

Wu-Tang Clan "Dashing"

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The nigga had a pair of old Air Impalensisias on
Oh shit, the nigga had a pair of Air Christen Slater's
Rebel I, slay the max, it's really Digital
Rockin' the latest in, every day comin' at niggaz
Rockin' the latest in Ben Stillaways
Fuck that, the next big thing, lay this as Hollywood
niggaz
Now that's a money thing
Yo yo

I was Dashing through the hood
Eighteens with the whip, smoke gray
Leavin' skid marks on five-oh, smokin' all the way
Hahaha
With my all-star team, bitches see our shine
Yo son we gotta make that cream whether raps or
Nixon times

They call me Rollie, watch me polly with the wide body
Dinali
Packed the bad hottie, rocked enough ice to play
hockey
I swarm like paparazzi, she popped a wheelie on the
candy apple Kawasaki
Everything is sloppy, philosophical for those who copy
I'll probably splash her tonight, don't block
Sippin' on Lime Bacardi got me toxy
Plus the Cali 'dro holdin' me, I'm 'bout to 'scape like the
Roxy
Ever property, Monopoly, big shotti
Snatch the cream, whether in the concert hall or in the
lobby
Used to be a hobby, got me duckin' Rudy Giulianni
Like I'm still coppin' big eights from papi
Follow me, whether Mardi Gras' or house party
It's wild like safari, ain't mean to catch the body
But had 'em wobbly off the first blow, tryin' to knock me

I'm known to pump ya blood like the theme song to
Rocky
Kamikaze, might karate chop ya head like a naughty
Dread then call myself Collar Ratsi

Professionally trained, I am for your artery
I give the autographs but charge for photography
Not hardly kid, you awkward God body
You're a carbon copy, just started to rock Wallys
Spark the broccoli, spaz off this ghetto opery
Or catch the hot seat, you're bawty boy without ya
posse
Seen

Come, come, come
One for the dough, son
Give me the reasons

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They couldn't get me, watch me move swiftly
Broke the unmarked fifty with this cabby who was a
gypsy
He stayed tipsy, said he loved his bills crispy
Drivin' the streets he kept heat on the night, shifty
Quickly, who ring bells like it's twelve on Sunday?
While the stage catch shells from forceful gunplay
Mere fact that the track was a fierce counterattack
All those who couldn't multiply were sent back
No tanks, low rank, soldiers hittin' the heart
Tainted the heart of an empire, was torn apart
Brought to a halt from a front full assault
The chemist left the lab with undetermined results
They saw the swordsman sift electrical volts
The audience threw nuts with loose screws and bolts
The archives automatically changed ya stiff vibes
It was layin' in the zip drive from chest five

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