Execution In Autumn

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, you stepped in the pit of the flame
You're lost on Beat Street, I'mma throw spit on your name
Hit it raw when they mention the name, it's like Mike
When he score, with like two seconds left in the game
Small change, don't step in my lane, I rock too hard body
I click, bang, give 'em the pain, nah, man, can't get with them dames
Your boy born with it, so how you gon' get him to change
You a lame, putting shit in the game, piranha wanna see me
In the state greens, in prisoner chains
But I'm smooth like the groove to the listener brain
And you only understand it, if you been through my pain
Icey whites fitteds and frames, hustle in my blood
Bet my seeds gon' get it the same
Yes indeed, I'm destined to reign, so ahead of the game
All aboard ya'll, get on the train

Banana clip, mack-a-holic, I slap your captain, enjoying
Go in the freezer, gotta squeeze her tits, out the toilet
Niggas is Norbits, running up on the dice game, call it
Preacher suit on, holding a raw fifth
Put that call in, his dough in the wall, stall 'em
Plastic bags laying in the floor way, yup
It's just dog's day, reservoir, out in Utah, yo
Where my dope and marijuanas got bought in
Grill nights in Fordham, we pay to have a roast
Assassins is strapped, this the only way the yae grows
More leverage, more sevens riding around with legends
Paying judges off, we be up in New York reppin'

Raise it on up, Bobby, yo
Yeah, I ain't... yo

Miramax movie magic, cold beer on tap, rumor has it
Words, put ideas on track
Footprints, I walk on Earth, then appear on maps
Strive police 2.5 mil a year on cap
Wu-Wear on my cap, dime piece on the lap
Three hundred, push-ups a day, put the crease on your back
Be the captain and lieutenant, black man, who invented
Chopping samples up, to make the beats that's ascended to
Every genre of music, the whole sphere of music
I produce the range, engineer the music

My ear candy been dope, my pen stroke like Zorro
Hit the heavy bag, like Foreman in the Congo
Mini transmitter, night vision in the stronghold
Rock long robes, smell snakes with a strong nose
Every time the horn blows, the Wu's signal's back on
Transform, pack form a whole another platform
We coming back for him, to smash the spot
Kid, I'm on your team to, pass me the rock
Til the casket drop, I'mma flip your wig
Rip clothes, honey didn't know my dick this big
You get kicked in the ribs, with two chrome gauge
Deadly venom, I send 'em, back to stone age

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