

# Wu-Tang Clan, Let My Niggas Live

[Intro Skit]

Someday I'm gonna be walkin down the streets,  
mindin my own business.. and BAM!!  
I'm gon' be shot by some pig who's gonna SWEAR  
that it was a mistake.

I accept that as a part of my destiny!

[\*Si es mi destino morir en la calle como un perro! Hahaha\*]

[Raekwon the Chef]

Whattup kid? That's right..

Yo.. aiyyo.. aiyyo..

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Aiyyo let my niggas live

We show and prove get paper, catch me in the caper on shrooms yo

Let my niggas live

We real niggas that's God-body, challenge anything, make major moves

Let my niggas live

We giants, live off the land lions, post with iron, no pryin rules

Let my niggas live; aiyyo let my niggas live

Handle your bid and kill no kids

[Raekwon the Chef]

Millionaire feat, whole family eat; yo, y'all niggas is weak

Got a bird beak, chirp chirp speak

Kids that's rich that'll, run in your bitch and by the third week

Yo mark my word, me and my herb speak

That's that fire move like Schwinn's yo

Invisible pens that write light, leave blends

Hit with the JF Kennedy shot

Smash with the Acapulco rifle got got

Bolt off, but got clocked

Legendary here, custom made it, shit bladed, word up

Design your alphabet, reps get graded

We in get-high saloons, big bag of shrooms, arm's length

Home of Allah's ten big rooms

So what we up in here, modelin large with rigorous moves

Exotic Gods bust my hammer at frauds

Call him a live merchant, dressed in all red, that's right y'all

Gucci jumper X-5, gettin more head

[Chorus]

[Nas]

I scream at the mirror, curse, askin God, "Why me?"

Run in the black church, gun in my hand, y'all try me

I'm God-son, son of man, son of Marcus Garvey

Rastafari irie, Ha-ile Selassie

Police'll try to break us, but the streets raised us

It takes more than metal bars, we destined for ours

I hear murder plans from dopefiends, with elephant hands

Snots in they nostril, the blocks is hostile

There's no pots to piss in, glocks is spittin

Rocks cookin underground bodies stiffin, cops look at bird shit

Drop on the window pane, the oxygen is cocaine

It drove lots of men to die with no name

I been on boats, nut down throats, pee on bitches who famous

Pretty dick, puttin stitches in they anus

I'm the animal that Hugh Hefner created

The only nigga Sade dated, the most hated, Nas nigga

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Roughneck reppin the set, bang 'em twice in the neck

C.O. flip and jerk the whole yard rec

Block vets, pop barettas glocks and tecs

You're no threat, gun talk, the language of the project

Checkin shorty with the +Black Tail+ stance, leopard pants

Yellin fuck her man, makin killings off her lap dance

Plus the young guns runnin the slums, funds is major

Drugged out, got you huntin for crumbs stuck to the razor  
Semi-autos roar in the building hall  
Symptoms of bloodsport, the slugs are still in wall  
Call it a New York state of mind, gotta take mine  
In the daytime, the Jakes'll hit ya forty-one times  
So I live by the sword and obey hood laws  
Make my team click like high heels on wood floors  
[Chorus]