

No Game Around Here

Wu-Tang Clan

Uh, chea, bang 'em up, Bang Bang
Hell Razah, touch these niggas' heart, Bang

I don't think you really wanna come around here
None of my homies play that game around here
Eyeing before the day break out
Quick to take it to the streets, and get it on
Anywhere, I don't care, you know my barrier
This is how we do things, shoot 'em up, bang bang
Young desperado, know it be Apollo
Tell your boys get low, pimping ain't easy
Ya'll get up off me, mmm-hmm

We getting rich like a spaceship, we love AK clips
Give ease to the Playboy chicks
You can't blow when you hate on men, sit back, wait on men
With fork tongue snaking they friends
In the hood, it's against all odds, you spit 16 bars
Fast money and them luxury cars
I was formed in the image of God, not material
Still stay strapped with the scratched off serial
Black Sinatra, with a pocket full of miracle
Yeah I got ears, and I still ain't feeling you
Back with the hood on smash, rock a gold Ghetto Government mask
And a Dead President to match

The Devil's diary, I left fingerprints on the prince
The Joker, laughing Two-Faces and walk with a limp
My holster, under my armpit, millenium garments
Arabic fabrics, while smoking up the bones of Mohammed
Blowing out the smoke of opression, holding my weapon
Hairs came from the robe of a peasant, touch my heart
Priest see white bodies in the dark, soon as my ink touch my King Tut
Between us is the pen, I write gems, the viking, see my white wings
My sword of blind justice, I love my nine brothers

Third rail, cut the power, we got a problem
Is this chick Mahogany, a little livewire?
I tend the wildfire, I cause a jaw wired
On any MC who staying up and act tired
I got alotta G's in my mob, I got alotta cheese and a job
Niggas think they leave and I slob, til they see me leave in a Saab
Zoom 22's out the drive, Grand Theft Auto kinda live
You oughta move aside, hit me on my Motorola Sky
My, jeepers, creepers, I bang out the speakers
I glide through the mic like the late season sneakers
Then run that back like lampers and sneakers
I shut down MC's from the court to the bleachers
With more butter, I got some more butter bangers
I have the game chipped like mommy dearest with some hangers
Y'all Crank Yankers, you didn't know that I was dangerous
MC's don't be discouraged, come again, don't be a stranger