

# Mathematics f/ Cappadonna, Inspectah Deck, Method Man, U-God

## "The Spotlight"

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[Intro: Method Man]

Come on! Yeah... yeah..

Yo, yo.

[Chorus 2X: Cappadonna]

Wu-Tang, we always in the Spot Lite

Get paper, every night is hot night

We stay tight, we just livin' our life

We just livin' our life

[Method Man]

I drink till I'm drunk, smoke skunk with my stinkin ass,  
smell the funk

Eekin out the pours, cum stain, shitty drawers

Pissin' down ya elevators shaft, no class, writin graf' on  
ya walls

It be us, fuck ya law, nigga, my cause is "because"

No yin to my yang, it's a black thing

Used to be in chains, now we snatch chains

Took the crack game applied it to the rap game, y'all

Pop quiz, now, what artist hits the hardest?

Get down with the syndrome: retarded

I think it was them swordsmen, place ya chess pieces  
on the boards and

Take it to square, this ain't no Yacub affair

Or a New World Disorder, got us, fuckin the coal  
miner's daughter

That y'all, but not us

Fly back, flag a cab and say "check ya"

Next time you see me, say peace and I'll respect ya,  
Tical

[Chorus 2X]

[U-God]

Yo, lights, cameras, don't forget the action

The needle skip, but the turntable scratchin'

Chain blow, bangles, heavy on the cashin'

Same old, Range rove', rainbow Manhattan

Craftmen, captive, still I'm avalanchin'

Holy war, handsome, break 'em off harassin'

Latest fashion, passion, bullets reign gashin'  
Flippin' through frenzy, the same Wu-Tang  
The Hollywood frame, purple haze stain  
Rules of dame, fools, choose to bang  
Nigga, you lose, Wu, bruise the game  
A few men came, that really held weight  
Drop, Chinese bars, stars in fifty-two states  
Like, bats out of hell, we crash the gates  
Without a base, left the gun powder case  
Ladies chase, the hip-hop Babyface

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude: Inspectah Deck]

Word up, throw your hands in the air, like you just don't  
care  
Wu-Tang in your atmosphere, everybody say "Yeah,  
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

[Inspectah Deck]

Mic Capone, it's best to avoid my strike zone  
I zone and swing a sword that'll slice stone  
Nice clone, but you could never match the born master  
Who tore back half the world, and still saught after by  
Dick ridin' niggaz, and chicks who do ditto  
Singin' like the Four Tops, providin' info  
See me low, through the Jeep window, the chrome  
spins slow  
Gene-ral on the J.O., survival M.O  
For now get wild, similar to Ol' Dirty  
A third time felon just hit with over thirty  
Note worthy style, have them so thirsty  
First degree heat, you quittin' on me  
Cold turkey, no mercy

[Chorus 2X]

[Cappadonna]

Wu-Tang, put you in the Cobra Clutch, til you give up  
Ya'll can live up to, Witty Unpredictable  
Street mentality, return of the cavalry  
36 Chambers, we off key block  
Black on the block, tell ya D.J.'s to quit  
M.C.'s, to stop that bullshit  
Me, Ghost and Rae, we known to pull shit  
Step with the brick, on some Ice Water shit  
Wallo's in all colors (now) let's get chips, like  
Robbin' the bank, pull up with the new whips  
Don't get mad, respect rank  
No matter how you gettin' dough, give thanks  
Everybody hold up your shanks

[Chorus 2X]

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