

Egma

"Box in Hand"

Visit "[Box in Hand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: *sung*]

Wu Tang will survive, no no no-no no no
Wu Tang will survive
Cause every time they flip a party
You know the party screams and shouts
Cause you... DAMN! Aw, TC that was the bomb...

[Ghostface]

Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones
All of em
Lay em a death warrant
Aaaah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what
Let em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo

[Verse One: Raekwon]

Blend wine, who want to win mine
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin
With the richest, huh
Flexed out, Flinstone style
Your crimi-nal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the
Mosyin, posin for them niggaz up in Poland
Rollin wax style museum, G 'em
Them richest niggaz bless this
Like Russian cut VVS's
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this
Them niggaz over there know, Gazelle goggles
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwin' bottles (bottles)
Scenario rap, rap imperial, material (uh, yo yo, yo, yo)
Murderin' cats is like that real

[Verse Two: Ghostface]

Yo come do me somethin word to Michelob peep the
Land Rov'
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black,
granola rap
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in
Photomat
Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town
We love horse races shakin Jakes and high-speed

chases
Porno stations, drinkin violations, God relations
90 minute Maxell tapes, instrumental breaks
Bangin earaches, lay my verse down in two takes
The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen
Murder the DJ's eyes twitchin, woofer hiss in

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Yo, he's strong armin, manipulatin niggaz, scrapin
niggaz
Takin play from niggaz, hate fakin niggaz, yo you hear
me?
The whole shit's like wrestling
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexin

[Verse Three: Method Man]

This rap shit bust yo' gums, and leave you stunned
Pull your plug, now you can't function
There's no to-tal or sum to this equa-tion, you fro-zen
Many may come but few are cho-sen
Pretty niggaz want to play the war po-sin
When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their
shine stolen
Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man
Holding court from my Wu, indivisible clan
I see your thoughts and your hand reachin
It's getting deep in this mud
Cats heat seekin, for one blood
Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shootin at these
stank bitches
Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches
From the lamp I grant three wishes
Johnny be parlayin, I Blaze britches, then I roll
One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body
One hundred percent soul, individual
Assholes tend to run
From this PLO extortion to the one
The next chamber, you fuckin with the star spangler
To the dawn's early light with this head-banger
Boogie, represent this shit fully
Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully
Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly
Like a fat bitch in Spandex, free Willy!
We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine
Niggaz wastin time worryin about me and mine
Get your own shit

Visit [Egma](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

