

Dancing With Wolves

Wu-Tang Clan

Aiyyo

Summer ride show down, it's about to go down
Beretta 9 creapin through the fold, nigga, one round
Bloodhound, no sound, check out how I get down
One knee aimin for yo' headpiece, lay down
This is not a playground, did you in, a tre-pound
I'm so loud that y'all niggaz throw a pound
So it's a must that I explain her
Don't want no dog's retainer
Forever will I shine and remain a.. a.. a..
Champ without a warnin, I cherish every moment
I shoot like if I'm on my last
Yo check it out how I blast
My subjects went out and got bought
Take a circle breast shot, took us to the rooftop.. top..
Don't play my next onslaught, this is how a wolf fought
You could get a get-got, Gods watched the hill top
Nigga check the red dot, fakin off yo' Dodge parked
All you heard was yo' heart stop, my nigga

Yo, check the topic to this essay

It's murder in the first, ese?
As I bust a slug through yo' fragile statue
But that's actual, precise timed and on point like a marksman
Four-four, rubber grip, Summer of Sam specialist
Take this four-hundred grain thought that'll pierce ya cranium
From the rear, I don't give a fuck, this is my year
I'm takin this rap shit back from the wack
Fuck who you are kid, fuck where you representin
And after, basically my mentality is on some '93 shit
When you had to Protect Ya Neck in this shit
To be an MC, now it's al about the tight clothes
Crossover flows, platinum jewelery to get a plaque in the industry
But never the I-S-L-O-R-D, I keep my shit muddy
Stay gummy, ya fake ass gangstas

Aiyyo

We still comin, stay gunnin, stay sunnin
Shine top of the 4th hit, we run shit
Classic black matches, Killarm', ice charm
In the black Yukon, you fuckin bastard
Still comin, stay gunnin, stay sunnin
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Call me the rebel, bust thirty-three shots at the Devil
Tell 'im I love 'im just because I made 'im
Plus there ain't no way to escape him
On the fire escape with the narocotic from the one-two-oh
Station, I'm impatient, my firearm driftin with starvation
Divine mind, I Power Rule, United Nation
My DJ's spinnin the latest from the out the crates and
Killarm's rockin the stage like a brigade and
My own congress, government rocket launchers shit
Strikin on ya Five Consciouses
NARCEs men didn't know I put the toxic in

Til they got burnt by the scorpion (Uh-huh)
I spit lyrics that's like bad for ya health
I'd blow gun powder right off of he shelf
My brain power cause a rain shower
Restrain cowards, pull out to the heat and flame at ours

Aiyyo

A Soviet deep in Paris, Playboy rabbits want carrots
Luxury marriage, life, ain't havin it
I keep the forty-five automatic like Mathematics
Start terminatin savages, I'm raw like 'caine to easy addicts
Street tactics, layin down the caskets
On biblical war, perform Michael Jackson Thriller but way iller
A slave killer, protected by Shaolin and Brooklyn Zu guerillas
Under my pillow, I sleep with grenades, untraceable heaters
Stay deeper than scientific readers
My cipher sounds will ding pound, I blast you on ya nightgown
Kidnap ya child, might give him to the crowd
On my way Uptown in my '95 Millenium
Seen Killa Sin and 'em, that nigga sound feminine
Remember 9th Prince, I'll forever get up in 'em

Killa loco, vocals hold you hostage
Gothic, size out live shit, catch a wise quick, focus
We stone fist explosive, load 'em like fo'-fifths
To roast clicks, ferocious as ro-bitch, with no cinch
My thoughts so dense they form mist
I swarm quicker than norm, my Bee stingers stay dipped in corn liquor
Warn niggaz from the last time, my past time hobby be
Robbin niggaz in they lobby, G, come out ya Wallabees
Fifty-six penny-weight chain limit the policy
Modernize crime comodity, now let us get what?

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(2x)

We got fire.. hot.. burnin hot
We got fire... from The Sun
Still gon' win from the streets cuz there's no smoke with no heat
Still gon' win from the streets cuz we ain't go no heat
We got fire... from The Sun