## Wu-Tang "NYC Crack"

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Now, it's the master's turn though I'm betting in, well, there's a show here

Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid Watch your step, kid, watch your step, kid

Watch your step, kid, watch your step Watch your step, kid, watch your step Watch your step, kid, watch your step, yo, yo, yo

We take your wizzes away like we be called on Deep in space like the Millennium Falcon Ya'll be fools, scored like ancient Babylon Rabbits and turtles, all run the marathon

Yup, ya'll paper chasing, ya'll human racing Who got the best basement? You got a 6SL, I got a SSL I score movies, make Supreme Clientele

Oh, here I am again (My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack) No, can't get it near, I quit (My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)

All day, all night What brings to you life for you in the world (My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)

Silly rabbits, tryna disrespect the Abbott
Don't you know that we'll turn your cold body to
maggots
I got forty million records sold, some platinum, some
gold
Some we just put out to meet the tax code

Your career will be shorter than the 21st of December Be one of those thousand rappers, no one remembers While my name is carved on trophies, colleges recite my bars

You can look up and see my name upon the stars

And when it comes down to that basic talent I got 20 little cousins that can meet your challenge Yo, stop and listen and check this proposition Son, got lots of vision plus lots of wisdom

Hindsight, foresight, insight, out of sight Some try to imitate but they are not alike They only piggy back, have a Digi snack That Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack

Oh, here I am again (My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack) No, can't get it near, I quit (My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)

All day, all night
What brings to you life for you in the world
(My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)

We're just dealing of a man Tough take before you, a cryptic to your power The reason why we slept and spared your son's life Was to give you faith

Thank you, man, thank you You fight well, the hand must reach to the sky Save the best for me and have perfect breathing Good breath control, you know of these

Oh, here I am again
(My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
No, can't get it near, I quit
(My Wu-Tang slang is that New York City crack)
All day, all night
What brings to you life for you in the world

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