

# Wu-Tang Clan, S.O.S.

Shoot em On Sight Sight Sight [3x]

Shoot em On Sight Sight Sight [overlaps INS talking]

[Inspectah Deck]

Another mission, Street Life, gun talk, Sir I

Don't push me, because I'm close to the edge

Livin on this thin line, I know the ledge

Allegiance I pledge strictly to my comittee

Way above the law, we soar the inner city

My crime pays, deep in the metro, nines blaze

Shorties watchin plus adoptin my ways

In the PJ's, the heat blaze and beats raid

Can't see the cage but can't leave the Streets Of Rage

[Street Life]

It's a Shoot On Sight fair, warfare prepared

Arm yourself beware, hardware tear through your flesh and bones bear

Witness stand clear

Flash the Wu-sign to see if my comrades is in here

PLO began this, ninety-nine bananas

Wu extravaganza, cops scandals and guns, a S.O.S.

Prepare for the slug fest, unusual suspect disconnet your outfit

It's a dead-end Street, I play for keeps release, shots through your fleece

Retreat, delete you from the crime spree

[Chorus]

Shoot em On Sight Sight Sight [2x] [overlaps entire chorus]

When you got beef wit one time-S.O.S.

When you standin on the front line-S.O.S.

Niggas wanna steal your sunshine-S.O.S.

When it comes time to do or die-S.O.S.

For the five-oh that brutalize-S.O.S.

Before you try suicide-S.O.S.

[Street Life]

Street chronicle, wise words by the abominal

High honorable, rap quotable phenomenal

Seniority kid, I speak for the minority

Ghetto poverty fuck the housing authority

Not to be idolized, I deal wit grand larceny

Money laundaring, auto theft, and armed robbery

Ninety-nine regimine torment your resident

Street intelligence child, KillaHill pedestrian

Sucker for love-ass, niggas catch a gay-bash

Slim-Fast from the gun blast burner, I last

The S-T-R, double E-T, own a Desert E

Keep it closely, I feed off envy and foul energy

Your best friend's your worst enemy

Thug therapy until they bury me, it's do or die tonight

Shoot out a street light, bleak life

Aim at your windpipe, squeeze tight

[Inspectah Deck]

In the parking lot, parked in a dark spot

The specialist wit one shot been at the drop

Your Highness INS, darts catch your body

Feds got me on watch wit nuttin yet to charge me

I strike quick, movin on the night shift

Rollin wit those who been the same likeness

Where I come from the blast make your ears go numb

Trust no one cuz murderers range old to young

And death don't discriminate, to choose your fate

Shot wit hypedermic sword wit the trey-eight

Gotta hold your weight, there's no escape from the mayhem

I'm livin for now but tryin to make it to the a.m.

Creepin in the hallways, we always on barrow

Calico crept close to over cash flow

The neighborhood watch, the skunks in my sock got me rocked

But keep my eyes on the shot clock

[Chorus]