

Assed Out

Wu-Tang Clan

[Intro: Method Man]

The RZA, the GZA, Ol' Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck
Raekwon the Chef, U-God, Ghostface Killah, Masta Killa
And the Me - yeah, yeah, come on, now, now

[Method Man:]

What's happening? Who get it cracking like a neck
snapping
For the rapping, and who them fellas packing yelling
Staten

From the background, I back down a few
Try to clown us in the past, where they at now?
I'm I'll as baby powder with the smackdown, for the
record

My brain is like the project projected, for the Method
Go see my nigga Kush, he got the best shit for burning
This one go out for whom it may concerning
Spending they entire earning, trynna get a higher
learning

MC's is vermin, like E be Sermon
Ya'll too determined, feeling yaself like Pee-Wee
Herman
While we at it, let's tighten up our grips around that
cabbage

Silly rabbits, how many kids'll trick you out your
carrots
Little bastards and ghetto bitches, I break you like a
bad habit

My dick is, zoo, and just too big for it's britches
Uh, so fuck a mister and your misses
Cottonmouth niggas etched out like Merry Christmas,
that all
Uh-huh, be home

[Bell rings]

[Method Man:]

Knock, knock, who is it, Tical I pop digit
My block too hot to visit, round here, you gots to live
it

MC's, you must admit it, I'm deadly on this mic life
Think back on this premise, anyone of ya'll can get in

I breeze, backwards sleeves and THC
I bleed, kamikazes and forty OZ's
America's Most, the better the smoke, the better the
quotes
For cheddar, Meth'll sever the throat, whatever the
coast
I'm home, let the sun shine on, get his grind on
And get some phone time, everytime I'm in your timezone
Look here, it's crooked letter I, ya'll don't meet
nothing but crooks here
It's hot in hell's kitchen, get your cookware, for
goodness
MC's is like that shit chicks be gushing
For pushing, got me taken down to Central Booking
I stick out, as if Tical just walked up in the party
with my dick out
And I'm prepared to take the shit I dish out

[Sample:] "When you realize that what you got ain't
what you want"

[GZA:]
On the, yo, on the expressway, suddenly, I un-hit the
breaks
A mistake, patrol figure just, ran the plates
I pull to the shoulder, a half mile ahead
The vibe got colder when the marksman said
"Yo, you in the truck, get the fuck out your car
Put your hands where my eyes could see, not far"
A fat slob, with pepperspray in the canister
Donut shop lounge, nine mil brandisher
Plus my half pound just rang the bell
Of the bloodhound, had an acute sense of smell
I guess he was tired of the strip and booking whores
Moving off a tip he's claimed he's looking for
Some MC's wanted for a string of break-ins
Last seen wearing lonk minks and snakeskins

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>