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Wu-Tang Clan "Wu-Tang Master"

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* [Chorus: Kung Fu samples] You would do anything to get all of the Wu-Tang sword styles! The Wu-Tang sword style (2X) [RZA] Yo, enter the dragon, the kid I'm for baggin Whip them now it's time to start raggin Victim's two for this if they got the proper Step up please to play the Ra, shut Head first that's the wrong blow to throw Jump fit now step what you dead You arouse the anger, the Wu-Tang slanga That diga-digadanger Just go on the issue and make me wanna get a tissue Dismiss you, put it to your head and dismiss you for your weak rhyme proposal, I just froze you cuz you chose to play me for a softy I freeze so many MC's they ought to call me frosty Not sho man, no man is a slow man I be makin dough like the Pillsbury dough man and burnin MC's is all natural Be like cabby and go up and laugh at you and while he laughin I be bombin Calmin, alarmin sound that be bombin MC's like a group of Killa Beez No one in the world make rhymin trilogies Slick majestic but you can past the Prince Rakeem is the Wu-Tang Master [Chorus 4X] [RZA] Kick to the tragic, rabic, tactic of rappin you bastard and prepare your casket Death is the finally step when y'all step to intercept the rep of the brother who has kept his status, stop the madness, that is I'm not the gladest, the baddest the phattest but Rakeem is the cleanest but Rakeem is the CREAM when it comes to my team Know what I mean? Past imperial, bust my itereria I blow from Bolivia to Nigeria Just to know that black, y'all could know that Me bein wack is like naps on Kojack Non-existent, ya keep ya distance You wanna battle? Bring assistance Proxy, moxy, groups of troupers Pullin super duper, wanna step to ya Pass the stereo, king with the venerial Here's the imperial I fucked up my stereo You pop your glocks and watch the Fort Knox Why not? I got flavor like Dr. Butterscotch You can't hang with the slang I register Now you wanna make a replica but you could never past the Prince Rakeem, the Wu-Tang Master [Chorus to fade]

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