

Wu-Tang Clan "Careful"

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[rza]

Wait, hold up, chill, what's that son?
Damn.. nigga got fucked, shit, huh?!
By his back, watch nigga run
Seven the center of your eight point sun
Hold tight grip on the +god-u..now+ you best be
careful!
Can't dodge two (??) aimed at your domepiece
+father-u-c-king+ police!!

[u-god]

Somethin in the slum went rum-pum-pum-pum
Somethin in the slum went rum-pum-pum-pum

[masta killa]

Yo rae it's been a long time son since we bust
Gunclap +glaciers+, ran the world and snatched paper
Return to the 36th chamber
Proceed with caution as you enter
We have an a.p.b., on an mc killer
Looks like the work of a masta!!

[cappadonna]

Yo somethin in the street went, bang bang
Makin it hard for you to do your thang thang
Somethin in the street went, bang bang..

Up in the boss game wildin, money for grabs
I ain't fuckin with crabs, out of state copped two labs
Hopped two cabs, back on the ave.
Stab you with the vocab, catch me at the big dough
rehab
Tryin to re-up, keep my feet up
Snake niggaz in the cut, hold the product
Time is up, no luck, heat start to bust
Niggaz you can't trust, dealin with lust
Seen him at the ballgames with james

Somethin in the street went, bang bang
Makin it hard for you to do your thang thang
Somethin in the street went, bang bang
Makin it hard for you to do your thang thang

[ghostface killah]

Somethin in the hole went {click click}

The boxcutter went {click click}

Somethin in the hole went {click click}

The boxcutter went {click click}

These are the bones, bones from the grave of houdini

G-deini, razoni noodles sprinkled on your embryo'

Climb like the deficit, profits, death threats

To israel slid through bethlehem bong on one wheel

Syringes, rubber bands, needles, the 60's

Granddaddy caddy was coppin 6 g's

Begosh all that oshkosh jumpers

Pink champelle, brown paper bags, wall to wall

bumpers

[u-god]

These (??) camera guys, cause, turn your eyes

Sweat on the hammer fly, ways, of the samurai

Newsflash bulletin, gods on the prow!

We full again, ruff men scuff timbs

Sonic bionic lens, rza console

Is it bush or the dole, front row of the superbowl

Black gold in my soul, on a hoe stroll

Don't go boy you on parole you don't know?

[inspectah deck]

Someone in the back went, clack clack

Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack clack

Someone in the back went, clack clack

Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack clack

Made 'em throw they hands up, but then lay flat

Rat pack eat up, the average alley cat

Prepare for the impact when we contact

Known to drop backs that crack your hard hat

Must i show and prove, trust i, bust i

Make your head spin like chrome 20's on the buggy-i

benz

Who contends, wu like the superfriends

Who's your rhymin hero? wu-tang rules again

Someone in the back went, clack clack

Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack clack

Someone in the back went, clack clack

Money is stacked, now bust your gun, clack clack

[cappadonna]

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[u-god]

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