

Wu-Tang Clan f/ Cappadonna, George Clinton, Streetlife "Tar Pit"

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[Hook: Method Man] + (George Clinton)

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside,
Westside)

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Westside)

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Westside)

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

[U-God]

Blood money mercenaries, think you can muscle Wu?

It's a foot race, who can out-hustle who?

Hip hop junkie flunky, monkey see, monkey do

Great minds connect like mobster rings

Sit back, let me do my, Sinatra thing

I'm in the Hip Hop Hall of Fame, on the wall is the
plaques

Old ball and chain, I named her Madam X

She love big cannons, sex unprotected

You better respect it, kid, we 'bout to set trip

You get ya neck ripped, eyeballs are scoping

I don't sell crack, I sell dopium

Catch him at the podium, nah, he moving too fast

Professor X, behind the bulletproof glass

You need a Wu pass, a bag of that high

Easy with the flicks, baby, I'm camera shy

[Hook: Method Man] + (George Clinton)

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

[Cappadonna]

We might have to 8 Diagram one of y'all MC's

We grind everyday and we hustle for cheese

Got our face on the front of CD's, we off the hook

W.T.C. y'all soft and shook

Y'all not built like the Cuban Linx Clan that get CREAM

And back heads down every time we sing

Give us a hundred grand for a show, let us rock

For more money, more chicks, more private stock

[Streetlife]

They call me Streetlife, slap the taste
Out ya mug, know ya place, you ain't thug, fix ya face
Throw a slug, catch a case
Meanwhile, beat trial, back on that cash cow
Getting CREAM, however, a street brother know how
Point blank, I'm pulling rank, calling shot, I got bank
Pass the rock, my hand's hot, hit 'em with the
showshotter
Peace to my ala mater, Wu-Tang block scholars
Never settle for less, promoters pay us top dollar

[Hook: Method Man] + (George Clinton)

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[Outro: George Clinton]

The Clan'll talk, Calabama niggaz all'll quit
Talking that short dick shit, we was s'posed to be cool
Only the clue's on the other end of the stick
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo
Chickenhead skeezer crackrock hoodrat
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
Barney here is down to a feeding dreadlock
Armpit like two Buckwheat's in a headlock
Macy Gray's hair between your leg lock
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll
down her back
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
{*coughs*} This shit is strong, god damn, what you
got in there?
Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo

Chickenhead skeezer crackhead hoodrat
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage
Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll
down her back
Calabama niggaz all'll quit
Talking that short dick shit
Speak up, no loud speaker but I'm speaking loud
Venacular ass kicking, truth got there in crowd
Shit, they call me the lethal lip
The linguistic, full metal jacket of venacular ballistic
Shooting out at the mouth without Chap or Blistec
Here's a mothafucka, I didn't flunk diaper rash
I'm verbally toxic, metal-piercing, forked, hollow point
tongue
Dum dum, pow, shot from gattling gums
Hooked on phonics, packing a vicious vocabulary
Malicious, with malice and mayhem
Fuck a dictionary, give me the mic and I'll slay
Them and literally poetic symptoms
Pissing me the fuck off, missing me with that shit
I stick a venacular foot so far up in ya ass
You won't be able to pass verbal gas
So far in ya ass that one of my knees will rise so far
above ya head
And you drown of a poetic ass kicking
Leaving lyrical lacerations on your lungs, from a verbal
hangnail
That hung on my big toe, as I flow upward
Kicking yo on ya eardrum, you wanna hear some?
Tap dance on ya tonsils, leaving kiwi shoe polish on ya
breath
Cavity in ya best rhyme, and I'm the access on the rest
Call me the proverbial verbal menacing dentist
With the drill, I got lyrical skills
I could perform oral root canals
It's unwise to fuck with me
Kick ya wisdom teeth down ya throat
Leaving you to choke
On where it hurts, unspoken vocals
Tying down ya vocal cord and windpipe tight
With toe jamming and ya mothafucking hemmoroids
Fuck the dumb shit...

Visit [Wu-Tang Clan f/ Cappadonna, George Clinton, Streetlife](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.