

# S.o.s.

## Wu-tang Clan

Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight  
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Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight  
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight  
(Another mission)

Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight  
(Street life)

Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight  
(Gun talk, sir I)

Yo, don't push me because I'm close to the edge  
Livin' on this thin line, I know the ledge  
Allegiance I pledge strictly to my committee  
Way above the law, we soar the inner city  
My crime pays, deep in the metro, nines blaze  
Shorties watchin', plus adoptin' my ways  
In the PJ's, the heat blaze and beats raid  
Can't see the cage but can't leave the streets of rage  
It's a shoot on sight fair, warfare prepared  
Arm yourself beware, hardware tear  
Through your flesh and bones bear, witness stand clear  
Flash the Wu-sign to see if my comrades is in here  
PLO began this, ninety-nine bananas  
Wu extravaganza, cops scandals and guns  
A S.O.S., prepare for the slug fest  
Unusual suspect  
Disconnect your outfit, it's a dead-end street  
I play for keeps release  
Shots through your fleece, retreat  
Delete you from the crime spree  
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight  
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight  
When you got beef with one time, S.O.S.  
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
When you standin on the front line, S.O.S.  
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
Niggas wanna steal your sunshine, S.O.S.  
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
When it comes time to do or die, S.O.S.

(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
For the five, oh that brutalize, S.O.S.  
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
Before you try suicide, S.O.S.  
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)  
Street chronicle, wise words by the abominal  
High honorable, rap quotable phenomenal  
Seniority kid, I speak for the minority

Ghetto poverty, fuck the housing authority  
Not to be idolized, I deal with grand larceny  
Money laundering, auto theft and armed robbery  
Ninety-nine regimen, torment your resident  
Street intelligence child, KillaHill pedestrian  
Sucker for love-ass, niggas catch a gay-bash  
Slim-Fast from the gun blast burner, I last  
The S T R, double E T, own a Desert E  
Keep it closely, I feed off envy and foul energy  
Your best friend's your worst enemy  
Thug therapy until they bury me, it's do or die tonight  
Shoot out a street light, bleak life  
Aim at your windpipe, squeeze tight  
In the parking lot, parked in a dark spot  
The specialist with one shot been at the drop  
Your Highness INS, darts catch your body  
Feds got me on watch wit nuttin' yet to charge me  
I strike quick, movin' on the night shift  
Rollin' wit those who been the same likeness  
Where I come from the blast make your ears go numb  
Trust no one 'cuz murderers range old to young  
And death don't discriminate, to choose your fate  
Shot wit hypodermic sword wit the trey-eight  
Gotta hold your weight, there's no escape from the mayhem  
I'm livin' for now but tryin' to make it to the am  
Creepin' in the hallways, we always on barrow  
Calico crept close to over cash flow  
The neighborhood watch, the skunks in my sock got me rocked  
But keep my eyes on the shot clock  
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