

Wu-Tang Clan

"Drunk Tongue"

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Homicide city shit
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Yeah, yeah homicide

You see the neck lit
Fist glisten
Chain dripping
Lane shifting
Riding dirty, dirty
Got that thang
Know I stay grippin
Facing life with it or without it. Bitch it's same
difference
Lames drippin
If it's day or night I'mma bang with it
Situation's sicking, nigga's broke and they can't fix it
Dough is all I know, so if you slip it then I can't miss it
Ain't mention Sin and broke niggas in the same
sentence
Got the game twisted, mane listen
Say pimpin, what you pushin?
Product pumping like a piston
Hardly getting by
Or probably getting high off what you pitching
While we sitting fly tryin' keep it simplified
Moving like we semper fi
My niggas is born to ride, y'all niggas get sent to die
All you do is mention I, general exemplify
Sin City been gritty, 10-city enterprise
About to make it 25, utilize my witty mind
To improvise my goal to reach the
All-time city high
You don't want the semi flying nine at your hemi fine
All you gotta do is send me time you got plenty time
Mad cause my ones up

And scared cause my guns bust
God's mind is divine, I'll shine on you dumbfucks
Sin never dumb struck
? on the? pumps on any man in the face
And like sanitation dump trucks

Dodge magnum? big enough to slug?
Bubble butts job off of the couch and double dutch
Glock in a double clutch
You don't want no trouble, trust
Rug cutter you're juglar
Promise you your blood'll gush
Dead smack in front of us
Get clap dead you front on us
You back?
You rats feds can't front on us
Stack bread like Wonder
From the winter til the summer come
Upgrade to made
That's when the Benzs and the Hummers come
I ain't want to Hummer stunt
Ask how I stack well
Like Maxwell nigga tryin do a little sumthin, sumthin

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