

## Wu-Tang "Radiant Jewels"

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Chef, let's do it

Criminal kingpins, gangstas and cheap friends  
Actors, vixens, niggas put your kicks in  
Blood money when we hawking  
Awkward gun that go around curves  
Bullets braze niggas with coffin, yo

Watch how to rhyme with hammers, I got two mens  
That don't speak English, shooting game's bananas  
Down in Spain, my bangles, clusty, checking my swings  
Trillions on, yo, cuffing my jeans

Broad day, yo, body another, my microphone is like  
Blow 'caine, one, pull the trees, you love us, yo  
So killers be cool, pimps, read rules  
When a grown man is rapping it's Ill/ Hill Street Blues

Striving, nigga with one side  
Don't go against totally rent shit, nigga, baby gonna die  
Yeah, bank robbers armored up, gear like the boys in Heat  
De Niro told one soul to keep quiet

Aiyo, word to mother  
Ya'll niggas better bring yaselfs son, word

When Pun was packing a mack in back of the Acura  
I was dealing in them buildings, it wasn't no cameras  
The witness savages, snitching was hazardous, now it isn't  
Shit is embarrassing, fuck a flow, this is a lyrical aqua duct

Sink or swim for what I'm hearing you bagging up  
Lyte like the MC, I'm 'Paper Thin', you tripping  
I'm taking trips, your eyes don't lie, take a glimpse into my life  
You see me blazing clips with the green to make it rich

With a team that'll scrape the Knicks and a V that's

crazy quick  
I came to wear my Yankee fitted, represent for  
greatness  
It's lyrical elevation, causing mental stimulation  
If I'm getting too deep, I give you a minute to take in

My jewels radiant, like a view of the Caymans  
And thinking you seeing me, who you playing with?  
Cor, Mega, raw forever  
Fell back, pause, fell off? Never

Shaolin, what up?  
Aiyo, listen giraffe neck niggas, I blast techs  
Alejandro came through with the Mexican Aztecs  
Rap smack niggas on a whole different aspect  
Homey, owe me dough, that's how we fucked up his  
last check

Three train Saratoga, train stop, nigga been  
Metro part with the plan, make major figures  
Foul flagrant, two shots, give me the ball back  
You got shot, get off my ball sack

You not hot, give me a call back, niggas is all whack  
Super doopa stupid, get drugs and I fall back  
Ain't a problem that the God can't handle  
I set it off First Blood, Sean John Rambo  
Who?

As you can see, I'm focused  
Boot Camp for life, fuck the G.I. Joe shit  
Boot Camp is the army, better yet a Navy  
Marine Air Force Ones, nigga, the shit's crazy, don't  
play me

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