

## Protect Ya Neck (The Jump Off)

Wu-Tang Clan

Ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to welcome to you  
All the way from the slums of Shaolin  
Special uninvited guests  
Came in through the back door  
Ladies and gentlemen, it's them!

Dance with the mantis, note the slim chances  
Chant this, anthem swing like Pete Sampras  
Takin it straight to Big Man On Campus  
Brandish your weapon or get dropped to the canvas  
Scandalous, made the metro panic  
Cause static, with or without the automatic  
And while I'm at it, yo, you got cash, pass it  
It's drastic, gotta send half to Dirty Bastard

Ayo, ayo  
Waves is spinnin, blades is spinnin  
Slay em in the eighth inning  
Stay truck, god stay playin linen  
Kill rap, observe the uptowns, ho, feel that  
Mink jeans on, seen where the real at  
2000 zitos, movin wit a ill ego  
For real, for real, ill lines, ill people  
Yo, bring it back, 9 more civilians  
Pollyin deals, monopoly and bills  
Y'all niggas lyin  
Caught 300, lab look royal wit a mean stomach  
Go broke, all seen, done it  
Words from the heavy set  
If I don't eat, then we already met  
Fly ass bro, liver than coke

Now what Clan you know wit lines this ill?  
Bust shots at Big Ben like we got time to kill  
Niggas can't gel or I'm just too high to tell  
Put on my gasoline boots and walk through hell  
Wit 9 generals, 9 ninjas in your video  
9 milli blow, semi auto wit no serial  
Man metaphysical, I speak for criminals  
Who don't pay they bills on time and fuck wit digital  
Never seen, smoke a bag of evergreen  
My sword got a jones, more heads for the severing  
Johnny in the dungeon, takin all bets, throw ya ones in  
Scared money don't make money, throw ya guns in

That's word to Jah Mo, San Juan, Puerto Rico  
Blowin hydro on a beach wit Tamiko  
My gun bullet hollow for you to swallow  
Blowin the nozzle, hear it whistle  
One in the head, this is code red, man for dead  
X amount of lead spray from the barrel  
Heat clear the street like Connor O'Carroll  
Fully equipped, rifles, banana clip shit  
To make my niggas from East New York flip

Yo, you may catch me in a pair of Polo Skipperys, matching cap  
Razor blades in my gums (BOBBY!)

You may catch me in yellow Havana Joe's goose jumper  
And my phaser off stun (BOBBY!)  
Y'all might just catch me in the park playin chess, studyin math  
Signin 7 and a sun (BOBBY!)  
But you won't catch me without the ratchet, in the joint  
Smoked out, dead broke or off point (BOBBY!)

Wallo's comfortable, chocolate frosting  
Your socks hangin out, yours is talkin  
Rock so steadily, son, I'm still crazy  
Sport my old Force MD furs in the 80's  
Nat Turners wit burners, Jackie Joyner-Kersey  
Taught y'all niggas how to rap, reimburse me  
Rothsdale's, ruby red sales, Bloomingdale's, blocks  
Ox tails chopped up in Caribbean spots  
I'm nice, maxed out, creepin wit the ax out  
Murder these bikini bitches, switchin with they backs out

Niggas wanna pop shit, I pop clips  
Bitch, I'll put my dick on ya lips  
Alabama split, hammer slay quick  
That David Banner gamma ray shit  
Shells in the mouth, jailhouse snitch  
My powder voice, Snow White stiff  
Verbal killas, gorilla grip  
God body shit, puff Marley spliffs

You might see me in a 6, that's not my style  
You might see me wit a bitch, that's not my child  
I be in the benzo, keep a low profile  
Dead serious, take flicks and don't smile  
Tryna get money, y'all cats is wild  
I pose for the clothes, make a song like wild  
I'm a chip off the board game, got sword game  
Live life to the fullest, still want more fame  
Darts on layaway, beats on standby  
Outfits pressed up, ready for airtime

Run on the track like Jesse Owens  
Broke the record flowin, without any knowin  
That my wordplay run the 400 meter relay  
It's on once I grab the baton from the DJ  
A athlete wit his iron cleat in the ground  
Wildest nigga who sprint off the gun sound  
The best time yet still 7.0  
Swift flow made the cameramen clothes blow