

On That Sht Again

Wu-Tang Clan

(The Wu-Tang slang is mad dangerous)
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Yo, yo
Champagne nights on the corner mad heavy
Around the time when I was beefing with Wizzy
Starks, State, and Claybourne drawers
Dickin' bitches, they man come through
Damn near kissed the ground
Jumping out of big shit with Benetton pajamas on
Line my soldiers up, strategize, then I move my pawns
Should've been Italian how I'm getting that parmesan
Talkin' bout the ones you keep putting those commas on
And I'ma keep hope alive
'Cause mad lil' niggas look up to me outside
Breaking dawn blunted, yums in they mouth
I drop a jewel, they see the C-ciphers then bounce
Peace God, you see Rae, yo, tell 'em I said
I was in the East, a nigga died, but cut off his dreads
I'll be back around 6PM
Juma prayers around 1 o'clock
Plus I gotta pick up these gems
'Cause it's going down tonight at the Garden
Mary and Maxwell, Drew Hill, I'm supposed to be starring
You know how I do, son
Nugget stones with the blue ones
And coming with me is a few guns

I think he's on that shit again
Twisting niggas out hard, gettin' rid of 'em
You gamble on rap, yo, my bid is in
Bet against me?
You own a hat where your fuckin' head can't fit up in
I think he's on that shit again
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Telekinesis, simple instrumental thesis
I could hop on a track, relax, then remain speechless
Peep this, I closed down the Kith store for thousand dollar sneakers
Bought a dozen pair with 'em, shared 'em with his cousin
Wu-Tang slang boomerang back like Reggie Hudlin
From New York City to Philly to Los Angeles
The Wu-Tang slang is mad dangerous
You can't outthink the RZA, nigga, I'll make your brain shrink
My lyrics are vitamins, I go from A to zinc
And yeah, I got that iron just in case the emcee think
He can take it to the streets, then watch his ass become extinct
Like a Tyrannosaurus Rex
I turn your fuckin' face to Jonah Hex

Ayy, yo, last night my sugar was five hundred
That Log Cabin syrup on them flapjacks took it to sky hundred
That's thirteen units of insulin
Brought it back down now everything is official in like Michelin

Counting bread like Maserati Rick out in Michigan
And all my old girlfriends is jumping on my dick again

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