

## Sucker M.C.'s

## Wu-Tang Clan

Daddy's home, your daddy's home to stay

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo same time same channel  
Nasty vandals too hot to fucking handle  
Bring the ruckus to all you knotty head fuckas  
Shit's like Hammer Time, niggas can't touch us

Straight up and down Wu-Tang forever  
Come tougher than DJ ?'s leather  
Make a better tomorrow  
Condition your atmosphere, air like feathers  
The fire come, transmit vire come  
The higher sire come, we burn your wire  
Wu-Tang be number one...

Four years ago a friend of mine  
Asked me to say some MC rhymes  
So I said this rhyme I'm about to say  
The rhyme was Meth and it went this way

Yo, we took a test to become an MC  
All the withers in the crowd got amazed at me  
God threw me inside his Cadillac  
The chaffuer drove off and we never came back

Meth cut the record down to the bone  
And now I rock solid chrome microphones  
Now we signing autographs, with cheers and laughs  
Champagne, caviar, and bubblebaths, but see...

That's the life that I lead, you sucka MC, we G-O-D  
Take that and move back, or catch a heartattack  
Because there's nothing in the world the gods could ever lack

I chill at the party in my b-boy stance  
Walk, cap low, 45 in my pants  
Fly like a dove, that come from up above  
My nigga's Iron Lung but you can stay one love

It's just a one two three a three a two one  
Throw your blunts in the air for the god Iron Lung  
Blow them right in your face with the bass  
You messed up, come in first place, the real rap taste

First come, first serve basis  
Coolin out boo, take you to the def places  
One of a kind for you people's delight  
And to you sucker MC, you know it ain't right  
Bet you bite all your life, cheat on your wife  
Run in a gun fight with nuthin but a knife  
Bangin with your boy, slingin with the crew  
And everybody know what you've been through  
It's the one two three three two one  
Throw your blunts in the air for your dunn Iron Lung  
Smoke in your place with the highs and the bass  
Come in first place in the real rap race  
Go uptown, buy a bag of brown

You sucker MC, a sad face clown  
Gettin OD ready to rock crowds steady  
You drive a big car get your gas from Getti

I'm ODB in the place to be  
Didn't go to St. John's University  
In the streets of Brooklyn I aquired the knowledge  
A Law of Mathematics that's higher than college  
I'm fly on skins that I gets in Queens  
She love filthy swine and my collard greens  
I'm dressed to kill, you know our style  
Cause niggas don't know that Dirty Dogg fly

If you wanna see