

Wu-Tang Clan F/ Street Life

"Like Me"

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[Sy Scott]

You can't rap like me
Uhh, Sy Scott, Def Squad (yeah)
Listen, ain't playin no games man
Yeah, whattup

Give or receive, and give or take, I'm an Indian giver
I take back what's given to the getter from the giver
Nigga give way, give up, you never get a glimpse
of the Glimmer Man, glimmer glitter when I trek your
body shiver
Rhythm I'm rippin whatever I can get a grip of
Just to get a giggle, this literature's ishkabibble
And damn, dun-duh dun-duh dun-duh, the shark is in
the weater
Dun-duh dun-duh dun-duh got him right where I want
him
Now I'ma get him, Scott crack legbones like a wishbone
Snap your nosebone witcha chinbone
Break your legs and snap your shinbone
Put your skullbone jawbone right next to your gall
stones
'til y'all all know
I got the hypothalamus of a hippopotamus
Squashin the retardapuss when {?} rush
Too good to be true like fairy tales come true again
You wish you was me but woke up and you was you
again

[Chorus]

Sy Scott, you can't rap like me
You can't murder a rhyme or kill a track like me
You can't, bust aim or hold a gat like me
Flow hundred percent, you can't rap like me, nah

[Erick Sermon]

This here's somethin stupid for the eardrum
You wanna hear somethin slick son, here it come
You can ask Dr. Phil, I'm ill
I'ma kill you, then kill them, then "Kill Bill"
Yeah - word to Vivica, I hemorrhage a pile

Drop the temperature, 'til the coroner start zippin ya
B-ball player, I shoot from the perimeter
Two shot, three shot, all into ya
On mics I does my thing
Agua, I flow like Poland Spring
Not from Maine, I'm from New York mayne
I'm the Bandit, in the black Maybach in transit
300 pound nigga, hold weight, stop - hold, wait
E-Dub the great there's no mitake, yeah
The untakeable, unshakeable, you incapable
I'm Bruce Willis, I'm "Unbreakable" - uh-huh
You can't replace the unplaceable
You can't face off, with the unfaceable
Even the matador can't face the bull
I'm the raging bull, you wanna shoot, pull

[Chorus]

E, you can't rap like me
The boy with the slow flow you can't rap like me
Bang bang, you can't shoot a gat like me
My Squad is Def, and you can't rap like Khari

[Khari]

I throw three like Bobby Jackson, at 'em
I'm O.G. like Bobby Johnson, stomp 'em
Hold G like Bumpy Jonson, on 'em
Read flip and beat kids like Joe Jackson
My flow jackin, clack clack, I'm sharp like the claws
of Hugh Jack', with hands packin, make you an ex-man
Time for some action, and matter of fact
Go exercise or be ordained to explore pain
And explain, why you puttin extras on
In this excess I throw a hex through your headset
Settle down 'fore I set it off on the set
Let's say Santiago is the best you heard yet (yep)
I know, my flow, oh my God, get so, heated
that MC's stay away like I got heebie jeebies
Ask G's if I G, hit the G spot on your queen
Kings get they heart or crown ripped apart now

[Chorus]

Yeah, you can't rap like me
You snap back, get back, smack a wack MC
Santiago, you ain't got the stats like me
To get busy and tap dance on tracks like me

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