

Clan Wu-Tang

"A better tomorrow"

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Inspectah Deck]

Yo, this goes for all my brothers and sisters locked down

For all my peoples incarcerated, for those who ain't make it

Yo, in the housing, thousands seen early graves

Victims of wordly ways, memories stays engraved

All my live brothers, is locked down with high numbers

The young hunger, blind to these lies, they die younger

In this New World the Order slaughter men, women, and children

Ten feet gates surround the building keep us sealed in

The projects, lifeless like a vietnam vet

Constant war, sever threats of enemy conquest

Crooked cops comb my building complex that's in the rumble

Streets are like a jungle, can't let my cypher crumble

Vivid thoughts, Devils resort to trick knowledge

They kick garbage, lust for chicks and quick dollars

I know the pain the game bring, I did the same thing

Spaced out in the staircase, performing a sting

It's hard to keep control, I bless those who seek a scroll

Trying to reach a whole nation and break the sleeper

hold

Not a role model, I walk a hard role to follow

I sold bottles of sorrow then chose poems and novels

The gospel was told, some souls it swallowed whole

Mentally they fold, and they eventually sold

their life and times, deadly like the virus design

but too, minute to dilute, the science is mine

You can't party your life away

Drink your life away

Smoke your life away

Fuck your life away

Dream your life away

Scheme your life away

Cause your seeds grow up the same way

[Masta Killa]

A voice cries from the wilderness of the North

A representation of the families that lost one

all victims of incarceration

Or other divisions of the family structure

Youths are injected with serums that leads

to skin irritations, babies being born with

disfigurations, experimentations

On their faces there bear world relations

of mothers that carry the pain

of blood stained streets where sisters mourn and wail

Big brothers been slain from hails of gun fire

It lightly begins to rain screams of terror

are hidden by the passing trains

This can't be little Shane, his uncle cried

As he drops to his nephew's side, holding his cane

Just give me a name, of who has inflicted this

bitter sickness, and left us to witness

[U-God]

Yeah, yo

Curses from war, innocent blood spills for days

Soothe in godly ways, hands, solemn in praise

Tree of life, more precious than Wu is golden game

The wise self flourish inherit, Halls of Fame

Crime visions in my blood got me, locked in prison

While we die hard living people whine about religion,
vision

Blow, spin, and sin and killing what's revealing

It's a never ending battle with no ending or beginning,
listen

Zero process, progress, become the hunted

America's most wanted, good life flaunted, want it

Some love the speed, some satisfy a need

Some want to be down, young gun seed, jungle breed

The stronger speed, someone die, someone bleed

One flew astray, and then caught my little seed

Can it be, the ice have us trife life, made me grab the
knife

The righteous man would be within these stripes pipes

Take in my energy, breath and know the rest

Cause the good die young and the hard die best

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[RZA]

Y'all bitches love dances, and pulling down your pants

while your man's on tour, your spending up his
advances

Your friends ain't shit, all they do is drink, smoke, and
suck dick

The whole projects is trapped in stench

You either high school drop-outs, one to three cop-outs

Fifteen years old, shorty ass and top out

Ninety-nine cent beer drinking pussy stinking

Fucking so much your ass and titties start shrinking

New World Order slave trade, minimum wage, better
cage

Can a devil fool a Muslim nowadays

Inside my lab, I'm going mad

Took two drags off the blunts, and started breaking

down the flag

The blue is for the Crips, the red is for the Bloods

The whites for the cops, and the stars come from the clubs

or the slugs that ignites, through the night, by the dawn

Early light, why is sons fighting for the stripe

[Method Man]

As we dwell through this concrete hell, calling it home

Mama say, take your time young man and build your own

Don't wind up like your old dad

Still searching for them glory days he never had

So many bad want to scheme for American dream, no more kings

The cash rule everything now, we going down

These babies looking up to us, it's up to us

The Million Man March MC's, get on the bus

But envy, greed, lust, and hate, separate

Though the devil mind state blood kin cannot relate

No longer, brothers, we unstable

Like Kane when he slew Abel, killing each other

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