

# Wu-Tang Clan, Back In The Game

"It's true - the Shaolin and the Wu-Tang, could be dangerous!"

[Method Man]

Uh-huh, Mr. Biggs, Track Masters (woo!)

It's a Wu-Tang official right here y'know

[Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, the employees of the year yeah we're back to work

We took time off, while other rappers got jerked

Shit's bout to change now, it's a shame how things ain't the same but I'm back in the game now

And as we step in the door, we cause panic

Yep, the usual suspects, we at it

Vexed at it, y'all went a week with the belt

Few chicks felt your style, now you feelin yourself

Meet your maker, I dropped you at eight years old

I got stock in your flow and crops to sharehold

Crops with the prose where cops won't dare go

Got top centerfolds too hot to wear clothes

Still me - always have and will be

Ill G - it's silly to hate but feel free

Hey - hear what I say, they gotta pay

And my return is like Christ, declare the holiday

[Chorus: Ron Isley]

Back in the game now.. copped me some weed now

My people bout to eat now.. shit's bout to change now

Back in the game now.. all my niggaz in the hood now

Better catch up now.. shit's bout to change now

[Method Man]

Uh, y'all see I'm in the street strugglin

Young dumb and thuggin, give a FUCK about nuttin

Stuck at rock bottom, tryin to come up on somethin

Pumpin from sundown to sun-up, we hustlin

Vision my nigga now get in where you fit in

And see prison, as just the high cost of livin the life

Ante up cause if you blow the dice

on that O-Z, Dorothy ain't goin home tonight

That's on e'rythang, put it on the kids and the wife

Been buryin my folks ever since they raised the price on the coke

Searchin for a quick antidote

Mo' money, mo' problems to cope

[GZA]

We were at the same table when the chips were checked

A gamblin +Rebel+ who +Inspects+ the +Deck+

Just when you thought we would fold our hand

Against all odds we raised the bet like we changed the plans

It was live on air but in between station breaks

I was holdin a pair and just made the table stakes

Split the demos, put insurance on tapes

A safeguard against the crusaders in capes

If I double down they say the Gods are sharks

If we win against the house they thought the cards was marked

We draw hit after hit from a royal flush menu

While the dealer promoted the full house venue

A spade in the club with the heart to wear diamonds

The high roller who got credit upon signin

They look puzzled when I shuffle, most of 'em stunned by the hustle

Recourse of bluff game's your muscle

[Chorus - 0.75X]

[Raekwon] Say what? ("Shaolin shadowboxing!")

[R. Isley] Shit's bout to change..

[Raekwon the Chef]

Aiyyo, on rainy days I sit back and count ways on

how to get rich, coolin with a mean ill Jamaican bitch

Banana coat matchin with the ratchet

Lil' black weave sweatpants style, air force is actin

Jump in the 6, kicks look crisp, talkin bout the bird  
Flow through your hood in the mean tints that's giant  
It's like the family that flipped on you for lyin  
Buried you alive, left your whore cryin  
We on your floor look more doors  
Dey ain't ate either, I hope y'all niggaz is armed  
And when we get there, all my niggaz in the mix  
Yeah Shallah Lex, Diamond got me buyin Louis Rich  
[Ghostface Killah]  
Most people say the Clan was missin since I got dropped offa radio  
Overnight your whole style was bitten in the process  
Everybody switched they names like  
Whatcha call it, any fast (?)  
It was the Gods that repped that, sharkskin dark skinned bitches  
Clarks from Digi left the game dizzy  
Ooh got busy, that dancey shit slid through  
We had to stay hood cause that's who we been through  
RZA came through, mastermind got the cash and power  
Proof that power plastered divine classical lines  
Mathematical rhymes, the style is unbearable  
Now niggaz with the radical shines  
It's Ghost-Deini, every coast need me  
We back motherfucker that's right, it's the W.T.C.  
World Trade Center, Wu-Tang Clan  
We brought so much heat that we was givin you tears an' shit  
[Chorus]  
[Ron Isley ad libs to fade]