

## Clan Wu-Tang

### "The projects"

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Raekwon chattin with Shy]

Peace God

Peace to the Gods

How you God?

Studyin one-twenty right now

Mmmm

Call me back at the God Hour

[Raekwon the Chef]

The Fuck?

It's just the new way of thinkin

Light up the broccoli kid

Throw the relish in my back pocket

Keep your eyes open

Push your seat back, just flow...

That's how we doin it

Bound by honest sword take over the set; rap from  
here to Que-bec

Throw up the tech, crash your intellect select a vet

Swimsuit mammal handle, yo every fly vandal go to  
project

Slam you like Hamill's wife 'fore the scandal

Wally sandal just a sample, my niggaz fertilize

thoughts

Yo mad support drink a quart then bamboo

When nasty can blew, my pen sterile won't perform if  
I'm not lampable

Askin my man'll get you slapped down; play the  
anthem

Lit it who wit it champagne get it, that's the ticket

Solid nines soundin like crickets snatchin worker  
shipment

Pull the air, long dick it, we talk right before we left  
lifted

Just like a long sleeve, guess who rip it?

[God] Projects

[Rae] My niggaz survive, just like a movin target

[God] Projects

[Rae] Where niggaz live and some sell garbage that's

[God] Projects

[Rae] Try to escape the flyin shells dodgin

[God] New York projects

[Rae] I'm livin large yo, stop miragin

[Method Man]

Sign of the times, conspiracy to overthrow the mind

Behind every fortune there's a crime

This technique is tech-9

Blast at any Close Encounter of the Third Kind

This be the evil that man do, we dismantle, any  
adversary

Them niggaz all thumbs and can't handle, my flurry

Hear me, you jam all you want to scare me

Don't even kid me, shit in my coke aimin at cha kidney

Pressure, Red Hot like Chili Pepper

Black 'n Decker, hardware avoid the leper

Five o'clock shadowboxer, hold down the sector

Bet ya bottom dollar lecture, be hard to swallow

Double oh-seven mark

The secret agent that Max/well and Get Smart, through  
entertainment

Welcome to The Killin Fields, with Johnny Dangerous

Headbanger boogie niggaz goin thru changes

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[God] Projects

[Rae] I'm livin large yo, stop miragin

[Ghostface Killah]

Suck my dick it's the kid with the fat knob

I bust all into ya face, plus it come in globs

Quick get on your knees, with yo' sweet pussy let it  
breathe

Two fingers is all in your hole, think I can fit three

Your pink lips, spread it in shit, let me throw my dick in

Grab my shit and place it gently, on your clit

Ping-pong pussy, wide world of wombs titty saggin

Stomach on some sciveled up prune shit

Too much air in your pussy you screamin that it's

TALKIN TO YOU DADDY, fart's breathin out your lips  
splashin my dick badly

Use vinegar, to try to tighten up your ginger

All-mighty dick, ran in with a cape, some call him  
engine

Lightning rod bob, black candy cane attatched to God

Thick, like a great adventure cigar, in your garage

Pregnant pussy have you fall out, like Remi on the  
house

Watch the teeth for slobbin my shit

You bit it on the couch, dry pussy leave the friction  
burns

Plus beef I hone, the condom broke

Bitch you got AIDS I'm shakin in my bones

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