

# Wu-Tang Clan, Duck Season

[Raekwon the Chef]

Scrape y'all motherfuckers  
This is my word, when you see us  
When you see us flashing and shining  
And building and adding on  
Y'all niggaz just watch it, hear me  
Only ones that who we got respect for  
Is them niggaz that we say peace to  
Hear me, pay attention, put your shoes on  
Yo, my team be bellyaching hungry niggaz on the swarm again  
Pirahna niggaz bite dick, yo Son, it's on again  
What up, he made a move, try to assist it  
Listen kid yo, you was born to be a pawn but I'm a bishop  
Back to the novel, you Son, it's logical  
How you figure God, what, flow on the track, flip the obstacle  
Now my proposal, it's the global  
&gt;From California to courts, it's over God, so taste the tofu  
Remember baggy jeans, the Timberlands in November  
Shorty called me Santa in December  
But guess what, my Wally's got messed up  
Autograph presser what, blast enough to blow your rest up  
We scrape that, Land O' Lake that  
My dolo rapper get you sent back  
Represent the gentlemens who bent that  
Flash medallions like Italians  
La costra nostra, we moving through your hood like a poster  
Flex this, Lex and Diamonds hold the settlement  
So keep the bust the gun Boo  
Like that bad ass bitch in Dead Presidents  
Add on, the billboard sloan  
Check it now, you get the gold dick award  
It's like jail and it's the sixth floor  
Test me, floating in the S.E., now let's see  
Half of y'all niggaz built your rhyme from my sess tree  
Faggots, homos, yo, my flavor liver than a dobo  
Stay militant kid, push it like bolo  
You fucking idiot, playing with my Clan but you be fearing it  
Face one, I'm guaranteed to make you take one  
Please, y'all niggaz money getting low  
But did you come back, set up shop, and get the phat dough  
Tired of y'all, mostly inspired by y'all  
So what the deal now, blinking with us or put your shield down  
Faggot, fuck fuck around punk, battle for cream nigga

[RZA]

You want to pound crab, nah let his hand swing  
I ought to punch a hole in his palm with these pointy ass rings  
No more said, knew your chump ass was dead  
When I saw the four four reflecting off your shiny forehead  
It's Wu-Tang nigga, ain't nothing changed nigga  
Still shame on a nigga, who tried to run game  
Get virgin and perversions, fucking bitches with Persian  
Bugs watching niggaz like the surgeon, it's the surgeon slugs  
still pounds when Bobby Steels 12 gauge gonna pay deadly chronicles  
We, held up in Gotham take heed and protect your seeds  
We fall like all the leaves, who lack tranquility  
In your rap utility to fuck with the abilities  
Raised like a sperm cell to the ovary  
Microphone post tone like a rotary phone  
Age of poems and poetry, old sloans  
Explosive head bullets, black hooded  
Invalid footed ninjas, who full metal jacket clips  
And know how to put it in you  
Surrender your goods and your merchandise  
For no purchase price, I'm certainly a heist

For your ice and curtains and vice  
Come quietly, Wu-Tang Clan rules society  
Because of variety, so maintain your high anxiety  
And lead them to defy me, diary...  
I need 18 points for my next joint  
This high and mounted king, to make a deal  
I be the one to appoint, Steve Ripken must have been sniffing  
To catch something so dope, it left minor c-lits pussy dripping  
I fuck hundreds of bitches, and split millions of dollars  
And built with thousands of scholars  
My life saga from the hildred of horor  
Legal kid brown in Nicaragua  
Gave birth to MC's, seeds and bank robbers  
We drove with pistol whips into world-wide trips  
And my dick's been sucked by the finest lips  
Stand to tell the contestants, in the world's best repressment  
But none of the above compare to the one-twenty lessons  
Or my queen and my seeds, in the home that I rest in  
Enter my dome get blown to 99 sections  
[Method Man]

This rhyme has no limitations, this time there's no hesitation  
Collecting minds at the door, you want it niggaz it's yours  
The flavors raw, what the fuck you think I'm flowing for  
It's rhyme and reason, bite the bullet  
Niggaz is foul in this duck season  
We add odds till we even motherfucker  
Bad asses, high times, lower classes  
Taste mine, straight shots in dirty glasses  
Bring it to him, room service, under pressure  
And mad nervous, waving guns at the clergy  
Ticallion, we ain't worried  
Keep them sick niggaz seven-thirty  
Picture this, watch the birdy  
This bastards is rolling dirty  
With sharp pins that be stabbing you  
Pins and needles, needles and pins  
Nuff said, dick in your mouth  
Like pimp was bled, as I race track with thoroughbreds  
Ducking the feds

[Raekwon the Chef]  
Yo, my ice slow fly up on the keyboard son  
Niggaz ran up on me law, praising what we do by the lords  
That's right, exile the fake, hit them niggaz like weight  
Feed a fool, let the fake evaporate  
Reconstruction, that's the whole science of mine  
Production, ya'll niggas guess who stuck son  
Left his meth son, switch, finger itch  
Staring at you like a bitch, maybe y'all niggaz snitch  
Youse a loner, Adidas shell top with lye  
sipping Corona, read the rev report then bone her  
Buy you some jewels, here's some food  
Not neccessarily mean to be rude boo, check out the analoo  
We in the mushrooms, chased the high neck in the custom  
Baggy jeans, thick ropes god, sliding through customs  
Chill, y'all niggaz know what time it is  
James Bond Beamers behind me, on Bacardi Lime and  
check out the pitch like Nolan Ryan  
He cought a slug for lying  
Yeah you was lying, where's the cash, crying  
Militia, rolling in position  
Casa Blanca Cuban Link Christian  
Lex the tally back whistling, fake fucks