

## Wu-Syndicate

### "Back In The Game"

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"It's true - the Shaolin and the Wu-Tang, could be dangerous!"

[Method Man]

Uh-huh, Mr. Biggs, Track Masters (woo!)  
It's a Wu-Tang official right here y'know

[Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, the employees of the year yeah we're back to work  
We took time off, while other rappers got jerked  
Shit's bout to change now, it's a shame how  
Things ain't the same but I'm back in the game now  
And as we step in the door, we cause panic  
Yep, the usual suspects, we at it  
Vexed at it, y'all went a week with the belt  
Few chicks felt your style, now you feelin yourself  
Meet your maker, I dropped you at eight years old  
I got stock in your flow and crops to sharehold  
Crops with the prose where cops won't dare go  
Got top centerfolds too hot to wear clothes  
Still me - always have and will be  
Ill G - it's silly to hate but feel free  
Hey - hear what I say, they gotta pay  
And my return is like Christ, declare the holiday

[Chorus: Ron Isley]

Back in the game now.. copped me some weed now  
My people bout to eat now.. shit's bout to change now  
Back in the game now.. all my niggaz in the hood now  
Better catch up now.. shit's bout to change now

[Method Man]

Uh, y'all see I'm in the street strugglin  
Young dumb and thuggin, give a FUCK about nuttin  
Stuck at rock bottom, tryin to come up on somethin  
Pumpin from sundown to sun-up, we hustlin  
Vision my nigga now get in where you fit in  
And see prison, as just the high cost of livin the life  
Ante up cause if you blow the dice  
On that O-Z, Dorothy ain't goin home tonight

That's on e'rythang, put it on the kids and the wife  
Been buryin my folks ever since they raised the price  
on the coke  
Searchin for a quick antidote  
Mo' money, mo' problems to cope

[GZA]

We were at the same table when the chips were  
checked  
A gamblin +Rebel+ who +Inspects+ the +Deck+  
Just when you thought we would fold our hand  
Against all odds we raised the bet like we changed the  
plans  
It was live on air but in between station breaks  
I was holdin a pair and just made the table stakes  
Split the demos, put insurance on tapes  
A safeguard against the crusaders in capes  
If I double down they say the Gods are sharks  
If we win against the house they thought the cards was  
marked  
We draw hit after hit from a royal flush menu  
While the dealer promoted the full house venue  
A spade in the club with the heart to wear diamonds  
The high roller who got credit upon signin  
They look puzzled when I shuffle, most of 'em stunned  
by the hustle  
Recourse of bluff game's your muscle

[Chorus - 0.75X]

[Raekwon] Say what? ("Shaolin shadowboxing!")

[R. Isley] Shit's bout to change..

[Raekwon the Chef]

Aiyyo, on rainy days I sit back and count ways on  
How to get rich, coolin with a mean I'll Jamaican bitch  
Banana coat matchin with the ratchet  
Lil' black weave sweatpants style, air force is actin  
Jump in the 6, kicks look crisp, talkin bout the bird  
Flow through your hood in the mean tints that's giant  
It's like the family that flipped on you for lyin  
Buried you alive, left your whore cryin  
We on your floor look more doors  
Dey ain't ate either, I hope y'all niggaz is armed  
And when we get there, all my niggaz in the mix  
Yeah Shallah Lex, Diamond got me buyin Louis Rich

[Ghostface Killah]

Most people say the Clan was missin since I got  
dropped offa radio  
Overnight your whole style was bitten in the process  
Everybody switched they names like

Whatcha call it, any fast (?)  
It was the Gods that repped that, sharkskin dark  
skinned bitches  
Clarks from Digi left the game dizzy  
Ooh got busy, that dancey shit slid through  
We had to stay hood cause that's who we been through  
RZA came through, mastermind got the cash and  
power  
Proof that power plastered divine classical lines  
Mathematical rhymes, the style is unbearable  
Now niggaz with the radical shines  
It's Ghost-Deini, every coast need me  
We back motherfucker that's right, it's the W.T.C.  
World Trade Center, Wu-Tang Clan  
We brought so much heat that we was givin you tears  
an' shit

[Chorus]

[Ron Isley ad libs to fade]

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