

Roar of the Lion (The Lion's Pit)

Wu-Tang Clan

Fuck you talkin' 'bout
Uh, uh-huh, Don, Mathematics
Yeah, fuck all my enemies
Uh-huh, I catch you comin' out the hallway again
I'ma smack rockets outta your jaw, nigga, bang, bang
Yeah, nigga, word up
That's my word, yo, stupid

Some hard shit for convicts gettin' messy in the mosh pit
Groovy chick take hits, so let's separate your topics
Talk shit, then I speak with an iron stick
Instincts that rely on quick
Welcome to the lion's pit
Ears up in attack mode, there's strangers in these back roads
Think tank crack codes, lights out black hole
The power of words can run up in your stronghold
Easy access, now you starin' down my gunhole
Gunhole, look at my son go, distributin' bundles
Bundles, now we livin' in the sun glow
Territory of rap beef will be our defeat
Follow critics on YouTube's, lose ability to eat
Open your eyes to a glorious view, so scenic
The chosen few, witness the slow rise of the Wu-Tang Phoenix
Jars of lemon grass, enhanced bars, you can repeat
16-bar melters, barbecue your headpiece

That's right, keep the gun concealed
I deal with the struggle real
I've seen addicts pursue the hit and never touch a meal (Meal)
For that bread drill, a bloodshed like a bucket spill
Seen them with bubbles on they grill, chick, I cut with steel (For real)
Funeral ballot keys, my glimpses of reality
That queen's criminal mentality, be runnin' wild on me
Juveniles out in the lab like niggas doin' alchemy (Alchemy)
Ain't no in-betweens, it's execution of style for greed
Real mechanic under that hood like a valvoline (You feel me)
Drinkin' XR, hottie stacked at the driver's knee
Witness the balance over cheddar (Cheddar)
Niggas laying weights for the system of weights, balances and measures (Yeah
)
Better invest in the best for the pressure
Pictures on mirrors of niggas on whack
And soundin' on the dress and that's when he came here
Met up with treacherous endeavors
Where they got zipped up in pads and carry on the stretcher. NYC

Catfish in closed casket, decrepit buildings
Pissy mattress, we did back handstands
Triple backflip, slap box, knuckle checks, belt buckles and ass whips
They had a crush on Freaky KEKE, that boostin' ass bitch
Spicy sticky rice veggie spot from the roadie spot
Freedra had a fatty patty, her man had plenty guap
Benz with the Bimmer, Mia come up with the Kia
Used to walk around the corner so that nobody would see her
Red Stripes and Guinness Stout, stout curry balls, spin his pouch
Long line around the corner, **** lookin' like it's In-N-Out
Indian hastin' black, reachin' for his heat

To cook the beef fire truckin' screechin'
Inner science runnin' down the street
Sexy signs will always have that baby mama drama
35 without a man, I call that baby mama karma
Karma, karma, chameleon Wu-Tang, it's for the children
We enter the frontier of your mind, explored like a pilgrim
Ghetto livin', burnt beans and greasy chicken
On the back of the milk box, it looks like Little TT is missing
A hard head makes a soft ass, splash splash, better learn
Study Sik-E-Susie out there, just to spread a churn
Nutty peanut with smoked dust, go out there beat his box
Walk the block, boxing shorts looking crazy, dengie socks
High as a kite, ready to fight with a loaded Glock
Sticky cotton mouth yelling "Yo, motherfuck the cops!"

God, forgive me if you think I'm weak