

Wu-Tang Clan Feat. Dexter Wiggle "Unpredictable"

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Plush whips and rollies, ice chains and stogies
No bitch could hold me in this Thug World

I hold it with the bolo grip, solo control the strip
Behold, P.L.O. the click, man, it's over with
So quick, notice how we bang with the knuckles bare
Wu-Tang, keep it fresh like tupperware

The Jungle, Animal House, gat in your mouth
Polly with the wild life, cannibal out
Give this five course meal in effect, reel to reel or
cassette
Or with the mask on, peelin' the tech

Killah Hill, man, you feelin' my set, feelin' my rep
Annamette with the top down, wheelin' the 'Vette
Scoop me downtown, cop the brown and back to the
bids
Twist a blunt in front of Jake and still mash on the strip

Face sick with the rap shit, stackin' them chips
In the pits, stick shit, cats packin' them grips
Bad bitch with the black six, after my dick
She like, this your pussy and she smash my click

Not a fake, not a fraud, see my name on the wall
Niggaz straight, like an inmate, tryin' make the board
Snake waitin', dudes came for sure, I lay law
Stay raw, 'cause a 'Massacre' with no 'Chainsaw'

Half y'all talk about it but you don't want war
See my wolves eat the bones and we still want more
We be foamin' at the mouth, even, I doubt we leave
without eatin'
So without reason, pounds are squeezin'

The lifestyle of fiends and beans, big dreams and
cream
Bitches ride like the Scream Machine
For a taste of it, the chick strip, clean out the jeans
Next thing she was smugglin' coke between the seams

If real niggaz is listenin', the life we livin' is wrong
(Witty Wu-Tang is unpredictable, witty Wu-Tang is unpredictable)
Back for transitions, to save us from harm

We in the race for time, so we won't lose our mind
But if we run the race like a thug
We would lose that mind that we made of

You kept the weapon concealed
Like a magician's secret dollar bill
Liable to pull a knife from out of his heel
Snatch the sword from the rock with one hand
One finger, bzz, turn ya body to sand

You'll be hopin' you'd be Spidey, to get away from this
You be hopin', you be whitey when the judge get pissed
One man, can't uplift the land
Like Method Man standin' on the hands of fans

See the Captain and Lieutenants, true descendant
Splendid, unprecedented, hip hop vintage
Started from the park benches, before the narcs could
snitch us
He was God Cypher Divine, tryin' to spark the whizzes

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