

Wu-Tang Clan "S.O.S."

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Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight

Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight
(Another mission)
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight
(Street life)
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight
(Gun talk, sir I)

Yo, don't push me because I'm close to the edge
Livin' on this thin line, I know the ledge
Allegiance I pledge strictly to my committee
Way above the law, we soar the inner city

My crime pays, deep in the metro, nines blaze
Shorties watchin', plus adoptin' my ways
In the PJ's, the heat blaze and beats raid
Can't see the cage but can't leave the streets of rage

It's a shoot on sight fair, warfare prepared
Arm yourself beware, hardware tear
Through your flesh and bones bear, witness stand
clear
Flash the Wu-sign to see if my comrades is in here

PLO began this, ninety-nine bananas
Wu extravaganza, cops scandals and guns
A S.O.S., prepare for the slug fest
Unusual suspect

Disconnect your outfit, it's a dead-end street
I play for keeps release
Shots through your fleece, retreat
Delete you from the crime spree

Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight
Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight

When you got beef with one time, S.O.S.
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)

When you standin on the front line, S.O.S.
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)
Niggas wanna steal your sunshine, S.O.S.
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)

When it comes time to do or die, S.O.S.
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)
For the five, oh that brutalize, S.O.S.
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)
Before you try suicide, S.O.S.
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)
(Shoot 'em on sight, sight, sight)

Street chronicle, wise words by the abominal
High honorable, rap quotable phenomenal
Seniority kid, I speak for the minority
Ghetto poverty, fuck the housing authority

Not to be idolized, I deal with grand larceny
Money laundering, auto theft and armed robbery
Ninety-nine regimen, torment your resident
Street intelligence child, KillaHill pedestrian

Sucker for love-ass, niggas catch a gay-bash
Slim-Fast from the gun blast burner, I last
The S T R, double E T, own a Desert E
Keep it closely, I feed off envy and foul energy

Your best friend's your worst enemy
Thug therapy until they bury me, it's do or die tonight
Shoot out a street light, bleak life
Aim at your windpipe, squeeze tight

In the parking lot, parked in a dark spot
The specialist with one shot been at the drop
Your Highness INS, darts catch your body
Feds got me on watch wit nuttin' yet to charge me

I strike quick, movin' on the night shift
Rollin' wit those who been the same likeness
Where I come from the blast make your ears go numb
Trust no one 'cuz murderers range old to young

And death don't discriminate, to choose your fate
Shot wit hypodermic sword wit the trey-eight
Gotta hold your weight, there's no escape from the
mayhem
I'm livin' for now but tryin' to make it to the am

Creepin' in the hallways, we always on barrow

Calico crept close to over cash flow
The neighborhood watch, the skunks in my sock got me
rocked
But keep my eyes on the shot clock

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