

And Justice For All

Wu-Tang Clan

Fuck y'all analog niggas we be digital
Wu-Tang, Killarmy we indespensible
We never fall
We stand tall like sky-scrapers and justice for all

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We move on MC's mechanically
Strike nerves like Ghost's verse on 'Can It Be'
hard to touch retarded fucks playing wit they fantasies
respect this, specialist, black
testing this will get ya necklace jacked
and named scratched up off my guestlist party freak
You the type of nigga that'll hardly speak unless you spoken to
You throw a cold screw, but sober up when I'm approaching you
At the same time we posting two
Niggas on that ass that's gonna do what they supposed to do
The limelight, snatched away from you because it's my night
Killarm blaze inside of the twilight, you better get ya lines right
Half of these crabs cant even rhyme right
with dust flows, robotic movement, and blurry eyesights
What you want I already got
and that's control, I keep my head high, hand pon cock
and pockets swollen, you foldin, you faggot ass fuck

Yo farotion never fails
shoot at darts sharper than a carpenters nail
inhale life, exhale strive anxiety's trife
blowin' smoke out my peace pipe
Ducking the snipe
shot off the top of the White House and cop 4'S
war never does and many causes
my offense is my defense extreme precautions
moving cyphers high valocities making you nautious
ya forcing it
parishly extortionists
aborting this
space ship thats spacious face it
im on contain shit
pioneer looking for honey and is it matrix
the case is
if not ya basic
way to make shit
embrace it
knowing some day you'll have to face it

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(so fuck y'all, so fuck y'all niggas)

yo, yo hard to grapple
I raise the sharp scaple

technique slaps you invasion body snatch you money grip
I smoke the honey dip blunts cherry bomb very calm
First bursts like a shot from the Berry homes
you'd be most wise to pay close attention
to willy lynchin'
its stupid to fuck wit' Bobby Steel's henchmen
I step into presidential
credentials, evident my potential
be infinite, deluxe benetic sluts invinsible
only ones can know me
swore me before the Dolby
Alexis Colby broads try to control me
pussy whip me like Toby
fuck the local
I move global
economical
ship sea promise fool
my info glow
and the dark Wu-Tang logo
sparks the attention, look listen observe
killa bee swerv
slam like Dr. Julias Erv
still strike the vital nerve
charter through the Magna Carta
trapped like Otis and Carter
wild like a Shaolin child from Mariners Harbor
king devine forced to shine
head burst open like a bottle of Pine
use penmanship
when I write my script
blunt spark em' and them mark em' homeless
Killa Hill syndrome
peace to Two Tone
he must know me to understand me from what you do
to realize Im you
everything I do honey bee from the bee hive
Ever-green squeeze dried leaf smoke Killa Priest from the tribe
of Levi smoke out and not steal
or blunt spill
the indestructable Bobby Steel's is here

Yo In The Heat of The Night
my 4-7-7 mash on the mic
Killarmy and Trappa John M.D.
full metal jackets
cuz' some gots to have it
kill or be killed
only time will reveal
I think by myself
and I drink by myself
from 9-8 until
let me know its real son if its really real
understandable
self explainable
caution John Blaze flamable
when under pressure, interchangable and still
coming down like precipitation as I reign undisputed
how Johnny do it
dangerously, whoppin cough (cough, cough)
two and off
stank pussy make my dick soft (huh)
bottom line be this high, explosive
not for the average Joseph

come and get some
hol' it, keep one
up in the chamber
blast wit' my middle finger
now I toss men
attack like the Four Horsemen
see me dog walkin'
strickly getty-o slang talkin'
all up in thease guts, soften
thease rap niggas, official
we slap niggas
wit' mak' charges
dope shit regardless
we usually take another niggas garments (what)

Straight up and down I got this rap shit locked in '98
niggas cant escape the laws that I enforce like top notch politicians
who be pola-tickin'
slam through expand total construction accross the planet and micro chip sof
tware
placed in the rear of ya ear
as I sit the next year
all yall analong niggas fuck yall we be digital
shit is critical
like the hallways in my projects
similar to the streets in Tibet
fuck that I aint playin' wit' a full deck (son, son, son, son)