

Warriors Two, Cooley High

Wu-Tang Clan

You guys got fat while everybody's starvin' in the street
It's my turn
Nothing goes on unless I'm involved
No record deals, no studio time, no streaming
You sell a mixtape outta your man's trunk, we want in
You hear me? We want in
Nothing goes on unless Griselda and Wu-Tang are involved
You think you'll live long enough to spend that money, you fuckin' hump?
Hahahaha, hahaha, huh?
You wanna know where to find me, I'll be at the Plaza Hotel, come see me
You're welcome, oh

Griselda, nigga (It's time)
Yo (Uh-huh), uh, let's go (Yeah)
(Peace to the young God Y)
(Peace to Almighty F)
(Peace, God)

Sopranos don't get a cut, then you can't live (Nigga)
That's shit I learned on my first state bid (My first one)
I took a brick and broke it down to eight bigs (Eight of 'em)
Then drove a triple that across the Golden Gate Bridge (Skrtrt)
Be smart, streets'll swallow you if you're not (You're not)
It's a difference from bein' popular and bein' hot
We put in work, then go to the hospital, see the opps (What's poppin'?)
And let 'em know it's back poppin' as soon as they leave the doc' (Uh)
I'm used to bread, was super fed
Exclusive threads, I'm suited in Givenchy scarves, Medusa heads
I'm the best shit, the proof is here (Here)
These rap groups are scared, niggas is prayin' to make it through the year (Haha)
I know the feelin' of prison, just make it through your bid
Back when my only objective was make it to the kids
They witnessed it, we businessmen, ex-coke stretchers
VIP full of Hublots and Rolexes

Cream up, the money long, my team's up (Ah)
My queen bee in a honeycomb, she pre-nup
I'm linked up with them Killa Beez, them wings up
Midas, king touch, to your hoes, I'm King Just
Jesus, what you hearin' is genius
That pro Meth, they can protest or bring cups
I cleaned up, but still ain't pullin' my jeans up
In fact, whole closet is straight just like my jean cut
Ain't got to tell you the flow is clever, I'm cold as ever
I'm cold weather, you only sweat it or on a sweater
No Cinderella, beyond the star, I'm interstellar
My pen is better, if not, pick up my pen and tell 'em
We bang whatever, the reign is terror, get the umbrellas
They say we cocky, I mean bukake, now come get her
Ayy, RZA, who made them millions off that one seller?
And even better, who made they millions off one letter?
Back in my bag like dime bags from Palmetto
My arm ghetto, dirty ratchet, I palm metal
Just like I'm smokin' a square down, I'm calm, mellow
Know I'm holdin' my square down, I'm Carmelo
Y'all yellow, put in work, but y'all Jell-O

My arms strong, I handle bars, let y'all pedal
We not friends, you can't relate, we not kin
I bet him one, that's next to nothin', I'm top ten

Wu-Tang Clan rocks the world (Right, magnificent)