

# Wu-Tang Clan, Tar Pit

(Hook: Method Man (George Clinton))

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)  
Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (Eastside, Westside)  
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Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

(U-God)

Blood money mercenaries, think you can muscle Wu?  
It's a foot race, who can out-hustle who?  
Hip hop junkie flunky, monkey see, monkey do  
Great minds connect like mobster rings  
Sit back, let me do my, Sinatra thing  
I'm in the Hip Hop Hall of Fame, on the wall is the plaques  
Old ball and chain, I named her Madam X  
She love big cannons, sex unprotected  
You better respect it, kid, we 'bout to set trip  
You get ya neck ripped, eyeballs are scoping  
I don't sell crack, I sell dopium  
Catch him at the podium, nah, he moving too fast  
Professor X, behind the bulletproof glass  
You need a Wu pass, a bag of that high  
Easy with the flicks, baby, I'm camera shy

(Hook: Method Man (George Clinton))

Get that money, God, keep your sword sharp (1-2-3-4)

(Cappadonna)

We might have to 8 Diagram one of y'all MC's  
We grind everyday and we hustle for cheese  
Got our face on the front of CD's, we off the hook  
W.T.C. y'all soft and shook  
Y'all not built like the Cuban Linx Clan that get CREAM  
And back heads down every time we sing  
Give us a hundred grand for a show, let us rock  
For more money, more chicks, more private stock

(Streetlife)

They call me Streetlife, slap the taste  
Out ya mug, know ya place, you ain't thug, fix ya face  
Throw a slug, catch a case  
Meanwhile, beat trial, back on that cash cow  
Getting CREAM, however, a street brother know how  
Point blank, I'm pulling rank, calling shot, I got bank  
Pass the rock, my hand's hot, hit 'em with the showshotter  
Peace to my ala mater, Wu-Tang block scholars  
Never settle for less, promoters pay us top dollar

(Hook: Method Man (George Clinton))

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(Outro: George Clinton)

The Clan'll talk, Calabama niggaz all'll quit  
Talking that short dick shit, we was s'posed to be cool  
Only the clue's on the other end of the stick  
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage

Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo  
Chickenhead skeezer crackrock hoodrat  
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage  
Barney here is down to a feeding dreadlock  
Armpit like two Buckwheat's in a headlock  
Macy Gray's hair between your leg lock  
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage  
Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back  
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage  
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage  
(coughs) This shit is strong, god damn, what you got in there?  
Over-crowded police blood bamboo bimbo  
Chickenhead skeezer crackhead hoodrat  
Somebody let the monkeys out the cage  
Ya mother's so cross-eyed, when she cry tears roll down her back  
Calabama niggaz all'll quit  
Talking that short dick shit  
Speak up, no loud speaker but I'm speaking loud  
Venacular ass kicking, truth got there in crowd  
Shit, they call me the lethal lip  
The linguistic, full metal jacket of venacular ballistic  
Shooting out at the mouth without Chap or Blistec  
Here's a mothafucka, I didn't flunk diaper rash  
I'm verbally toxic, metal-piercing, forked, hollow point tongue  
Dum dum, pow, shot from gattling gums  
Hooked on phonics, packing a vicious vocabulary  
Malicious, with malice and mayhem  
Fuck a dictionary, give me the mic and I'll slay  
Them and literally poetic symptoms  
Pissing me the fuck off, missing me with that shit  
I stick a venacular foot so far up in ya ass  
You won't be able to pass verbal gas  
So far in ya ass that one of my knees will rise so far above ya head  
And you drown of a poetic ass kicking  
Leaving lyrical lacerations on your lungs, from a verbal hangnail  
That hung on my big toe, as I flow upward  
Kicking yo on ya eardrum, you wanna hear some?  
Tap dance on ya tonsils, leaving kiwi shoe polish on ya breath  
Cavity in ya best rhyme, and I'm the access on the rest  
Call me the proverbial verbal menacing dentist  
With the drill, I got lyrical skills  
I could perform oral root canals  
It's unwise to fuck with me  
Kick ya wisdom teeth down ya throat  
Leaving you to choke  
On where it hurts, unspoken vocals  
Tying down ya vocal cord and windpipe tight  
With toe jamming and ya mothafucking hemmoroids  
Fuck the dumb shit...