

Wu-Tang Clan, Sucker MC's

[ODB]

Daddy's home, your daddy's home to stay

[Meth]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo same time same channel

Nasty vandals too hot to fucking handle

Bring the ruckus to all you knotty head fuckas

Shit's like Hammer Time, niggas can't touch us

[RZA]

Straight up and down Wu-Tang forever

Come tougher than DJ ?'s leather

Make a better tomorrow

Condition your atmosphere, air like feathers

The fire come, transmit vire come

The higher sire come, we burn your wire

Wu-Tang be number one...

[Meth & RZA]

Four years ago a friend of mine

Asked me to say some MC rhymes

So I said this rhyme I'm about to say

The rhyme was Meth and it went this way

Yo, we took a test to become an MC

All the withers in the crowd got amazed at me

God threw me inside his Cadillac

The chaffuer drove off and we never came back

Meth cut the record down to the bone

And now I rock solid chrome microphones

Now we signing autographs, with cheers and laughs

Champagne, caviar, and bubblebaths, but see...

That's the life that I lead, you sucka MC, we G-O-D

Take that and move back, or catch a heartattack

Because there's nothing in the world the gods could ever lack

I chill at the party in my b-boy stance

Walk, cap low, 45 in my pants

Fly like a dove, that come from up above

My nigga's Iron Lung but you can stay one love

It's just a one two three a three a two one

Throw your blunts in the air for the god Iron Lung

Blow them right in your face with the bass

You messed up, come in first place, the real rap taste

First come, first serve basis

Coolin out boo, take you to the def places

One of a kind for you people's delight

And to you sucker MC, you know it ain't right

Bet you bite all your life, cheat on your wife

Run in a gun fight with nuthin but a knife

Bangin with your boy, slingin with the crew

And everybody know what you've been through

It's the one two three three two one

Throw your blunts in the air for your dunn Iron Lung

Smoke in your place with the highs and the bass

Come in first place in the real rap race

Go uptown, buy a bag of brown

You sucker MC, a sad face clown

Gettin OD ready to rock crowds steady

You drive a big car get your gas from Getti

[ODB]

I'm ODB in the place to be

Didn't go to St. John's University

In the streets of Brooklyn I aquired the knowledge

A Law of Mathematics that's higher than college

I'm fly on skins that I gets in Queens

She love filthy swine and my collard greens

I'm dressed to kill, you know our style

Cause niggas don't know that Dirty Dogg fly

If you wanna see me baby come, you know Dirty Dog is number one

[X2]

I wrote this song about the (?)

You gotta know where to start when the beats play

[X2]