

The M.G.M.

Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, up in the M.G.M. coked up
Sike! Six niggaz walked in flashing they gems peace
Aight! One dark skinned nigga fifty-six inch rope
wrapped around twice
Smash the Gilligan boat with ice
They threw sign language
Ordered hot coffee
wit a danish
Relax -- whispered, "They rap entertainers"
Had Lizzy on, two Japanese birds with furs look good kid
Laid back handlin hors d'ourves
It's like round three
We too black for BET
You memorize the 1 to 40
I'm at the 19th degree
If a civilized person doesn't perform, his duty
What shall be done?
Pardon me God, that nigga gotta gun
Bulgin out his sweatpants, check out his stance
See the side of his grill?
Look like my cousin Lance
Left hand rock a Guess watch
Yo I think I did his Clarks he wore the crush bone leather
with the strings dark
Now I remember
He from Bear Mountain
He and Mitch Greene shot the fair one
Near the water fountain
Seventh round, Chavez bleedin from his right ear
Yo keep ya eye on that same nigga from right here
Popcorn spilling all on Liz Claiborne
Ghost had the fly Gucci mocks wit no socks on
Seen Deion Sanders in the back with the fat fur on
Workin dem hoes with the fly Wu shirts on
Mixed drink session Dunn
Pour me some more
Chef leathered down blinking at Chante Moore
Tenth round Chavez tearin em down
Sweet Pea get ya shit off
It's like blacks against the Germans
Gettin hit off
Smooth and them walked in

Brownsville representin
They sent a bottle over, autograph blessin
Chef pull out the doodle twist the dank pink noodles
Yo I'm bout to roll one
Matter fact twist two of those
Yo they wound up stoppin the fight
Steels took a point away from Chavez
Rematch scheduled on October Ninth
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>