

## Wu-Tang Clan f/ AZ "Harbor Masters"

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[Ghostface Killah] Yo, hold on, this is the way that I'm cut, right? Or why I sing, how I dipped under red lights Martini's is Ghost Deini's, stretched out On stage with the gauge, flash the tech like Clint East' Polo drawers, valour headband, Genova convertible couch In the back, with the two nightstands I'm the man, nigga, when I come through, dressing rooms Had the goose ready, renting cream and a bag of shrooms And a nice suite, room service every five minutes, I need a foot massage Tell the massause, she can't do it for me, do it for God I got the mix CD on pause with all DeBarge Oil me up, please, my nuts, read me a story Tuck me in, something like the seeds'll say Pass me the cold fresh squeezed OJ, I got five hundred Under my pillow, after I'm done, do my DJ [Chorus 2X: Ghostface Killah] Cause of that, I'mma rock the show tonight The Twat Team, gon' get those hoes tonight That's Theodore shit, if you in your whip Two step, you slipped, get your whole crew wet [AZ] Stand like the Eiffel, move spiteful Sport the Nike shoe, nice with the mic since high school Fuck who like who, fend to not, niggas, trifeful Plot cycles, to get dough, it's so delightful Criminal IQ's, spiral convo's with the sky view This is what I do, pioneer, my peeps Power Rule Fuck Yacub, I'm factual, true and living Polo polobos with the true religion, no superstition This beat is sorta proof to listen, and hear the real So you New Jack niggas kneel, sit it still Lick a fifth, get your piff and chill, fix your grill It's ill, seen the game vanish in air From DeLores to the glamourest gear, show and prove How I move, you know hammers is near, never fool Appear rude, though my manners is there, get it straight Say my grace, before stuffing my face [Chorus 2X: AZ] Cause of that, I'mma rock this show tonight Hustle hard, I'mma get that dough tonight Crime Money, all we do is just two step Slip up, and get your whole fucking crew wet [Inspectah Deck] Fuck the radio, the corners respect, Soldier I I'mma about to get fly, like I'm boarding a jet Watch your mouth, little homey, I demolish your rep I'm like Mohamed Atta, when I'm bombing the set Bottom line, you got a problem with Deck, I'm like the police gun, son A nigga

name pop in the 'jects Hate in your blood, green eyes,  
watching my step I'm all money like the Pres, no  
stopping the rest This is Stones and grown man poking  
his chest Play hero watch the K blow a hole in your vest  
Why I flow like I know I'm the best, cuz I'm spitting the  
piff Half of ya'll dudes rollin' with stress Come and see  
me, son, you know the address 10304 block work, first  
homey, show me the checks Hood crooks living over  
the edge, Ghost saying nah That's a good look, focus,  
respect, yup [Chorus 2X: Inspectah Deck] Cause of  
that, I'mma rock this tonight Light your weed, pop ya  
ects', let's go tonight House Gang on the dance floor,  
two step You out of line, get your lame ass crew wet

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