

Wu-Tang Clan, St. Ide's

[Method]

Oh yeah, comin through with my Shaolin crew
Two cent for a case, gimme St. Ide's brew
In the midst of broken bottles and crushed up cans
Methtical's in a jam on how dry I am

[Raekwon]

... with St. Ides in my system
crack another I'm blitzed, let's go hit the next one
Hang it over, the object is to stay sober
Lay on the sofa, better yet, dial my chauffeur

[Ghostface]

Who's the Wallabee kid, stressed out, could never be Son
Ricochet daily hit the deli for a cold one
Naturally blessed, yes, my rap is like a laser beam
that blow between the bushes, St. Ide's and I the king of teams

[U-God]

Crack the bottle of the St. Ide's, sippin to those
Who don't realize that drinkin ain't only to be drunk
You can't drive, keep my peoples alive
And if the saint don't know you from a can of paint

[RZA]

It was hot, on the spot, so I jetted at the block
And I asked for St. Ide's, I could tell by the dot
On the back he rebuilt it... not that charcoal filtered
Ice cold bottle tilted... to my cup he spilt it
AAAAAAAAAAH!!! ST. IDES! mmmmmmmmmmm...