

Wu-Tang Clan "Windpipe"

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(feat. Ghostface, RZA, Ol' Dirty Bastard)

[RZA]

Yo, yo, yo doooododododo, yo psssh yo
Yo park the jeep on the street of the Sunset Marquis
Autograph signin pads wit a gold tip sharpee
Permanent ink blots, I'm drunk from red label scotch
While you faggots try to judge my shit like Ed Koch
Underground left and right pair surround sound can't
be scared
Plea the ams radio tapes that he jammed
Golden chrome, desert eagle never left at home
Flip the track of the beat watch Bobby flip the
metronome
High voltage, keep my Seed and Wiz well cultured
Kill enemies by mailin them the poison glue postage
I open or fold ya, Dirty fucked a ogre
I leave the cat a book of food stamps used at Krogers
The box of evil a fifty sack of that lethal
Adjust these boots and bloody cube steaks from Key
Food

[ODB 4X]

Now what party can you go to.. and I ain't there
You bitches actin like you don't care

[RZA]

Yo, wordup... wordup! ..
You bitches actin like you don't care
You bitches actin like you - YO
Razor blade toenails cut holes inside tube socks
Gold and platinum fangs unstainable
I chew rocks, cybertech digital suit, deflect bullets
Black hooded surrounded by forty acres of woodded -
land
Like my cousin Dusty Dirty-Ass Dan
Fucked the daughter of the leader of the Ku Klux Klan
Tapes we dub, pound you wit the ace of club
Climb your tree to a shub
Tongue kiss a lion then kidnap her cub
Passin it portrait; my bitch spread eagle wild orchid
Pussy so wet, you could fuck it wit a soft tipped dick

Tickled her tonsil, you could hear her coughin
I don't know if Dirt fucked Mariah, but I'm out to fuck
Tyra
Starks might fuck Mya

[ODB]

I'm the pussy vampire
I don't wanna work no more
I want my own Island while I'm whylin
I don't talk, I ain't talk

[Chorus 4X (overlaps ODB)]

[Ghostface]

Yo I'm bent out, three days two nights yo I'm spent out
One hell of a cruise New York got they hand out
Like I owe somethin, check they stance they frontin
I'm two seconds from twistin y'all shit, over nuttin
All a sudden ice grills kid you did a baby bid
In the mix almost hung yourself slit ya wrists
To the maximum, hand me the forty I'll thrash and
split out guests who gassed and make Ghost throw his
mask on
Trama the block pro bar sledge slang ho
Runnin from to and sharles some rap and I might blow
World cup, son been blessed wit the Stanley
Yvonne Lendl autographed racket wit the can key
Sideline manuever, polish wax MC remover
Niggaz wit long nails cuttin me, leavin bruises
Candle lows tied a thousand an y'all froze
Came home to dusthead dude, tryin to play me close
We've been peaked for years now Liz wants to choppin
the kid
I might do magic make him disappear
Railroad that nigga Isotoner Coca-Cola holder
Snatch the granola, sprinkle Ginko Boloba
Venom from a cobra, laced in the cum he bore odor
Soaked through a strainer here's a doser
The King James version this page is like Samson wit
effects
that'll kill Rogers double O seven
Hanna Barbera, heart's the opposite of Bambi the Deer
Fuck wit mics like Sonny and Cher
Or maybe Captain and Tenneille, Tinactic and golden
seal
Nice like mister whittendale your girl Chippendale
Shallah bridge all up in ya dog dial trench
When I snatched that shit was broke shoulda sent ya
ass back
And where's the key to the hatchback pop that
Get in throw a bag full of mice and then respect that

[Girl 4X]

What party can you go to, and Wu ain't there
These niggaz actin like they don't care
What party can you go to, and Wu ain't there
These hoes actin like they don't care

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