

Re-Up

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo son I know what time it is
Yo tell em, 12, huh? (Yo hold the fuck up)
Yo Shyheim
Yo tell me it's on (I'm a punch niggas in the face)
Hold that, hold that down son (I got this, I got this)
Word up, we got this (Fuck that nigga, man)
"Shit Is Real", all you rats on both coasts
Brooklyn, Shaolin
The block is hot, straight up (Pussy nigga!)
(Read the rims)

'87, drug, never change their game
We regin terror, projects slang to ring up in the Beakle's leather
Plaque for the cheddar, shots out the face of the Beretta
Through the corner store that lady and kid, they caught it raw
Smokin' leaf poor, make me wanna crack that nigga's jaw
Eatin' with the poor, tryin' to live life for what it's for
Twelve years later, caught me on tour Two on Da Road
Two on the track, two with the plaques, two with the gats
Iced out cats, better think twice before you rap
Up in your bitch back, only a snitch get that
Fuck the chit-chat, click-click-clack, through your Adam's app'
Brook-nam grace and charm, remain calm
In these big streets we struggle just to make ends meet
Pigs with heat, livin' out the Devil's deceit
See I'm a rebel plus my level's complete
Bitches say I'm sort of unique
You can catch me as a Playboy sheets
Solid steel meet, I keep it real with the 'nique

Fuck a fair fight, come out my corner with a knife
Y'all big elephant niggas beware of us little mice
You know that we like that cheddar, to make our life better
Every colour, low sweater, drop-top Benz
With the AMG letters, floatin' like feathers
Does it get any better? (Uh-uh, uh-uh) Never, no
Cause I write the rhymes, the rhymes I write be bumpin'
Rhyme architects that be brutal on production
My brick house, you can't blow me down
My thug drug music, smoked out ya town
Radio Shyheim, you can't choke me out
Cause where the fuck I'm from, we moke popo out

Shit is crazy real in the field
Watch nigga blood get spilled over \$5 bills, nigga
And major drug deals on the real
Watch a nigga get mils, and his bitch get him killed

Yo, P let's get this dough quick, shit on the wrist
Platinum bracelets, see his Range's the whip
Summer time, comin' quick you got eighty-five percent
Nigga talk that slick and get his brain blown to bits
Throw you in pits and nigga lock like pits
Got my whole fuckin click, nigga, handlin' fifths
They blastin' and shit, I'm after that kid
Who rock that glass Benz, nigga throw it in his wig
Kidnap his kid, throw his brain in the fridge

Slappy and pig, nigga, place where I live
A nigga lookin' jig and I run up in ya crib
Who the fuck murdered BIG? whoever did, do a bid
And let his daughter drop a fridge on his
Move like the wind to Brooklyn Bridge, straight to my crib

Close the mothafuckin' door, what?
Got my nigga R'son on this track
12 O'Clock on this track
Prodigal Sunn on this track
Got my nigga Shyheim the ManChild
Definitely Brooklyn Zu
Rewind that shit, nigga