

## Clan Wu-Tang

### "Protect ya neck"

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this version of the song is final, no more corrections  
are being accepted

\* the actual album version is edited, but the curses  
have been added back in

So whassup man?

Coolin man

Chillin chillin?

Yo you know I had to call, you know why right?

Why?

Because, yo, I never ever call and ask, you to play  
somethin right?

Yeah

You know what I wanna hear right?

Whatchu wanna hear?

I wanna hear that Wu-Tang joint

Wu-Tang again?

Ahh yeah, again and again!

\*sounds of fighting\*

[RZA] Wu-Tang Clan comin at ya, protect ya neck kid,  
so set it off

de Inspector Deck

[Meth] watch ya step kid (8X)

[Inspector Deck]

I smoke on the mic like smokin Joe Frazier

The hell raiser, raisin hell with the flavor

Terrorize the jam like troops in Pakistan

Swingin through your town like your neighborhood  
Spiderman

So uhh, tic toc and keep tickin

While I get ya flippin off the shit I'm kickin

The Lone Ranger, code red, danger!

Deep in the dark with the art to rip charts apart

The vandal, too hot to handle

Ya battle, you're sayin Goodbye like Tevin Campbell

Roughneck, Inspector Deck's on the set

The rebel, I make more noise than heavy metal

[Raekwon]

The way I make the crowd go wild, sit back relax won't  
smile

Rae got it goin on pal, call me the rap assassinator

Rhymes rugged and built like Schwarzenegger

And I'ma get mad deep like a threat, blow up your  
project

Then take all your assets

Cause I came to shake the frame in half

With the thoughts that bomb, shit like math!

So if ya wanna try to flip go flip on the next man

Cause I grab the clip and

Hit ya with sixteen shots and more I got

Goin to war with the meltin pot hot

[Method]

It's the Method Man for short Mr. Meth

Movin on your left, aah!

And set it off, get it off, let it off like a gat

I wanna break full, cock me back

Small change, they puttin shame in the game

I take aim and blow that nigga out the frame

And like Fame!!, my style'll live forever

Niggaz crossin over, but they don't know no better

But I do, true, can I get a "sue"

Nuff respect due to the one-six-oooh

I mean ohh, yo check out the flow

like the Hudson or PCP when I'm dustin

Niggaz off because I'm hot like sauce

The smoke from the lyrical blunt makes me \*cough\*

[U-God]

Ooh, what, grab my nut get screwed

Oww, here comes my Shaolin style

Sloop-B and my b-boy's U

to my crew with the "suuuue"

\*interlude\*

watch ya step kid (8X)

[Ol Dirty Bastard] c'mon baby baby c'mon (4X)

[RZA] Yo, ya best protect ya neck

[Ol Dirty Bastard]

First things first man you're fuckin with the worst  
I'll be stickin pins in your head like a fuckin nurse  
I'll attack any nigga who's slack in his mack  
Come fully packed with a fat rugged stack  
Shame on you when you stepped through to  
The Ol Dirty Bastard straight from the Brooklyn Zoo  
And I'll be damned if I let any man  
Come to my center, you enter, the winter  
Straight up and down that shit packed jam  
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man  
The Ol Dirty Bastard is dirty and stinkin  
Ason, Unique rollin with the night of the creeps  
Niggaz be rollin with a stash  
ain't sayin cash, bite my style I'll bite your motherfuckin  
ass!

[Ghostface Killah]

For cryin out loud my style is wild so book me  
Not long is how long that this rhyme took me  
Ejectin, styles from my lethal weapon  
My pen that rocks from here to Oregon  
Here's Mordigan, catch it like a psycho flashback  
I love gats, if rap was a gun, you wouldn't bust back  
I come with shit that's all types of shapes and sounds  
And where I lounge is my stompin grounds  
I give a order to my peeps across the water  
To go and snatch up props all around the border

And get far like a shootin star

Cause who I are, is dim in the light of Pablo Escobar

Point blank as I kick the square biz

There it is you're fuckin with pros and there it goes

[RZA]

Yo chill with the feedback black we don't need that

It's ten o'clock hoe, where the fuck's your seed at

Feelin mad hostile, ran the apostle

Flowin like Christ when I speaks the gospel

Stroll with the holy roll then attack the globe with the  
buckus style

the ruckus, ten times ten men committin mad sin

Turn the other cheek and I'll break your fuckin chin

Slayin boom-bangs like African drums (we'll be)

Comin around the mountain when I come

Crazy flamboyant for the rap enjoyment

My clan increase like black unemployment

Yeah, another one dare, G-Gka-Genius

Take us the fuck outta here

[Genius]

The Wu is too slammin for these Cold Killin labels

Some ain't had hits since I seen Aunt Mabel

Be doin artists in like Cain did Abel

Now they money's gettin stuck to the gum under the  
table

That's what ya get when ya misuse what I invent

Your empire falls and ya lose every cent

For tryin to blow up a scrub

Now that thought was just as bright as a 20-watt light bulb

Should of pumped it when I rocked it

Niggaz so stingy they got short arms and deep pockets

This goes on in some companies

With majors they're scared to death to pump these

First of all, who's your A&R

A mountain climber who plays an electric guitar

But he don't know the meaning of dope

When he's lookin for a suit and tie rap

that's cleaner than a bar of soap

And I'm the dirtiest thing in sight

Matter of fact bring out the girls and let's have a mud fight

\*sounds of fighting\*

[RZA] You best protect ya neck (4X

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