

Rushing Elephants

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, yo, yo, what up kid? Yo, these niggaz is back, son
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah) I'm telling you, spit that, done it nig
ga
Yeah... yeah... yeah, yeah, I seen it like a Zenith, man
You hear me man? Word up, man, ya'll know what it is
It's on again, man, for real, Top Gun, what what

Aiyo, we came through thumping like elephants
The new Range is super-charged, I remains intelligent
Back to the formula, lord, hard grammar
This is God school, make sure the lobby ain't jammed up
Excalibur swords, T-Rexes, bibles of rhymes
We in the lunchroom, weed and veggies for breakfast
Polo campus, sicker lances, the crisp
Hundred dollar kick niggas, that be showing you hand steps
Back to the dormitory, where niggas
Broke my forearm and index finger, now you write glory
True holding my flag, it's all engraved in my blade
So when I wave it, you gon' say Rae mad
Now it's 28 Days Later, now Wu's up, do something, you can't
It's blood in my eye, I might get amped
To rip something down, the billboard holders is back
So when you see me, you gon' say he gets down

From darkness to DNA, I move with my brother
And we resonate, energy that shifts in colors
Bringing MC's punishment, then I'm done with it
The meter leave way on the fast break, I run with it
It was not a hobby, but a childhood passion
That had started in the lobby and was quicky fashioned
Every line to line, bar for bar is clockwork
Hazardous and powerful enough to have your block hurt
Check the total amount of MC's inflicted
With torture, from moving with work that's restricted
We criticize producers til they joints are right
Then acupuncture the track with pinpoints of light
Hitting them from well concealed firing positions
With explosiveness that'll make the deaf listen
Drastic, pyroclastic, connected with the same old
Down the dangerous slopes of an active volcano

Blitz like the Green Bay Packers, sack like the linebackers
Hang with niggas, like redneck crackers
Strangle cold bottles of Beck's, like a vexed German
Duck low behind the car, my tech burning
Neck burning, from eight karats of sunlight
Absorbed, in the grill, Big Pun like
Lord of the Wu-Tang sword, know what that means?
Like J.R. Tolkien, it's the Lord of the Rings
This is my man, Chef, auto, like Grand Theft Auto
The 18th letter, followed by the mark of Zorro
Plus A, not for apple, but I pack an apple
Shorty try to buck back, and knock me off the saddle
Caramel, pecan, sundae, Pregline
Plump breasts, was filled with saline
Her big booty cousin, nasty Nadine
Get you on the floor, whore tried to double team

Is he still that nucca? Is he in the hood like that?
Is he really strapped? Will he really split yo' shit?
I thought you said he rap? Pull up in the yard, ten sets
He ain't flexing, microphone ripping, heat holding
Who testing? Rope-a-dope his black lotus
Can't quote this, chat with the sword tongue
Duck when the axe is swinging, wild Apache drum
Crazy Horse kicking his thoughts, he won't quit
Can't tell 'em nothing, he grown, give the man room
Space was demanded, beat banging through the speaker
Voice, heat seek missile, guided at the listener
Swing to the gospel, catch up and wet at the brothel
Unstoppable, direction of my flow, optional
To the ear, depending on the current of air, the crowd's in