

Big L "Furious Anger"

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(feat. Shyheim)

[Reporter:]

Shyheim, the youngest member of the Wu-Tang Clan,
was jumped at
A Staten Island club, and his face still bares the scar.

[car spinning out of control and crashing]

[beat drops]

[multiple gunshots]

[Samuel L. Jackson:] "And you will know my name is the
lord... "

[Big L:]

Shyheim, yeah
Corleone
Uh-huh, check it out

Y'all niggas be walkin the streets, iced out
Not knowin the walk, so put the price out
To get you stuck and punch ya lights out
Or catch ya car in the night and snatch ya wife out
And beat the hoe up if you don't give the dough up
You got me pissed off, frontin and ya whole clique soft
If ya had ya Roly on, I might cut ya wrist off
Then lick off, and slide ya bitch off, punk
I hope ya ready for the kick-off
Ya flankin niggas and I'm gettin rich off
I done sold coke, sold crack, sold smoke, sold smack
Now I wanna go plat', can I get it sold plat'
It ain't no part a time out, once I climb out
The garbage can, with 2 nines out, and blow ya spine
out
Or I got you cats by a long-shot, every song hot
1-3-9 and Lennox is a strong block
I left enough a y'all stinkin
What the fuck was y'all thinkin?
My shit's tight, nigga, I spit writin
Yo, what?

[Shyheim:]

Young outlaw, the state wanna get rid a me

I'll probably die from the death penalty
Y'all analog, Shyheim I keep it digity
I'm not pussy so I don't need security
Like Big L, I'm MVP on the street
I did wet more people than the pool and the beach
So be easy, or I'll expose you like shock TV
O.G., that's why they put me in a movie
Don't screw me, cause if I punch you in ya face
You'll probably try and sue me, and take me to Judge
Judy
Look me in my eyes cause ya handshake don't fool
thee
Stapleton Staten Islander, the name's marked on the
calender
Ain't no screwin off a silencer, uh-uh

[gunshots]

[Samuel L. Jackson:]

"And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance
And furious anger on those who attempt to poison and
destroy
My brothers, and you will know my name is the lord."

[Big L:]

If you got somethin to say, then cough it out
Cause niggas be wantin beef, but when you pull out
The heat they ready to talk it out
What is there to talk about?
You was just frontin, now it ain't nuttin
Ain't that somethin? I should start bustin anyway
And put one a you punks in the ground
Y'all niggas be killin me with y'all faces round, jumpin
around
Like you scarin us, not even
Cause me and Shy' gon' be some thugs til we stop
breathin

[Samuel L. Jackson:] "My name is the lord... "

[Shyheim:]

Niggas be actin like they hoodlums
Until they get shot up or locked up, now they Bloods
and Muslims
In the Wu, benz bang em like a Benz, touch kid nuttin
thin
Put his ear to his chin
I gotta win and beat this game of dyin rich and old
Cause these playa-hatin niggas wanna block my gold
It's untold like the truth, they thirsty for my juice
But when I let loose, have them jumpin out they boots

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