

## Wu-Tang Clan f/ Kool G. Rap, M.O.P. "Ill Figures"

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[Intro: Raekwon] When I write my lyrics, it's like, it's like  
I want my shit to be phat, I want people to be able to  
understand Yo, Anybody can rhyme,  
youknowhatimsaying But it's what you saying that  
makes a person know about you Knowhatimsaying, you  
know the type of person you is So it's like really, I'm just  
more of just Being a street narrator (aiyo, what up,  
famo?) [Raekwon] Reefer lit, love hip hop, the  
gangstas got me like the broccoli Brooklyn baby  
cooling at a swat meet Real niggas wanna meet me,  
ladies wanna eat me Money clean Mercedes claim,  
baby, beat me Love getting dressed up, sweats and  
techs Ride around the hood, good, getting Gotti  
respect Hand is golden, an OG rolling and holding, yo  
Fresh kicks, soft leather, pockets is swollen Let my jam  
hit your tape deck, it's straight up, and made up For  
every real nigga with his gun on him, hate up Flying  
through the city nights, new flights Blue ice, hundred  
thousand in a Nike bag, license Drug shop, I'm sorry,  
Atari in the Ferrari Next see the Lex A Shallah, La  
Tam'pa Eating yo, all of us, scamma gangstas You  
know we honor, tip the kangol, cooling in the brown  
vengos [kung fu sample] I have never, giving up on a  
mission That's against my honor [Lil' Fame] Duke let  
me warn you, my niggas crip up Them young boys'll  
run up on you, shoot your whip up Brooklyn, nigga, beg  
for you life And my Staten Island homeys lay your ass  
down on Glaciers of Ice Sidewalk executives, live the  
street life consecutive We built for this, go for your gun  
My prospective is, another day in the life, of money and  
drugs Big hammers and slugs, can get ugly as fuck  
[Billy Danze] From the chest to your man Danze, ey  
Staten Island, said what up, yo, ey The homey ODB said  
what up, though, ey We got the Chef on deck as if you  
didn't know It's sharp as fuck, Wu, that's what up Pack it  
up, wanna rap, wanna rock, what up? Wanna pop, get  
up, fuck around and get your block hit up Bring your  
team and we'll box 'em up Think M.O.P. is not what up  
[kung fu sample] It seems I'm a bit late here Don't  
worry, these men are all gonna die [Kool G. Rap] See  
from the side where it slum at, dum at, rum at Cognac,

combat, contact, contrast Crom's packing out like  
Beyonce back She bang out a song like the Fonz back  
Bigger things, bring the slangs, slicker than the  
sharpest pen Nigga here, combat, sweet dick Willie T,  
Rudy Ray Moore game Woodgrain all in the board  
reigns, before rain flooded Like storm drains, boss  
man, bundling raw 'caine Fours bang, neighborhood  
war games Get your weight up, you looking anarexic  
Posted on the block proper with the hammer vested  
Bitch came with empty hands, that's the hand she left  
with Thirsty ass with the water and it sounded  
desperate Break a white an hour, based it forty grand  
invested Live within the third rail, you know the man  
electric Shit was like the third world, until I handle  
metrics, that next shit

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