

Wu-Tang Clan, Iron Flag

[Intro/Chorus: Raekwon]

Murder one of y'all niggaz..

Get to hurtin one of y'all niggaz..

Bitches, snatch the shirt off one of y'all niggaz

[Raekwon the Chef]

... kick dirt

Color glocks splitters just listen there's UFO visitors

Fly paintings remainin, reclinin pro-comissioner

One boot off he Rudolph, know he hyped flew off

Hibernatin, dead in the makin, ear-rake him, gear-rake him

Technician murderer, Wu hit the universe

Our words is crush, fingers icy slush, ringers wants Mercedes bust

Tip bottles, Movado, sailin in some Wu googles you follow

Mail and jail letters, sendin niggaz lottos

What made you murder my flow, what made you rival my clothes

What made you -- fuck it, yo son these niggaz gotta owe

I think a lot of flows, I flip exotic hoes

We paintin pictures if it's (?) I seen a lot of those

Gettin fly with Ghost, power just buy the boats

RZA your vision is exquisite, daddy hide your scrolls

Platonic chronic shows, tonic prose

Off the meter Panasonic know, son line me a ho

[Masta Killa]

Devestatin shockwaves strikin the nation

Newsflash, warn the people, assassination

The hour of detonation, pure untampered or mixed in any form

In any form mixed untampered it's pure

Dissect each line of the rhyme

Find my ingredients and nutrients

Teach patience and obedience before movement

Killer bee student enrollment

I'm out your control and expose if it's synthetic

Quote these plush degrees as I inject, there's many at risk

Slang therapist Shallah Rae

plus the people, with magnificent wordplay

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Aiyyo you know the half, some get respect, most we show the path

They quoted tracks while we spoke math, blowin fast

Expose the craft, first picks chosen in the draft

I don't flash, hoes love me cause I hold a stash

Known to blast, paramedics couldn't close the gash

Floatin past in an alley with the oak dash

Show the cash, watch it blow in half, it's no fair

They goin mad, check their tape recorders and their notepads

Crabs wanna play me close and grab

Can't believe you on the canvas, I'm just throwin jabs

Where the powers you supposed to have, hand in your soldier rag

You posin bad, show your ass son, you won't last

With heavy weights that elevate the whole mass

Compose a smash, rollin grass at Ghost lab

[samples scratched: "drink to your new life.. iron flag brothers"]