

Wu-Tang Clan "Wolves"

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The fox is kinda foxy, Mr. Wolf he's the guy
Who chased Red through the woods and ate grandma
But a dog is a dog, is a dog, is a dog
Unlike the wolf who made a widower of grandpa

Yo, must I flex my cash to sex yo' ass?
I wet the Ave. when I set my path
The 'Vette don't crash, I'm built to long last
Grab my money clip, I hit the bong fast

Earn my respect, my checks they better cash
Finger on the trigger with my nigga Fred Glass
Knuckles is brass, start snuffin' you fast
Jumpin' outta cabs, grabbin' money bags

Next shot go right through your hovercraft
You do the math my answer tongue slash
When will you learn it's return of Shaft
The genuine thriller, the Miller Draft

My force might blur, the Porsche'll purr
The apple martini, of course it's stirred
I'll do the honor, the Shaolin bomber
Shark skin armor, I'll bring the drama

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Damn, defecatin' on the map
Wu-Tang takin' it back, no fakin' in the rap
How real is that, you niggaz hatin' on the fact
That the kid is blazin' this track and hatin' on 'em back

My dough's stacked up with O's, who the mack
Duckin' po'-po's blowin smoke O's in the 'Llac
To be exact, don't want no hassle with the stack
In the Big Apple, we the rotten apples in the back, yeah

So, it's all grillin', how the fuck y'all feelin'?
Non-stop park killin', on the block we was killin' 'em

The arch villains, when the blood start spillin'
Any stuck start squealin', body bags we was fillin' 'em

Yeah, now I got it in the smash
A ounce ya man wanted and a llama in the dash
Me and my comrades followin' the cash
And livin e'ry day like tomorrow is the last

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I'm like the savior dog to ya baby
When you're lost out in the snow
Like a coyote out on the desert
Where the foxes never go and the wolf, they never go

Yo, would you recognize a jewel for what it is when you
see it
Or would you take it for somethin' else and get to' the
fuck up?
Men come together for the common cause
To beat yo' ass just because

There's a line you don't cross offendin' the boss
While of course his one selectin' through your head
shot
I'm back in the yard again, the bars callin'
15 sets of this will have you swollen

Ladies like, "Damn papa you lookin' right
I'd love to give you some of this pussy and I'm a dyke"
I write when the energy's right to spark friction
DJ cuttin' it, spinnin' it back mixin'

Great pop knock tickin', poetry description
For the motion picture reenactment
Activate a higher assassin, keep it classic
Rap evolution every black, yo pass that

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