

# Gravel Pit

## Wu-Tang Clan

[Intro: RZA]

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  
And 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

[Hook: Paulissa Moorman]

Check out my gravel pit  
A mystery unraveling  
Wu-Tang is the CD that I travel with  
Don't go against the grain if you can't handle it

[Verse 1: Method Man (U-God)]

Ha, holocaust from the land of the lost  
Behold the pale horse, off course (off course)  
Follow me, Wu-Tang gotta be  
The best thing since Starks and Clark Wallabees  
African killer bees blackwatch  
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, and 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)  
And I'm the motherfuckin Hot Nicks 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, master your high  
Wu and Meth got you open (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

[Method Man over hook]  
Back, back and forth and forth

[Verse 2: Ghostface Killah]  
E with the English, extinguish styles extremist  
Bald head beamers run wild  
It's the kid with the gold cup  
Stepped out like what  
What's poppin, and 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

[Verse 3: Raekwon]  
Yeah y'all, straight up this the jump off right here  
The gravel pit, word up represent, rock the boulders  
All my rich gangsta style, killers, y'all know what time it is  
Shorty do your thing, get up on that shit right now boo, do you  
That's what I'm talkin 'bout

[Verse 4: U-God]  
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 Tecs and loot this  
Executing, shaking all sets, and I'm breaking all hecks  
I'm taking 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, saying Wu don't rock shit  
Stop quick, hold the gossip, stop sweating my pockets  
I hear the hot shit

[Hook 2: Paulissa Moorman]

Check out my gravel pit  
A mystery unraveling  
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 a mountain  
Just give me enough strength to climb  
Oh Lord ! Don't take away my stumbling blocks to lead me around

[Outro speech]

Yakub, maker and creator of the devil. Swine merchant... your time is near at hand. Fuck with me and your time will be now. Your presence here effects the mind of my people like a fever.

You, Yakub, are the bearer of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine diseases, evil, corrupt, porkchop-eatin' brain!

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