

Dave Dudley

"Grand Prix"

Visit "[Grand Prix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Inspectah Deck]

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the lyrical grand
prix

We have our drivers racin for a \$3,000,000 purse
Winner takes all, gentlemen start your engines...

Give me room, hit the tune
Feature presentation comin soon, early June
Killa Bee platoon, well groomed
Spells doom, raise the volume
You react like a werewolf in a full moon
With the force of a trojan horse
Pushin, flowin, have your seatbelt fastened
We blastin into orbit, Wu restore the new chamber
Wu-banger number 9, expert precision and design
Mastermind the plan took a matter of time
>From the confinds of the cold world I shine
It's amazin, the grace, changin in the place
Blazin the brakes, invadin your space
Which remains in the race, claimin first place
Raisin the stakes, it's a game to disgrace
I hold many jewels, drop more than I wear
I come in peace, prepare for the warfare
The invincible fold, when they're caught in the square
and the talk mad shit when the coast is clear

Yes, ladies and gentlemen
We've just completed the first lap

[Street Life]

Blood kin, knowledge, knowledge, I build with rap
scholars
Guns and wallets, prowess, Staten Island stylist
12 men roster, live long, prosper
Street philosopher, you end up like Jimmy Hoffa
Ain't a damn thing changed but the aim, bullet range
Strange universe, I was nursed to blow your mainframe
Think first, convert, all verse live in concert
Pull a skirt, burst, while y'all niggaz star search
Mind your's, why you eyein mines for
Posin like a Matten dog, I must got somethin you wanna

die for

Touch mine, reach him up, his headline, both grant
9 inch rusty splint push through your nose is vent
Got my eyes on the grand prize, place your bet
Watch me win it by a landslide, pull off an upset
Hold the burner close by my hands and my pocket
Hold the trophy high and keep my eyes on the prophet

[Inspectah Deck]

And a new driver has entered the contest
Ladies and gentlemen, driver number 99
In the red car...

[U-God]

Fog lights beam, car 99 supreme
A high-powered machine spits sparks of baroline
The smell of gasoline, motor roar, the crowd roars
The rag tuck rip, box cut caught in my jaws
Enforcin my laws, rap mirage in my garage
The grease lightnin, dusty rose, shake him, bon
voyage
Now duel of the iron, flyin fueled for you writers
The speed demon, rebel talk, triggers, freedom
fighters
Was tracked in the cock pit, I'm writin exact
I'm crushin corners, who that kid ridin the track
with the Wu helmet, 6th nigga, 5 cars track
The last but not least, I bliss through the scrimmage
No brakes, I dart, I'm racin for the finish
Understand my hunger for my land down under
It's the thunderous rush, after the sounds get crush
The purse snatchin pound, by all means snatch cream
tear your ass out of town

[Inspectah Deck]

As we near the final lap
Team Wu-Tang seems to be buildin
a sizeable lead on the competition

Yo, I know how to fold 'em like Kenny Rogers
Popular demand, overstand these pirahnas
Movin on the track like a Monaco GT
I stand out similar to 3D on your TV
Easily breezin watchin the speed dial climb
Style of rhyme, left the foes miles behind
Leavin skid marks on the charts
Aimed at the hearts of the fake, sparked on the tapes
It's starts from the gate, darts penetrate
Freestyle as the decoy to sharpen the bait
Holdin major weight, my Supreme Team dominates
Circulatin, takin all bets you plates

In and out of state, twirlin L's on the freeway
NY to SC, NC to VA, GA to MD, CA to KY
FL to IL, TX to MI

As we near the checkered flake, ladies and gentlemen
Team Wu-Tang's holdin down the 1st, 2nd and 3rd
positions
And it looks like it's goin to be another sure win for
Team Wu-Tang
As they take home another pot of gold with this
\$3,000,000 purse
Rebel INS, U-God, Street Life

Get the loot, get the loot
Cash money y'all, cash money y'all, cash money y'all

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.