

Box in Hand

Ghostface Killah

featuring Raekwon, Method Man*sung*Wu Tang will survive, no no no-no no no
Wu Tang will survive
Cause every time they flip a party
You know the party screams and shouts
Cause you... DAMN! Aw, TC that was the bomb...(Ghostface)
Get all my peoples, get all my peoples headphones
All of em
Lay em a death warrant
Aaaah, yo, show it off, kid, show em, what, what
Let em have it, bust it, hey yo, hey yo
One: RaekwonBlend wine, who want to win mine
Shorty get a ten-round for floatin
With the richest, huh
Flexed out, Flinstone style
Your criminal pen pal kidnapped Loud, jetted the
Moseying, posing for them niggaz up in Poland
Rollin wax style museum, G 'em
Them richest niggaz bless this like Russian cut VVS's
Slide the hatchback, black were finessing this
Them niggaz over there know, Gazelle goggles
And them Lottos, 88 style, throwing bottles (bottles)
Scenario rap, rap imperial, material (uh, yo yo, yo, yo)
Murdering cats is like that realTwo: Ghostface
Yo come do me something word to Michelob peep the Land Rov'
Sleeper hold club faggots lay your dome on a stove
It's like space kid, the whole world is pitch black, granola rap
Dough got smaller famous team, walked up in Photomat
Black down, numerous rounds, boots is brown
Getaway driver, this white bitch from out of town
We love horse races shaking Jakes and high-speed chases
Porno stations, drinking violations, God relations
90 minute Maxwell tapes, instrumental breaks
Banging earaches, lay my verse down in two takes
The speaker pops, the Winchester rifle's in the kitchen
Murder the DJ's eyes twitching, woofer hissingInterlude: RaekwonYo, he's strong arming,
manipulating niggaz, scraping niggaz
Taking play from niggaz, hate faking niggaz, yo you hear me?
The whole shit's like wrestling
What you dare me? Back the fuck up kid, we flexingThree: Method ManThis rap shit bust yo'
gums, and leave you stunned
Pull your plug, now you can't function
There's no total or sum to this equation, you frozen

Many may come but few are chosen
Pretty niggaz want to play the war posing
When the ruckus come, they be the first to get their shine stolen
Do or die, it be I, Meta-physical Man
Holding court from my Wu, indivisible Clan
I see your thoughts and your hand reaching
It's getting deep in this mud
Cats heat seeking, for one blood
Nameless thugs with aimless slugs, shooting at these stank bitches
Less he gon' bring this above, I make switches
From the lamp I grant three wishes
Johnny be parleying, I Blaze britches, then I roll
One hundred percent mind, one hundred percent body
One hundred percent soul, individual
Assholes tend to run
From this PLO extortion to the one
The next chamber, you fucking with the star spangler
To the dawn's early light with this head-banger
Boogie, represent this shit fully
Like I'm constantly at war with the town bully
Who want that pressure, about to get smacked silly
Like a fat bitch in Spandex, 'Free Willy'!
We on some milli, check the joint, engine number nine
Niggaz wasting time worrying about me and mine
Get your own shit

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