

It's Yourz

Wu-Tang Clan

Machine gun rap for all my niggas in the back
Stadium packed, linebacker nigga, flash stacks
See through yellow lines
Rock a fly jersey in the summertime God
Magic marker rap, bleed Benetton
Relaxed, wrote this, comin at you crab ass culprits
Snatch ya ice off, chillin in the back, throw the lights off
Waves, water blend, rhyme flow in slow motion
Thick snare, I'm feelin like a snail in the ocean
What's your wish? Wanna Kringle like Kris?
Melodic single darts, snap a nigga just like fish
You fucked up, some rich niggas you done test
Yo, select the wrong department, and niggas pulled up your dress
Style, molest that
Canal chain, nigga where ya vest at
Flex'll make me wanna bless that
Yo, Saddam Hussain niggas
Light the torch, we flamin niggas
Autograph that, flatten all the main niggas(It's Yours!)
The world in the palm of your hand
(It's Yours!)
Twenty-three million of useful land
(It's Yours!)
The seed and the black woman
(It's Yours!)
Double LP from Wu-Tang Clan
(It's Yours!)Yo, super freak physique, like Raphael Saadiq
Baby love the ganja leaf, everyday of the week
Super friends wake up, deluxe gourmet beats
The night is right, I might find me a suite
It's a quarter full moon, now I ride with my swoon
Well groomed, dance hall
Packed, full bloom
Lady move, peep my glide, peep my zoom
Keep in stride, smoke the lye smoke the boom
Feel the fumes, consume toxic tunes
Hell bound, species forty ounce typhoon
The ultra-violet scream machine move your body touch
The totem pole wobble, Ark builders God rush

Beams of light, stop ya breathin, it's huntin season
 Honey eye-ballin down for no reason
 Grab her close, play post, wind and wax floors
 Never mind the laws, cause tonight
 [All] It's Your's Stop the fader of the RAM, blast more watts through my pre-amp
 Them can't stress the beat vamp the shit'll get blammed
 At full throttle, hot lead propels throughout my nozzle
 Crack your soul like bottles, leave you stiff as models
 You fag, you couldn't pull one drag...off my blunt
 You couldn't punch your way out of a wet paper bag
 With scissors in your hands..bitch, the RZA
 I stand close to walls, like number four, The Lizard
 And channel through so-lar panels, blast off like Roman Candles
 Rap vandals, stomp your ass like Wahoo McDaniel
 You cocker spaniel dogs, can't fuck with our catalog
 Put your lights out and leave your brain inside a fog It's only natural, actual facts are thrown at you
 The impact'll blow trees back and crack statues
 Million dollar rap crews fold, check the sick shit
 Explicit, I crystallize ya rhyme til you can sniff it
 We live this, fitted hats low conceal the crooked eye
 No surprise, verbal stick up, put em high
 Rebel I, outlaw, split second on the draw
 Blow the door off this shit like bricks of C-4(It's Yours!)
 The world in the palm of your hand
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 Twenty-three million of useful land
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 (It's Yours!) Check out my beaver, baby blue Glock in the safe
 Seen Dorothy in the garden, gettin ski'd, row eight
 We hold a belt Son, that's my word
 Spot a rapper run him down, throw him out in the third
 Yo check it
 I think like the man behind a register
 Evergreen smokin estates, Divine and Power made me treasurer
 With third down, six to go flash his strobe lights
 I'm open RZA hit me off lovely and I love him
 With root beer thoughts, here's a tennis court
 For your birthday, the babyface of rap politic with Sade
 Avenging eagle crooks, rock the "W" and "Spiegel" books
 Annheiser Busch kings came through, and stopped your whole jooks
 Spitfire Kangols, watch Tony train a gang of hoes
 Painful, like hearin the news, like when your man go

Ends blow, windy at times watch the room sheisty girl
Love to sit out this song, now watch your water break(It's Yours!)
The world in the palm of your hand
(It's Yours!)
Twenty-three million of useful land
(It's Yours!)
The seed and the black woman
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(It's Yours!)

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