

Wu-Tang Clan, Wolves

(Chorus: George Clinton)

The fox, is kinda foxy, Mr. Wolf he's the guy
Who chased Red through the woods and ate Grandma
But a dog is a dog is a dog is a dog
Unlike the wolf, who made a widower of Grandpa

(U-God)

Yo, must I flex my cash, to sex yo' ass
I wet the Ave. when I set my path
The 'Vette don't crash, I'm built to long last
Grab my money clip, I hit the bong fast
Earn my respect, my checks they better cash
Finger on the trigger with my nigga Fred Glass
Knuckles is brass, start snuffin you fast
Jumpin outta cabs, grabbin money bags
Next shot go right through your hovercraft
You do the math my answer tounge slash
When will you learn it's return of Shaft
The genuine thriller, the Miller Draft
My force might blur, the Porsche'll purr
The apple martini, of course it's stirred
I'll do the honor, the Shaolin bomber
Shark skin armor, I'll bring the drama

(Chorus)

(Method Man)

Damn, defecatin on the map
Wu-Tang takin it back, no fakin in the rap
How real is that, you niggaz hatin on the fact
that the kid is blazin this track and hatin on 'em back
My dough's stacked up with O's, who the mack
duckin po'-po's blowin smoke O's in the 'Llac
To be exact, don't want no hassle with the stack
In the Big Apple, we the rotten apples in the back
Yeah, it's all grillin, how the fuck y'all feelin?
Non-stop park killin, on the block we was killin 'em
The arch villains, when the blood start spillin
Any stuck start squealin, body bags we was fillin 'em
Yeah, now I got it in the smash
A ounce ya man wanted and a llama in the dash
Me and my comrades followin the cash
And livin e'ry day like tomorrow is the last

(Chorus)

(Interlude: George Clinton)

I'm like the savior dog to ya baby when you're lost out in the snow
Like a coyote out on the desert...
Where the foxes never go
And the wolf, they never go...

(Masta Killa)

Yo, would you recognize a jewel for what it is when you see it
Or would you take it for somethin else and get to' the fuck up
Men come together for the common cause
To beat yo' ass, just because
There's a line you don't cross offendin the boss
While of course his one selectin through your head shot
I'm back in the yard again, the bars callin
15 sets of this will have you swollen
Ladies like, "Damn papa you lookin right
I'd love to give you some of this pussy and I'm a dyke"
I write when the energy's right to spark friction

DJ cuttin it, spinnin it back mixin
Great pop knock tickin, poetry description
for the motion picture reenactment
Activate a higher assassin, keep it classic
Rap evolution every black, yo pass that

(Chorus)

(Interlude)