

Pearl Harbor

Wu-Tang Clan

Form better niggas, club night, no sparkles
Forty wolves on deck with burners in their snorkel
Criminology, pea soup Wallabees
Ghostface Killahs with degrees in gynecology (Yeah)
Shoot your old lady in her privacy (Word)
A bunch of ho-ho-hoes wanna ride with me (Go Santa)
I'm caught up in these strong-arm robberies
Flee with the lottery, these pussy niggas shot at me

Yo, you ever been face-fucked with a four-fifth?
Sweating, facial expression is stressing like 'oh shit'
That's the shit that I don't like
Non-rappin' rappers in the booth and they don't write
Fuckin' stupid ass rappers
Acting out of their character, I shoot and stab rappers
P! What it do, nigga?
I fucks with Wu-Tang and a couple of new niggas
I don't weirdo with queer clothes
I share flows, when it enter your earhole
Shit, it's a thing of pure beauty
Everything that's spittin' is written by yours truly
Nigga, when Sean write hard
Niggas do anything for it like Klondike Bars
Pa, I'm the greatest of all-time
How should we forget the latest with Alzhheim's?

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Since, birth, I've been a fast learner, ask my earth
That's my mama, kept a burner in her purse
This murder in the first
Whatcha thought, that was the gift? That's the curse
I put everythang on it, that's 'The works'
I'm in it for the perks
'Cause it's not about the image, it's the thirst
And how they kill your image with a verse
A hater get it worse
I'm telling every member of your church
They gon' have to put your image on a shirt
'Til I finish my dessert, nobody eatin'
That's everybody, I mean anybody
I might leave somebody bleedin'
Or watch me catch a hommy, even hit you in the lobby
Shotty pop ya like a molly, probably leave you hardly breathin'
Don't try to Blaze with Johnny even if you got an army
Dirty money in the laundry, don't ask why, I got my reasons
I puff that Bob Marley, might hit you with the Tommy
You can catch me in the party near the speaker not speakin'

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Pass any test of litmus, provide that 24-Hour Fitness
On the weekend, I'm sipping Belvedere with that citrus
My dogs is vicious, exotic nympho bark for my mistress
Pipe is good, live every day like it is Christmas
Happy New Year—I do what the fuck I wanna do here, nigga
Splash the handcrafted Gucci from the shirt to the shoe wear
I crush the rings out, wife-beater tee with no wings out
I got stamina, I'll long-dick a bird 'til she sings out
La-la-la-la, Bobby Dig convert Lady Gaga
Back to heterosexual, I'm classic like Impala
Plus, I'm federal, when it comes to making dollars
Like Jiggaman, nigga, if you hear me, fuckin' holla
Power rings like the Green Lantern, last seen in a mean Phantom
In the valley of Ohio, outside the town of Canton
Or the grotty body projects in the Killa Hills of Staten
Saw a redbone in my shower just looking like Paula Patton

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