

Clan Wu-Tang

"Older gods"

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Verse One: Ghostface Killah

Aiyyo I roll like a bat out of hell

Evil acapell's fly spittin out of my grill

Before I hit the sky with springtime colors

Juicy as a Sunkist, certain broads double dutch this

They carve it in they wrist, pales berry blazes

Straighten the crumbs left on the stove, clothes in my
lady hair

Plus yours the look gold God, the old tainted bald
technique

Got these vestibules designer niggaz in they whips

jumpin out they seats, eighteen, Bronzeman Part II

We like Dorothy Hamill on ice

We in your hood we might circle, hats down low in the
Range

Switch lanes, change my tire, peel out

Real loud on the stage yo, I shitted on your hood kid

I shitted on your hood, got to your burner too late

I'm lookin real good, draped out

Shinin like a fresh fifty cent piece, your girlfriend,
c'mere

Oh shit, you my man's niece, the gourmet pocket
twenty

bombs made of clay, Sexcapades take place

We fucked in forty-eight shades might walk up in your studio

time slap your engineer, it's lighter fluid to that style

Hand me the matches now

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Aiyyo rainbow Roley on the wrist, now what's this

Niggaz bless this, eight and a half, Bally banana twist

E shakes, puffin on lye, feedin the seed's plate

Pullin out, old dirty eights to rob gates

Major wake up, the kid telltales, make a nigga head wake up

Beats break, the nigga would take off his time

Honolulu status, gladdest

the rich rock cabbage and dollar vans grands

That nigga mad savage, stationary Hall of Justice

Niggaz came clumped out

Just came home, now they bunked out

Money be longer than triple life

til the sun burn out, that's my word

Move it with the burner out

Fidel way of thinkin, roll with the Mac bent Ac-10

Most of my team, Five Percent check what the live said

Rollin with Guess vests pedestrians yo

holdin my nuts, fuckin thousand dollar lesbians

[Ghost] Yo, the Older God put me on and had to rock this

[both] Maintain Three-Sixty Lord live prosperous

[Ghost] It only takes a lesson a day, just to analyze life

[both] one time in the respectable mind

(repeat 2X)

Verse Three: The Genius/GZA

Let the shot spark, soon as his pit bull barks

Tire scars from skid marks leaves from jams in school
parks

Witness, forget his, original statement

Even in protection programs there's no escapement

Gunned down, we in town, hit king from seven crowns

Spent rounds catch him while he rhyme in the Zebra
Lounge

Wounded, back in the eighty-three summer heat

Up in three-oh-nine park, rhymin off the drummer's
beat

I stalk the city streets demonstratin mic wrecks

All lookin stank, I ain't playin wit a full deck

And as they nervously stare, I know they scared

They saw the coming of Wu, the neon in Times Square

Household name, assassin, killa bee

Mill to the grain, that possess the Wu, trilogy

Quick to spot those that bite camoflouge and blend

Those that got styles, they got identical twins

Don't stretch the small thing, copycats are finnick

without skills, they master the art of mimicry

But I go line for line on the whole page

Your unspotted life on the mic is old age

*rocket fired, whistles off and explodes, breaking
glass

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