

Gravel Pit

Wu-Tang Clan

1, 2, 1, 2, yo, check this out
It's the jump off right now
I want everybody to put your work down, put your guns down
An' report to the pit, the gravel pit Leave your problems at home, leave your children at home
We gon' take it back underground, I be Bobby Boulders
Wu-Tang Clan on yo' mind one time
It's the jump off, so just jump off my nigga Check out my gravel pit
A mystery unravelin'
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it Ha, holla 'cross from the land of the lost
Behold the pale horse, off course
Follow me, Wu-Tang gotta be
The best thing since stocks in Clark Wallabees
African killers bees, black watch
On your radio, blowin' out yo' watts
From Park Hill, the house on haunted hill
Every time you walk by your back get a chill Let's peel, who want to talk rap skills?
I spit like a semi-automatic to the grill
Elbow grease an' elbow room
Baby, play me, baby, fall down, go boom Party people gather 'round
Count down to apocalypse
I'm the kid with the golden arms
An' I'm the motherfuckin' hot nikks Pass the blunt, my nigga don't front
You had it for a minute but it seem like a month
Now I'm chokin', smokin', hopin'
I don't croakin' from overdosin'
Hey kid, walk straight máster your high
Wu an' Meth got you open, let's ride
Can't stand niggas that floss too much
Can't stand Bentleys, they cost too much Kid wanna get up then kid get touched
Kid wanna stick up then kid get stuck
I'm the one that called your bluff when your boy tried to act tough
Remember what Ol' Dirty said, "I'll fuck yo' ass up", now listen Check out my gravel pit
A mystery unravelin'
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it E with the English, extin'uish styles extremist
Bald head beamers run wild
It's the kid with the gold cup, stepped out like, "What?"
What's poppin? An' y'all niggas dobo Blastin' shae shae, chocolate shortae
Rich color mocks, rock those all day
1960 shit, I'm Goldie
That's right motherfucker, don't hold me The world's greatest, Las Vegas, paid as rock

Skin painted on my face look ageless
Perfect combos, Ghost bang out condos, Jeff from Hamo
Ex three Bangos, Bancos, stank hoes in plain clothes
Change those, bang those, same old, same old Yeah y'all, straight up this the jump off right here
The gravel pit, word up, represent, rocket boulders
All my rich gangsta style, killers, y'all know what time it is
Shorty do your thing, get up on that right now, boo, do you?
That's what I'm talkin' 'bout Yo, step to my groove, move like this
When we shoot the gift, of course it's ruthless
Grab the mic with no excuses
In a sec, grab the techs an' loot this Executin', shakin' all sets an' I'm breakin' all hex
I'm takin' all bets, move all best, who want the dram' next
You all stank, we got the bigger bank, bigger shank to fill your tank
Still the same kill you for real, while you crank Slide, do or die, fry to bake
Admire the greats, on fire wit a heart of hate
Bitter shark, every part I take
Heavy darts that quake It's okay, all fakes, get caught by the dropkicks
You know the thrill, yes, it's Park Hill, yo, we hit 'em with the hot grits
On the go, check the flow, sayin', "Wu don't rock shit"
Stop quick, hold the gossip, stop sweatin' my pockets
I hear the hot shit Check out my gravel pit
A mystery unravelin'
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it You don't have to move the mountain
Just gimme the strength to climb
Lord, don't take away my 'Cause I have to Back, back an' forth an' forth
Back, back an' forth an' forth
Back, back an' forth an' forth
As we go Back, back an' forth an' forth
Back, back an' forth an' forth
Back, back an' forth an' forth
As we go

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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