

Wu-Tang Clan "The Glock"

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Yo, yeah, don't erase none of that good shit in the
beginnin'

Yo, spill drinks on ya, get stank on ya

Yo, yo, pinky ring shit, yo

That pinky ring shit yo

It's that pinky ring shit, the legend of masked kid

Shoot out the speakers when my guns get Jurassic

Superbad, who am I? Dolemite classic

The vandal's back, hands on Angela Bassett

I handle my plastic, gunplay I mastered

No coke, dope mixed down with acid on record

Broken down and crafted in seconds

Lady's choice, the golden voice still peppered

Better, respect it, bitch believe

I pull rabbits out the hat, tricks up my sleeves

I air out the showroom, the shit can breathe

Fix your weave, behold my expertise

I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is
back

I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is
back

Take it back to the [unverified], leanin' gettin' rec room
punch

We in them authentic alley switchin' joints

Major general niggaz, five stars

Both arms rock when coke dropped we read a hundred
niggaz palms

Silencers, garbage bags of hash

For every cop we paid retired now the nigga on smash

Gash you out your burner fast

You swing down hatin' me now respect get your fingers
off the glass

I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is
back

I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is

back

Yo what the fuck yo? Yo, what the fuck y'all comin' for?
Get the fuck away from my door
We got big guns in here, coke over there
With blue bag and E pills stashed under the chair

And there's Boss Hog black and white pit with the pink
lips
Stan thought he was soft 'til he bit his fingers
The shit had me dyin' yo, big fat nigga bleedin'
Big cat nigga all season

On the beach truck, stuck with Hawaiian ice
Diamond twice the whole city thought I bought fubu
Blew you, authentic doodoo, picture the fog iced out
Eighteen karat rap between noodles

I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is
back
I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is
back

Up at Killa Bee headquarters, full rips is poured up
I saw [unverified] sippin' Henny from a iced out cup
Yo with the blunt, two-way vibratin' off the hip
I sit took, three drags off the honey-dip

Now what you talkin'? You see my gold fronts sparkin'?
Ain't tryin' to hear what you dogs be barkin'
Read the headline, that was blast on today's Post
Dead King, thought he could ace Ghost

Queen, couldn't even jack Monk
Probably find him in Doc Doom's back trunk
Bdoodoodoo, I'm up at the Wu library
Readin' Malcolm's, "Any Means Necessary"

John John, Bacardi straight up hold the ice
So nice like New York they had to name him twice
Name your price, I black out then change the lights
Give you the same advice that I gave my wife

Don't fuck with mine, Clan give you lumps in nine
Let the smoke cloud clear so the sun can shine
Culture shock, for some of us that's all we got
Whether you ball or not, you can all be shot

New York, New York, legendary rhyme boss
Code name Charley Horse, bust with blind force
I smash set it and wreck for cash credit or check

You crabs test, can't measure the threat

I dance on a nigga like my name's Zab Judah
Rap barracuda, three XL kahuna
Sure to get it perkin' and cause a disturbance
I'm thirstin, feel what I feel then we can merge then

Creep it through the states in V8's and 12's
My weight's hell, fuck with me then brace yourself
The Noble, Sir I mass mogul
Known to blast vocals, and move global on you locals

This is grown man talkin', coward I split your head
I'm from the East where the streets run red from the
bloodshed
Hit Chef for the rice and peas
'Nuff respect Father E tumbled at ease

My brothers can't wait to squeeze the automatic
They need wreck like a drug dealer need a addict
Floatin' on the 95, sting like a killer bee
Your hands can't hit what your eyes can't see

From dark matter to the big crunch
The vocals came in a bunch without one punch
Rare glimpse from the, strictly advanced, proved
unstoppable
Reputation enhanced, since the cause was probable

So you compare contrast but don't blast
Through extreme depths, with the pen I hold fast
Watch the block thirst for one became all
Shot 'em with the long forgotten rainfall

Delivered in a vivid fashion with simplicity
The blind couldn't verify the authenticity
The rhyme came from the pressure of heat
Then it was laid out, on the ground to pave streets

I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is
back
I got my uzi back, you dudes is wack, face it the Wu is
back

So
So
So
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