

Wu-Tang "Harbor Masters"

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Yo, hold on, this is the way that I'm cut, right?
Or why I sing, how I dipped under red lights
Martini's is Ghost Deini's, stretched out
On stage with the gauge, flash the tech like Clint East

Polo drawers, velour headband, Geneva convertible
couch
In the back with the two nightstands
I'm the man, nigga, when I come through dressing
rooms
Had the goose ready, renting cream and a bag of
shrooms

And a nice suite, room service every five minutes
I need a foot massage, tell the masseuse
She can't do it for me, do it for God
I got the mix CD on pause with all DeBarge

Oil me up, please, my nuts, read me a story
Tuck me in, something like the seeds'll say
Pass me the cold fresh squeezed OJ, I got five hundred
Under my pillow, after I'm done, do my DJ

'Cause of that I'ma rock the show tonight
The Twat Team gon' get those hoes tonight
That's Theodore shit if you in your whip
Two step, you slipped, get your whole crew wet

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Stand like the Eiffel, move spiteful
Sport the Nike shoe, nice with the mic since high school
Fuck who like who, fend to not, niggas, trifeful
Plot cycles to get dough, it's so delightful

Criminal IQ's, spiral convo's with the sky view
This is what I do, pioneer, my peeps power rule
Fuck Yacub, I'm factual, true and living
Polo polobos with the true religion, no superstition

This beat is sorta proof to listen and hear the real
So you New Jack niggas kneel, sit it still
Lick a fifth, get your piff and chill, fix your grill
It's ill, seen the game vanish in air

From Delores to the glamourest gear, show and prove
How I move, you know hammer is near, never fool
Appear rude, though my manner is there, get it straight
Say my grace before stuffing my face

'Cause of that I'ma rock this show tonight
Hustle hard, I'ma get that dough tonight
Crime money, all we do is just two step
Slip up and get your whole fucking crew wet

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Fuck the radio, the corners respect, Soldier I
I'ma about to get fly, like I'm boarding a jet
Watch your mouth, little homey, I demolish your rep
I'm like Mohamed Atta, when I'm bombing the set

Bottom line, you got a problem with Deck
I'm like the police gun, son, a nigga name pop in the
jects
Hate in your blood, green eyes, watching my step
I'm all money like the pres, no stopping the rest

This is Stones and grown man poking his chest
Play hero watch the K blow a hole in your vest
Why I flow like I know I'm the best 'cause I'm spitting
the piff
Half of y'all dudes rollin' with stress

Come and see me, son you know the address
10304 block work, first homey, show me the checks
Hood crooks living over the edge, Ghost saying nah
That's a good look, focus, respect, yup

'Cause of that I'ma rock this tonight
Light your weed, pop ya ects', let's go tonight
House Gang on the dance floor, two step
You out of line, get your lame ass crew wet

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