

## U-God

### "Wu-tang"

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[Chorus: U-God]

You ain't heard us in a minute, you heard us in a  
minute, man

(Wu-Tang! )

I keep banging on you niggas, finger on my trigger,  
man

(Wu-Tang! )

[U-God:]

I love bankrolls, stank hoes, camera shots, Kangols,  
bangles

Pink records, check it, yeah, I make those

More paper than Kinko's, check my lingo, bingo

On my face, honey, not a wrinkle, trinkle

My twinkle twinkle, make your toenails crinkle

Twist up a dinkle, and honey, let's mingle, jingle

When the nightfall, I'm tight with my white walls

The greedy pain, draining on my life force

Behold the pale white horse, the hype loss with tight  
jaws

Fight law off, cause I don't like ya'll

Huh, I'm from the tar pits, the hard target to squash the  
market

You're brain washed, watch the starships

I make cars flip, Deck bomb atomic, Islamic arms

Kiss the comet, this time, he's gone

I grip the don, rip arms out the socket, cock it

Fly logic, now watch me sky rocket, watch it

Hot as the tropic get, bulletproof asaphogus

Steel cage confidence, burn it on a floppy disc

Swerve the metropolis, my whole team in back of me

You just a half of ki, I'm a coke factory

[Chorus x2]

[Method Man:]

Yo, thank god it's Friday, like it's just me and my chick

Cruising the highway, she twisting my piff

You see I'm living proof that crime pay, the type that go  
at a bitch

The type to shoot the gift, and blow every clip

I know this money like the back of my hand, you get the  
back of my hand  
Just like a fiend who took a package and ran  
Po-po be hopping out of passenger vans, harrassing  
niggas in Park Hill  
For marked bills, ratchets and grams  
So I move like I'm ducking a charge, I'm trying to set up  
shop  
Get this gwop, get the fuck out of dodge  
Most my niggas like to puff in the car, most these hoes  
emotionally scared  
And keep the works stuffed in they bras  
This is ghetto rap, where the pot be calling the kettle  
black  
My bullets trynna see where they head is at, I'm  
heading back  
To the slums, back to the block, I got the Clan on my  
back  
And you know we heading back to the top, nigga

[Chorus x2]

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