

## **Wu-Tang Clan**

### **"As High As Wu-Tang Get"**

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Come on in  
Dinn-dnn-dnn-ta-dnn  
(Come on in)  
Dinn-dnn-ta-dnn, dinn dnn dah  
(Come on, come on, come on in)  
Dnn-da-duh-duh-dah, you bitch ass niggaz  
(Come on in, come on, come on, come on in)

As high as Wu-Tang get  
Allah allow us pop this shit  
Just like black shoe fit  
If you can't wear it, well, don't fuck with it

Yo, too many songs, weak rhymes that's mad long  
Make it brief son, half short and twice strong  
No doubt, it took time searchin', eventually  
It was prime urgent, for you to examine the rhyme  
merchant

Lace MC's with styles when they rhyme drunk  
On a label hunt, until twenty thou, out the trunk  
Eight Diagram sword swing a armored tank force  
RZA throw in the disc but then change the bank source

You can't flow, must be the speech impediment  
You got lost off the snare off Impeach the President  
Whether in Amsterdam smokin' seven grams of green  
Then you pack, a thousand white teens in tight jeans

This Witty Unpredictable shot is critical  
To analytical analogy, insurance policies why  
Said he know that sounds define the note  
Couldn't recognize, blast him the fuck behind the ropes  
Too many dope niggaz I see starvin'

Catch a single deal, a possible plea bargain  
Wu slay regardless to whom or what, five mics five  
nights  
Hang him from the balcony, drop twenty-five flights  
A fugitive bass playin' rap czar  
Smoke the cigars, his prints on the strings of his guitar

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Tical got a hold on ya, doin' exactly  
What the fuck I mariju-wanta, dis nigga nasty  
Deep in the dirty dungeon, buggin, lovin'  
The ways these rhymes keep comin', at cha splash ya

Get your head piece fractured, with killer cuts  
Prone to drops ya, slash ya, rip shit up  
Got this whole thing Tang mastered, sho nuff  
An MC too good to be touched, John John  
Bring the phenomenon, I cold crush

MC, inferiorities they froze up, ice cold  
As we move on, saga unfold  
Captivated by a saga that go untold, like Goldfinger  
Caught up in a cliffhanger  
Yo, INS another code red, danger, break out the vest

Now it's tactical warfare, it's all here  
Come with your shield and hardware, it be on here  
Don't ever roam, in the naked city  
Eight Fingers stories none pretty

Bomb 'em wit' the Witty Unpredictable, conditionin' be  
critical  
Peace to Tang, gettin' high on your physical  
Dis next drink is a toast to your memory  
When I go how many niggaz gon' remember me

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