

# 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/>