

Wu-Tang "Ill Figures"

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When I write my lyrics, it's like, it's like I want my shit to
be phat

I want people to be able to understand
Yo, anybody can rhyme, you know what I'm saying
But it's what you saying that makes a person know
about you

Know what I'm saying, you know the type of person you
is

So it's like really I'm just more of just
Being a street narrator, aiyo, what up, famo?

Reefer lit, love hip hop, the gangstas got me like the
broccoli

Brooklyn baby cooling at a swat meet
Real niggas wanna meet me, ladies wanna eat me
Money clean Mercedes claim, baby beat me

Love getting dressed up, sweats and techs
Ride around the hood, good, getting Gotti respect
Hand is golden, an OG rolling and holding, yo
Fresh kicks, soft leather, pockets is swollen

Let my jam hit your tape deck, it's straight up and
made up

For every real nigga with his gun on him, hate up
Flying through the city nights, new flights
Blue ice, hundred thousand in a Nike bag, license

Drug shop, I'm sorry, Atari in the Ferrari
Next see the Lex A Shallah, La Tampa
Eating yo, all of us, scamma gangstas
You know we honor, tip the kangol, cooling in the brown
vengos

I have never, giving up on a mission
That's against my honor

Duke, let me warn you, my niggas crip up
Them young boys'll run up on you, shoot your whip up
Brooklyn, nigga, beg for you life and my Staten Island
homeys

Lay your ass down on 'Glaciers of Ice'

Sidewalk executives, live the street life consecutive
We built for this, go for your gun
My prospective is, another day in the life, of money and
drugs
Big hammers and slugs can get ugly as fuck

From the chest to your man Danze
Staten Island, said what up, yo
The homey ODB said what up, though
We got the Chef on deck as if you didn't know

It's sharp as fuck, Wu, that's what up
Pack it up, wanna rap, wanna rock, what up?
Wanna pop, get up, fuck around and get your block hit
up
Bring your team and we'll box 'em up, think MOP is not
what up

It seems I'm a bit late here
Don't worry, these men are all gonna die

See from the side where it slum at, dum at, rum at
Cognac, combat, contact, contrast
Crom's packing out like Beyonce back
She bang out a song like the Fonz back

Bigger things, bring the slangs, slicker than the
sharpest pen
Nigga here, combat, sweet dick Willie T, Rudy Ray
Moore game
Woodgrain all in the board reigns, before rain flooded
Like storm drains, boss man, bundling raw 'caine

Fours bang, neighborhood war games
Get your weight up, you looking anorexic
Posted on the block proper with the hammer vested
Bitch came with empty hands, that's the hand she left
with

Thirsty ass with the water and it sounded desperate
Break a white an hour, based it forty grand invested
Live within the third rail, you know the man electric
Shit was like the third world until I handle metrics, that
next shit

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