

Wu-Tang Clan

"Protect Yo' Neck"

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So what' up man?
Coolin' man
Chillin' chillin" Yo know I had to call...You know why
right?
Why?
Cuz...Yo..I never ever call and ask you to play
something. Right?
Yeah!
You know what I wanna hear right?
What you wanna hear?
I wanna hear that wu-tang joint
The Wu-Tang Again!!!!!!!!!!!!
awW Yeah AGAIN and Again!!

I smoke on the mic like smoking Joe Frazier
The hell raiser..raising hell with tha flava
Terrorizing jam like troops in Pakistan
Swinging through your town like your neighbourhood
Spider Man
So..uhhh...tick tock keep tickin
When I get you flipping off the shit I'm kicking
The Lone Ranger..Code red...DANGER!!!
Deep in the dark wit da art to rip they charts apart
The vandal Too hot to handle...Yo battle
Your saying goodbye like Tevin Camble
Roughneck Inspecta Deck's on the set
The Rebel
I make more noise than heavy metal

The way I make the crowd go wild
Sit back relax..Go smile
Rae got it goin on pal
Call me tha Rap Assassinator
Rhymes rugged and built like Shwarzeneger
And I'm gonna get mad deep like a threat
Blow up your project then take all your assets
Cuz I came to shake your frame and have to put the
coats that bomb
Shit like now!!
So if you wanna try to flip go flip on the next man
Cuz I'll grab the clip and...hit you with sixteen shots and

all I got
Goin to war with the melting pot, HA

It's the Method Man for short Mr. Meth
Move it on your left
I set it off, get it off, let it off..like a gat
I wanna break fool cop me back
Small change they putting shame in a game
I take aim and blow tha nigga out tha frame
And like DAMM!! my style will live forever
Niggaz crossing over like they don't know no better
But I do.true..can I get a SUUUEEE
Enough respect due to tha 1 6 oooohhh
I mean ohhh..yo check out tha flow
Like the Hudson on PCP when I'm dustin
Niggaz awe.cuz i'm hot like sauce
the smoke from tha lyrical blunt make me *cough*

BOOM!! Then grab mah nut 'n' OOH.
OWW!! Here come mah Shaolin style.
2 beats 'n' tha big wide shoe.
2 my crew wit da SSSUUUUUUUEE!!
Ye, ye, ye, ye. (watch ya step kid 8x)
c'mon, baby, baby. c'mon, baby, baby. c'mon, baby,
baby.
c'mon ooonnnnn!! ye. Ya best protect ya neck.

First thangs first, man, ya fukin wit tha worst.
I be stickin pins in ya head like a fuckin nurse
Ill attack any nigga who's slackin, this mack come
packed with the fat bogus stack
Shame on you when you stepped through
To
The old dirty bastard, straight from the Brooklyn Zoo
and I'll be damned if I let any man
Come to my center, you enter the winter
Straight up and down wit dat shit that jam
You can't slam, let me get (?) on a man
The old dirty bastard is dirty and stinkin
(?) rolillin wit da 900th (maybe night hunter?) creeps
Where da stash? aint sayin (?) bite my style I'll bite ya
muthafuckin ass

For cryin out loud my style's wild so fuck you
Not long is how long that this rhyme took me
Ejectin
styles from my lethal weapon, my pen, that rocks from
here to orient
There's more again
Catch it like a psycho flashback
I love gats, rappers wit guns? You wouldn't bust back

I come wit shit all types of shapes and sounds
and wherever I lounge is my stompin grounds
I give an order to my peeps across the water
To go and snatch up props all around the border
And get far, like a shootin star
Cause who I are is livin the life of Pablo Escobar
Point black as I kick the ('? square somethin maybe)
There it is, ya fucked, froze, and there it goes

YO chiiiiiiiill wit da feedback black we don't need dat
it's ten o clock ho, where the fuck da seed at
Feelin mad hostile, ran the apostle
flowin like Christ when I speech the gospel
stroll wit da holy roll, then attack the globe wit da
ruckus
styles, the ruckus
ten top ten, man, committin mad sin
turn the other cheek and I'll break ya fuckin chin
slangin through bangs like african drums (not sure on
the first bit)
(he'll be) comin round the mounain when I come
crazy flamboyant for the rap enjoyment
my clan, it freeze, like black unemployment
yeah, another one down
G-gigga-genius take us the fuck outta here

The Wu is too slammin for these cult killa labels
so they aint had hits since I seen aunt mabel
be doin artists in like Cain did Abel
now they money's gettin stuck to the gum under the
table
that's what ya get when ya misuse what I invent
Your empire falls and ya lose every cent
But tryin to blow up a scrub
Now that daughter's just as white as a 20 watt lightbulb
(daughter?)
Shoulda pumped it when I rocked it
Niggas so stingy they got short arms and deep pockets
This goes in some companies
Wit majors, they scared, they duck to pump these
First of all, whose your A&R?
A mountain climber who plays the electric guitar?
But he don't even know the meaning of dope
When he's lookin for a suit and tie rap, that's cleaner
than a bar of soap
but I'm the dirtiest thing in sight
matter of fact, bring out the girls, and let's have a
mudfight

