

# Wu-Tang Clan, Claudine (feat. Method Man, Gho

You ever feel that pain, when you lose someone  
So much dear in your heart  
Knowing that you never get those moments back  
Wishin' you could bring'em back  
Just to hug'em and just hold'em  
And kiss'em one time  
(Mathematics, Mathematics)

Uh it's done, I forgot to see what's real  
Living in this pink ink mind mine  
(You didn't find love) (Unified love)  
You think its fine to play with all what I have left  
It's a cold world out there and I can't take this silence  
See all the things I'm going through  
I don't know why  
But I know that you  
Are you with me?  
And that's all that matters now  
If I got you, oh, you got me, you see

I got one for the lovers, two for the ones we loss  
I know, I know, I know  
We gotta keep it up, yeah  
We'd now losing us  
Three for the summers, four the nights we cry  
I know, I know, I know  
We keep tryin'  
Keep fallin' for our love

I only love her when she mad at me  
She mass crappy  
That make up sex be mad nasty  
Our heads be bumping like bad (acting)  
Sad actually  
She turned the back to get back at me  
And bang tracked me, but we happy  
Just take it back and unbackstab me  
"and that's my story and I'm sticking to it" I'm not taggy  
If she the mama, I'd be the papi no need to ask me  
If she attract me I'd blow'er back and she need a nappy  
In a feed up position like in a womb  
You're not feeling I given that much, you be feeling it soon  
Just assume another chick could never fit in your loose  
She just tryna be the dish that runaway with the spoon, nah  
If we Gon clean house, gotta start in our room  
One broom and I get clean out, never start with a goon  
Leave it up to boomer we always stop with a boom  
I got time that they straight up, and we started at noon

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I reflect on the scriptures and old pictures  
Staring at my mama in the kitchen doing dishes  
Despite how she was living who am I to judge  
But what've learned, if your mama is alive show her love  
The pain that I experienced overthrough the fame  
Carry me for not much she pushed, then I came

That's why the seed is so attracted to they mom on this plane  
To never hear her voice again, it'd never be the same  
When the dead is free set, you feel like your soul is sold  
Then sadness, you find yourself crying in the open  
Her face was cold, she felt my tearz in the casquette  
And every drop that fell in the cheek, I cry acid  
Beat you every photos and flowers over the cemetery  
And cries just like the end of Cooley High  
Mama come back we miss you  
Come back for a couple of days so I can just hug you and kiss you

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