

## Dashing (Reasons)

Wu-Tang Clan

The nigga had a pair of old Air Impalensisias on  
Oh shit, the nigga had a pair of Air Christen Slater's  
Rebel I, slay the max, it's really Digital  
Rockin' the latest in, every day comin' at niggaz  
Rockin' the latest in Ben Stillaways  
Fuck that, the next big thing, lay this as Hollywood niggaz  
Now that's a money thing  
Yo yo

I was Dashing through the hood  
Eighteens with the whip, smoke gray  
Leavin' skid marks on five-oh, smokin' all the way  
Hahaha  
With my all-star team, bitches see our shine  
Yo son we gotta make that cream whether raps or Nixon times

They call me Rollie, watch me polly with the wide body Dinali  
Packed the bad hottie, rocked enough ice to play hockey  
I swarm like paparazzi, she popped a wheelie on the candy apple Kawasaki  
Everything is sloppy, philosophical for those who copy  
I'll probably splash her tonight, don't block  
Sippin' on Lime Bacardi got me toxy  
Plus the Cali 'dro holdin' me, I'm 'bout to 'scape like the Roxy  
Ever property, Monopoly, big shotti  
Snatch the cream, whether in the concert hall or in the lobby  
Used to be a hobby, got me duckin' Rudy Giuliani  
Like I'm still coppin' big eights from papi  
Follow me, whether Mardi Gras' or house party  
It's wild like safari, ain't mean to catch the body  
But had 'em wobbly off the first blow, tryin' to knock me

I'm known to pump ya blood like the theme song to Rocky  
Kamikaze, might karate chop ya head like a naughty  
Dread then call myself Collar Ratsi  
Professionally trained, I am for your artery  
I give the autographs but charge for photography  
Not hardly kid, you awkward God body  
You're a carbon copy, just started to rock Wallys  
Spark the broccoli, spaz off this ghetto opery  
Or catch the hot seat, you're bawty boy without ya posse  
Seen

Come, come, come  
One for the dough, son  
Give me the reasons

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They couldn't get me, watch me move swiftly  
Broke the unmarked fifty with this cabby who was a gypsy  
He stayed tipsy, said he loved his bills crispy  
Drivin' the streets he kept heat on the night, shifty  
Quickly, who ring bells like it's twelve on Sunday?  
While the stage catch shells from forceful gunplay  
Mere fact that the track was a fierce counterattack  
All those who couldn't multiply were sent back  
No tanks, low rank, soldiers hittin' the heart  
Tainted the heart of an empire, was torn apart  
Brought to a halt from a front full assault  
The chemist left the lab with undetermined results  
They saw the swordsman sift electrical volts  
The audience threw nuts with loose screws and bolts  
The archives automatically changed ya stiff vibes  
It was layin' in the zip drive from chest five

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