

Careful (click, Click)

Wu-tang Clan

Wait, hold up, chill, what's that son?
Damn nigga got fucked, shit, huh?
By his back, watch nigga run
Seven the center of your eight point sun
Hold tight grip on the God U, now you best be careful
Can't dodge two [Incomprehensible]
Aimed at your dome piece
Father U C King police
Somethin' in the slum went rum, pum, pum, pum
Somethin' in the slum went rum, pum, pum, pum
Yo, Rae it's been a long time son since we bust
Gunclap Glaciers, ran the world and snatched paper
Return to the 36th Chamber, proceed with caution as you enter
We have an A.P.B., on an MC Killer, looks like the work of a Masta
Yo, somethin' in the street went, bang, bang
Makin' it hard for you to do your thang, thang
Somethin' in the street went, bang, bang
Up in the boss game wildin', money for grabs
I ain't fuckin' with crabs, out of state copped two labs
Hopped two cabs, back on the Ave
Stab you with the vocab, catch me at the big dough rehab
Tryin' to re up, keep my feet up
Snake niggaz in the cut, hold the product
Time is up, no luck, heat start to bust
Niggaz you can't trust, dealin' with lust
Seen him at the ballgames with James
Somethin' in the street went, bang, bang
Makin' it hard for you to do your thang, thang
Somethin' in the street went, bang, bang
Makin' it hard for you to do your thang, thang
Somethin' in the hole went
(Click, click)
The box cutter went
(Click, click)
Somethin' in the hole went
(Click, click)
The box cutter went
(Click, click)
These are the bones, bones from the grave of Houdini

G-Deini, razoni noodles sprinkled on your embry'
Climb like the deficit, profits, death threats
To Israel slid through Bethlehem bong on one wheel
Syringes, rubber bands, needles, the 60's
Granddaddy Caddy was coppin' 6 G's
Begosh all that Oshkosh jumpers
Pink Champelle, brown paper bags, wall to wall bumpers
These ain't the camera guys 'cause, turn your eyes
Sweat on the hammer fly, ways, of the Samurai
Newsflash bulletin, God's on the prow
We full again, ruff men scuff Timbs
Sonic bionic lens, RZA console
Is it Bush or the Dole, front row of the super bowl
Black gold in my soul, on a hoe stroll
Don't go boy you on parole you don't know?
Someone in the back went, clack, clack
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack, clack
Someone in the back went, clack, clack
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack, clack
Made 'em throw they hands up, but then lay flat
Rat pack eat up, the average alley cat
Prepare for the impact when we contact
Known to drop backs that crack your hard hat
Must I show and prove, trust I, bust I
Make your head spin like chrome 20's on the buggy I Benz
Who contends, Wu like the Superfriends
Who's your rhyming hero? Wu Tang rules again
Someone in the back went, clack, clack
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack, clack
Someone in the back went, clack, clack
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack, clack
Yo, somethin' in the street went, bang, bang
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Somethin' in the street went, bang, bang
Somethin' in the hole went
(Click, click)
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