

Wu-Tang Clan

"Tang Clan - Duck Season"

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17ea
[Raekwon the Chef]
Scrape y'all motherfuckers
This is my word, when you see us
When you see us flashing and shining
And building and adding on
Y'all niggaz just watch it, hear me
Only ones that who we got respect for
Is them niggaz that we say peace to
Hear me, pay attention, put your shoes on
Yo, my team be bellyaching hungry niggaz on the
swarm again
Pirahna niggaz bite dick, yo Son, it's on again
What up, he made a move, try to assist it
Listen kid yo, you was born to be a pawn but I'm a
bishop
Back to the novel, you Son, it's logical
How you figure God, what, flow on the track, flip the
obstacle
Now my proposal, it's the global
From California to courts, it's over God, so taste the
tofu
Remember baggy jeans, the Timberlands in November
Shorty called me Santa in December
But guess what, my Wally's got messed up
Autograph presser what, blast enough to blow your rest
up
We scrape that, Land O' Lake that
My dolo rapper get you sent back
Represent the gentlemens who bent that
Flash medallions like Italians
La costra nostra, we moving through your hood like a
poster
Flex this, Lex and Diamonds hold the settlement
So keep the bust the gun Boo
Like that bad ass bitch in Dead Presidents
Add on, the billboard sloan
Check it now, you get the gold dick award
It's like jail and it's the sixth floor
Test me, floating in the S.E., now let's see
Half of y'all niggaz built your rhyme from my sess tree

Faggots, homos, yo, my flavor liver than a dobo
Stay militant kid, push it like bolo
You fucking idiot, playing with my Clan but you be
fearing it
Face one, I'm guaranteed to make you take one
Please, y'all niggaz money getting low
But did you come back, set up shop, and get the phat
dough
Tired of y'all, mostly inspired by y'all
So what the deal now, blinking with us or put your
shield down
Faggot, fuck fuck around punk, battle for cream nigga

[RZA]

You want to pound crab, nah let his hand swing
I ought to punch a hole in his palm with these pointy ass
rings
No more said, knew your chump ass was dead
When I saw the four four reflecting off your shiny
forehead
It's Wu-Tang nigga, ain't nothing changed nigga
Still shame on a nigga, who tried to run game
Get virgin and perversions, fucking bitches with
Persian
Bugs watching niggaz like the turgeon, it's the surgeon
slugs
still pounds when Bobby Steels 12 gauge gonna pay
deadly chronicles
We, held up in Gotham take heed and protect your
seeds
We fall like all the leaves, who lack tranquility
In your rap utility to fuck with the abilities
Raised like a sperm cell to the ovary
Microphone post tone like a rotary phone
Age of poems and poetry, old sloans
Explosive head bullets, black hooded
Invalid footed ninjas, who full metal jacket clips
And know how to put it in you
Surrender your goods and your merchandise
For no purchase price, I'm certainly a heist
For your ice and curtains and vice
Come quietly, Wu-Tang Clan rules society
Because of variety, so maintain your high anxiety
And lead them to defy me, diary...
I need 18 points for my next joint
This high and mointed king, to make a deal
I be the one to appoint, Steve Ripken must have been
sniffing
To catch something so dope, it left minor c-lits pussy
dripping
I fuck hundreds of bitches, and split millions of dollars

And built with thousands of scholars
My life saga from the hildred of horror
Legal kid brown in Nicaragua
Gave birth to MC's, seeds and bank robbers
We drove with pistol whips into world-wide trips
And my dick's been sucked by the finest lips
Stand to tell the contestants, in the world's best
repressionment
But none of the above compare to the one-twenty
lessons
Or my queen and my seeds, in the home that I rest in
Enter my dome get blown to 99 sections

[Method Man]

This rhyme has no limitations, this time there's no
hesitation
Collecting minds at the door, you want it niggaz it's
yours
The flavors raw, what the fuck you think I'm flowing for
It's rhyme and reason, bite the bullet
Niggaz is foul in this duck season
We add odds till we even motherfucker
Bad asses, high times, lower classes
Taste mine, straight shots in dirty glasses
Bring it to him, room service, under pressure
And mad nervous, waving guns at the clergy
Ticallion, we ain't worried
Keep them sick niggaz seven-thirty
Picture this, watch the birdy
This bastards is rolling dirty
With sharp pins that be stabbing you
Pins and needles, needles and pins
Nuff said, dick in your mouth
Like pimp was bled, as I race track with thoroughbreds
Ducking the feds

[Ghostface]

Yo, my ice slow fly up on the keyboard son
Niggaz ran up on me law, praising what we do by the
lords
That's right, exile the fake, hit them niggaz like weight
Feed a fool, let the fake evaporate
Reconstruction, that's the whole science of mine
Production, ya'll niggas guess who stuck son
Left his meth son, switch, finger itch
Staring at you like a bitch, maybe y'all niggaz snitch
Youse a loner, Adidas shell top with lye
sipping Corona, read the rev report then bone her
Buy you some jewels, here's some food
Not necessarily mean to be rude boo, check out the
analoo

We in the mushrooms, chased the high neck in the
custom
Baggy jeans, thick ropes god, sliding through customs
Chill, y'all niggaz know what time it is
James Bond Beamers behind me, on Bacardi Lime and
check out the pitch like Nolan Ryan
He cought a slug for lying
Yeah you was lying, where's the cash, crying
Militia, rolling in position
Casa Blanca Cuban Link Christian
Lex the tally back whistling, fake fucks

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