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'sStop 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 fogIt'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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(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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