

## The Wolf

RZA

Watch your hoe look at me, like I'm Leonardo DiCaprio  
Wanna stick her tip of her tongue through my piss hole  
You play the target, and I be the guiding missile  
Oh, how they long this strong grissle  
Yup, see that flesh is weak  
But it taste so good, they want the recipe  
The king catch the queen, don't mess with me  
Kssh, yo, my niggas never grow up, drink til they throw up  
Some sniff that cocaine til they fucking brains blow up  
Drunk from that Brass Monkey, grass junkies  
Walk around with the brain of a Crash Dummie  
How dare you try to come and gas crash from me  
You be in the House of a 1,000 Corpse like Rob Zombie  
It's I God, inside your iPod  
Cuz my squad, nigga, is die hard

Who rock meaner, than the Gods from Medina  
You numb skull girls, be caught and talking Tina

Bitch, suck a dick and die, forty five lit the sky  
Fool, let the shit fly, split, right between your eye  
Nothing like that little slit split in between her thighs  
Sitting on the nine, applehead, bitch, let it ride  
Hickory dickory, block, niggas is slippery  
Glocks tucked down my socks, secures my victory  
You like fourth period, son, you history  
White girls with big ass, I check them suspiciously  
Vanilla Pearline, had the saline  
Stuffed inside her jeans, made the niggas day dream

Unbeatable, like the old Brooklyn A-Team  
I'm wild like a Shaolin nigga in State Green  
Jalopeno rocks, might drop from my nina  
Then I'm back on the spot, without the subpeona