckles is brass, start snuffin' you fast  
Jumpin' outta cabs, grabbin' money bags Next shot go right through your hovercraft  
You do the math my answer tongue slash  
When will you learn it's return of Shaft  
The genuine thriller, the Miller Draft My force might blur, the Porsche'll purr  
The apple martini, of course it's stirred  
I'll do the honor, the Shaolin bomber  
Shark skin armor, I'll bring the drama The fox is kinda foxy, Mr. Wolf he's the guy  
Who chased Red through the woods and ate grandma  
But a dog is a dog, is a dog, is a dog  
Unlike the wolf who made a widower of grandpa Damn, deficatin' on the map  
Wu-Tang takin' it back, no fakin' in the rap  
How real is that, you niggaz hatin' on the fact  
That the kid is blazin' this track and hatin' on 'em back My dough's stacked up with O's, who the mack  
Duckin' po'-po's blowin smoke O's in the 'Llac  
To be exact, don't want no hassle with the stack  
In the Big Apple, we the rotten apples in the back, yeah So, it's all grillin', how the fuck y'all feelin'?  
Non-stop park killin', on the block we was killin' 'em  
The arch villains, when the blood start spillin'  
Any stuck start squealin', body bags we was fillin' 'em Yeah, now I got it in the smash  
A ounce ya man wanted and a llama in the dash  
Me and my comrades followin' the cash  
And livin' e'ry day like tomorrow is the last The fox is kinda foxy, Mr. Wolf he's the guy  
Who chased Red through the woods and ate grandma  
But a dog is a dog, is a dog, is a dog  
Unlike the wolf who made a widower of grandpa I'm like the savior dog to ya baby  
When you're lost out in the snow  
Like a coyote out on the desert  
Where the foxes never go and the wolf, they never go Yo, would you recognize a jewel for what it is when you  
see it  
Or would you take it for somethin' else and get to' the fuck up?

Men come together for the common cause  
To beat yo' ass just becauseThere's a line you don't cross offendin' the boss  
While of course his one selectin' through your head shot  
I'm back in the yard again, the bars callin'  
15 sets of this will have you swollenLadies like, "Damn papa you lookin' right  
I'd love to give you some of this pussy and I'm a dyke"  
I write when the energy's right to spark friction  
DJ cuttin' it, spinnin' it back mixin'Great pop knock tickin', poetry description  
For the motion picture reenactment  
Activate a higher assassin, keep it classic  
Rap evolution every black, yo pass thatThe fox is kinda foxy, Mr. Wolf he's the guy  
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