

Wu-Tang Clan "Meteor Hammer"

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[Ghostface Killah]

I don't touch that swine
I want that unnecessary beef
You smoke garbage buds
We smoke tons of keef
Fishing, looking for that big-mouth bass
And flashing, jack your whole stash
In fashion, keep my goons lined
In an orderly fashion
It's glossy with 500 horsies in the Benz
Tinted out to spend the night
You ain't got angel funds is low, stack
Your bitch been ho-jacked
Still scoop her up, bring her home
And blow that, cause Ghost be mostly
Looking pretty toasty
Front row at Mayweather vs. Mosley
With a Bin Laden bottle
A Brazillian model
Got the paparazzi jumping
Like they hit the Lotto
Party hard, like I'm fresh
Out of the cages
I rages like Charlie Sheen, I'm vacant

[Verse 2]

You drop your pants at your ankles
At the urinal at a ballgame
I'm on the stool getting brain
From a tall dame, cause I'm 5'8"
Shorty like 6'2"
Feed her coke, locked jaw
Like a pitbull. I was born to rep
You f-cking with a hornet's nest

Old shooters in the corner like ?
Young boys that be handling the rock
Chris Paul dish off, hammer in the sock
Gold flakes in the Gold Schlager
The ammo green XJ12, you know the old Jaguar
Got the burch wood lacing the interior
Poppy bagels getting flavored out in Syria

Only the Fonz, best laced plates
Cheese that reach maturity, dick sucks from Shannon
Doherty
Take your temperature anally and orally
Make a batch of home drizzle royally with oil

[Verse 3 - Termanology]

Hopping out the Rolly Royce
Rolls Gold nouveau
Diamond-studded shoes, so
Flyest nigga you know
Puerto Rican version of Scarface
F-ck with the God's say
Disrespect, piss in your broad's face
Chains stay chunky like Oprah's belly
Got the purple and the brown:
Peanut butter and jelly
When I step up in the spot with the rock
You'll see the popular pop rappers
Go in their pocket and pull out their wallet
When I click-clack, now get up on the ground
Cause I Onyx, Pete Rock, Chuck D shut em down
You know Term, I'm the kid with the 'preme beats
Butter Pecan J Lo, kid with the mean cheeks
Boobies on my gold fronts, iced out note book
Making volcanos in the kitchen when the coke cook
I rode around with all kinds of thugs
High on drugs, pissing out tiger blood

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