Box In Hand

Ghostface Killah

Wu Tang will survive, no no, you no now
Wu Tang will survive 'cause everytime they flip a party
You know the party screams and shouts
'Cause you, damn aw, TC that was the bomb
Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones
All of 'em and lay 'em a death warrant
Aaaah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what
Let 'em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo
Blend wine, who want to win mine
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin' with the richest, huh
Flexed out, Flinstone style
Your criminal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the
Mosyin', posin' for them niggaz up in Poland
Rollin' wax style museum, G 'em
Them richest niggaz bless this like Russian cut V.V.S's
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this
Them niggaz over there know, Gazelle goggles
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles
Scenario rap, rap imperial material
Murderin' cats is like that real
Yo come do me somethin' word to Michelob peep the Land Rov'
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black, Granola Rap
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in Photomat
Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town
We love horse races shakin' Jakes and high-speed chases
Porno stations, drinkin' violations, God relations
90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks
Bangin' earaches, lay my verse down in two takes
The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen
Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin', woofer hissin'

Yo, he's strong armin', manipulatin' niggaz, scrapin' niggaz
Takin' play from niggaz, hate fakin' niggaz, yo you hear me?
The whole shit's like wrestling
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin'
This rap shit bust yo' gums, and leave you stunned
Pull your plug, now you can't function

There's no total or sum to this equation, you frozen
Many may come but few are chosen
Pretty niggaz want to play the war po-sin
When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their shine stolen
Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man
Holding court from my Wu, indivisible clan
I see your thoughts and your hand reachin'
It's getting deep in this mud, cats heat seekin', for one blood
Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shootin' at these stank bitches
Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches
From the lamp I grant three wishes
Johnny be parlayin', I Blaze britches, then I roll
One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body
One hundred percent soul, individual
Assholes tend to run
From this PLO extortion to the one
The next chamber, you fuckin' with the Star Spangler
To the dawn's early light with this head-banger
Boogie, represent this shit fully
Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully
Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly
Like a fat bitch in Spandex, Free Willy
We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine
Niggaz wastin' time worryin' about me and mine
Get your own shit

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