

# Gravel Pit

## Wu-Tang Clan

1, 2, 1, 2, yo, check this out  
It's the jump off right now  
I want everybody to put your work down, put your guns down  
An' report to the pit, the gravel pit Leave your problems at home, leave your children at home  
We gon' take it back underground, I be Bobby Boulders  
Wu-Tang Clan on yo' mind one time  
It's the jump off, so just jump off my nigga Check out my gravel pit  
A mystery unravelin'  
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with  
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it Ha, holla 'cross from the land of the lost  
Behold the pale horse, off course  
Follow me, Wu-Tang gotta be  
The best thing since stocks in Clark Wallabees African killers bees, black watch  
On your radio, blowin' out yo' watts  
From Park Hill, the house on haunted hill  
Every time you walk by your back get a chill Let's peel, who want to talk rap skills?  
I spit like a semi-automatic to the grill  
Elbow grease an' elbow room  
Baby, play me, baby, fall down, go boom Party people gather 'round  
Count down to apocalypse  
I'm the kid with the golden arms  
An' I'm the motherfuckin' hot nikks Pass the blunt, my nigga don't front  
You had it for a minute but it seem like a month  
Now I'm chokin', smokin', hopin'  
I don't croakin' from overdosin' Hey kid, walk straight as the I  
Wu an' Meth got you open, let's ride  
Can't stand niggas that floss too much  
Can't stand Bentleys, they cost too much Kid wanna get up then kid get touched  
Kid wanna stick up then kid get stuck  
I'm the one that called your bluff when your boy tried to act tough  
Remember what Ol' Dirty said, "I'll fuck yo' ass up", now listen Check out my gravel pit  
A mystery unravelin'  
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with  
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it E with the English, extin'uish styles extremist  
Bald head beamers run wild  
It's the kid with the gold cup, stepped out like, "What?"  
What's poppin? An' y'all niggas dobo Blastin shae shae, chocolate shortae  
Rich color mocks, rock those all day  
1960 shit, I'm Goldie

That's right motherfucker, don't hold me  
The world's greatest, Las Vegas, paid as rock  
Skin painted on my face look ageless  
Perfect combos, Ghost bang out condos, Jeff from Hamo  
Ex three Bangos, Bancos, stank hoes in plain clothes  
Change those, bang those, same old, same old  
Yeah y'all, straight up this the jump off right here  
The gravel pit, word up, represent, rocket boulders  
All my rich gangsta style, killers, y'all know what time it is  
Shorty do your thing, get up on that shit right now, boo, do you?  
That's what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Yo, step to my groove, move like this  
When we shoot the gift, of course it's ruthless  
Grab the mic with no excuses  
In a sec, grab the techs an' loot this  
Executin', shakin' all sets an' I'm breakin' all hex  
I'm takin' all bets, move all best, who want the dram' next  
You all stank, we got the bigger bank, bigger shank to fill your tank  
Still the same kill you for real, while you crank  
Slide, do or die, fry to bake  
Admire the greats, on fire wit a heart of hate  
Bitter shark, every part I take  
Heavy darts that quake  
It's okay, all fakes, get caught by the dropkicks  
You know the thrill, yes, it's Park Hill, yo, we hit 'em with the hot grits  
On the go, check the flow, sayin', "Wu don't rock shit"  
Stop quick, hold the gossip, stop sweatin' my pockets, I hear the hot shit  
Check out my gravel pit  
A mystery unravelin'  
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with  
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it  
You don't have to move the mountain  
Just gimme the strength to climb  
Lord, don't take away my [Incomprehensible]  
'Cause I have to [Incomprehensible]  
Back, back an' forth an' forth  
Back, back an' forth an' forth  
Back, back an' forth an' forth  
As we go  
Back, back an' forth an' forth  
Back, back an' forth an' forth  
Back, back an' forth an' forth  
As we go

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