

# It's Yourz

## Wu-Tang Clan

One: Raekwon the ChefMachine gun rap for all my niggaz in the back  
Stadium packed, linebacker nigga flashback  
See through yellow lines

Rock a fly jersey in the summertime God  
Magic marker rap, bleed benadine

Relaxed, wrote this, comin at cha crab ass cope  
and snatch ya ice off, chillin in the back, throw the lights off

Waves, water blend, rhyme flow in slow motion

Thick snare, I'm feelin like a snail in the ocean

What's your wish? Wanna Kringle like Kris?

Melodic single, dark snap a nigga just like fish

You fucked up, some rich niggaz you done test yo

Select the wrong apartment and niggaz pulled up your dress

Style molest that, canal chain nigga where ya vest at

Flex'll make me wanna bless that, yo

Saddam Hussein niggaz light the torch, we flamin niggaz

Autograph that, flatten all the main niggaz

(All) It's Yourz!

(RZA) The world in the palm of your hand

(All) It's Yourz!

(RZA) Twenty-three million of useful land

(All) It's Yourz!

(RZA) The seed and the black wo-man

(All) It's Yourz!

(RZA) Double LP from Wu-Tang Clan

(All) It's Yourz! Two: U-GodYo, super freak physique. like Raphael Saadiq

Baby love the ganja leaf everday of the week

Super friends wake up, deluxe gourmet beats

The night is right, I might find me a suite

It's a quarter full moon, now I ride with my swoon

Well groomed, dance hall packed, full room

Lady move, peep my glide, peep my zoom

Keep in stride, smoke the lah smoke the boom

Feel the fumes, consume toxic tunes

Hell bound, species forty ounce typhoon

The ultra-violet scream machine move your body touch

The totem pole wobble Ark builders God rush

Beams of light, stop ya breathin -- it's hunting season

Honey eye-ballin down for no reason

Grab her close, play post, wind and wax floors

Never mind the laws, cause tonight

(All) It's Yourz

Three: RZA Stop the fader of the RAM, pass my watts through my pre-amp  
Them can't stress the beat vamp the shit'll get blam  
at full throttle, hot lead propels throughout my nozzle  
Crack your soul like bottles, leave you stiff as models  
You fag, you couldn't pull one drag -- off my blunt  
You couldn't punch your way out of a wet paper bag  
with scissors in your hands -- bitch, the RZA  
I stand close to walls, like Number Four the Lizard  
Enchant a few solar panels, blast off like Roman Candles  
Rap vandals, stomp your ass like Yahoo McDaniels  
You cocker spaniel dogs, can't fuck with our catalog  
Put your lights out and leave your brain inside a fog  
Four: Inspectah Deck It's only natural,  
actual facts are thrown at you  
The impact'll blow trees back and crack statues  
Million dollar rap crews fold, check the sick shit  
explicit, I crystalize the rhyme so you can sniff it  
We live this, fitted hats low conceal the Crooked I  
No surprise, verbal stick up -- put em high  
Rebel I, outlaw, split second on the draw  
Blow the door off this shit, like bricks of C4  
Five: Ghostface Killah Check out my beaver, baby  
blue glock in the safe  
Seems Darty and the God and get ski roll weight  
We hold a belt Son, that's my word  
Spot a rapper run him down, throw him out in the third, yo check it  
I think like the man behind a register  
Evergreen smokin estates, rhyme and power made me treasurer  
With third down, six to go flash his strobe lights  
I'm open RZA hit me off lovely and I love him  
With root beer thoughts, here's a tennis court  
for your birthday, the babyface of rap politic with Sade  
Avenging eagle crooks rock the "W" in Spiegel books  
Anheuser Busch kings came through, and stopped your whole jooks  
Spitfire Kangols, watch Tony train a gang of hoes  
Painful like hearing the news, like when your man go  
Ends blow, windy at times watch the room sheisty girl  
Love to sit out this song, now watch your water break  
latter 1/2  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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