

Soul Power (black Jungle)

Wu-tang Clan

Two thousand and two
Lookin' like a tennis player
Representin' the Wu
You gangsta nigga?
Two thousand and two
You? You isn't
Representin' the motherfuckin' Wu
Stand for it right now
Two thousand and two, you know how we do
For you and your crew, representin' the motherfuckin' Wu
Aiyyo catch me coolin' in Aruba, one sneaker on
Lookin' raw beautiful, a blue ruger, who you lookin' at?
Six hundred whale, steel color, Brazil love us
Y'all niggaz is fake, all y'all do is steal from us
Remember this line, I'm that nigga word to my mother
Slap one of y'all fake ass niggaz
Reefer from Egypt daddy we rock Magnums
All big niggaz heavy on the wrist play diss niggaz
Ghost story blow 'em, RZA throw the fork through 'em
Me, wonder woman cousin, jewelried out, talk to him
Hammers that bust endlessness, cover terrorism what?
Slide in the seven, measure the whips
It's soul power
Two thousand and two
Soul power
You know how we do
Soul power
For you and your crew
Soul power
Representin' Wu
Soul power
You know how we do
Soul soul power
Two thousand and two
Soul power
For you and your crew
Soul power
Representin' Wu
I'm a dollar and a dream from seein' a brick

In grimy hallways, slingin' nicks and treys
When it's on then it's on and poppin, shots lickin'
I'm spittin' this shit for the hood, glock clickin'
Tension in the street, we stressed, still wanna eat
I walk through the valley of death, the hotstepper
Holdin' red pepper, everybody on reach
I need a beat to expand, the mind guide the hand
Pen stroke, excellent quotes of literature
'Nights over Egypt', 'Black as Arabia'
'Gundeliro', self I savior, I need the
Soul power
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You know how we do
Soul soul power
Two thousand and two
Soul power
For you and your crew
Soul power
Representin' Wu
Aiyyo, aiyyo
Aiyyo I got the whip smellin' like lemon
Roger Clemence Jerseys, the man blew
Seven cold coolies in the worthy and
I crush those rappers, keep the toast near the radiator
We like our guns warm, it's easier to make the papers
Stayed off, the cape came off, ghost g'd off
The track's like doin' six months and I'm a beat off
At the airport attention always flow in my direction like
You let the best then sparkle his perfection and

Bitches be askin' them, ghost you got so much shit
You need to cash in, bracelets matchin' 'em
Yo, yo
Line Cadillacs to blocks, Richard Pryor, Redd Foxx
Jukebox records, flatfooted cops
Get automatic systematic jumpin' in your socks
Mama's apple pie in the park hopscotch
Reunited on the radio, Wu-Tang superb
In the sprinklers girls double dutchin on the curb
Sinatra, the pop the Jackson Five recordings

Uptown saturday, cotton came to harlem
Ringmaster circus was, bailey and barnum
Crack a Coca Cola, summer heat was my boredom
Dr. J before Jordan, Al Green on the organ
When rerun did the dance, the whole world saw him
The blackout fears, Foxy Brown, Pam Grier
Ford motor gear, your life and times queer
"Smokey the bear", Burt Reynolds gray hair
Throw 'em some gems, throw up your fists and say yeah, it's
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Representin' Wu
{I'm the nigga that got you talkin' bout "Fight the power".
Aye yo Flav!
Whassup Meth?
What you know about niggaz from Long Island right?
Huh?
True Long Island right?
All my life
All your life right?
All my life
Westbury
Word up, Freeport, Long Island, Roosevelt, Long Island
And and an an and went through Westbury too
You from Westbury?
Nah I got family in Westbury, New Castle Park and them
Oh stop jokin, I ain't know that
You from Hempstead? Yo man, my family from Hempstead, the Heights Man
Yeah
Word up, come on man
Oh, what?
Hundred Terrace Avenue

Stop jokin, the El Dorados, nigga what?
I got family up in El Dorados right now nigga word
That's where I'm from, that's my block
That's my block right there! Aye yo!
That's right y'all, that's right, it's all good
Me and method man from the motherfuckin' hood
So get it from the bricks to the fuckin' wood
Yeah niggaz
Know what I mean? Word up to the bird up
They caught the bird, made him soup, now I sip from out my cup
Nigga
Oh yo man you just hit me in the head with a brick for real
You got me bleedin' from the side of the head Meth
You're a beautiful fuckin' person
Yo Meth, yo Meth.
Yo check one two
Without me havin' my finger in the plug
I'm gettin shocked anyway, hahaha}

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