

## 9 Milli Bros.

Ghostface Killah

Bob Digi, U G.O.D, Raekwon the Chef, the Inspektah Deck  
M.E.T.H.O.D. (Man), the B.O.B.B., straight up, Masta Killa, the Gza, the Gen  
ius..

It's the Ol' D-d-dza-za-za Diiiiirty Bastard! [music starts]

Straight Up..turn it up, the headphones, turn it up..yo you here me?  
Wutup Toney?

Wsup don' don'..

All the way up..

You know how we do..

Let's get this paper together..

You motherfuckin' right Pa, uh huh.

That's right, c'mon nigga..

That's as far as it goes?

Sound about to go off on some real live Wu-shit, uh huh

W-T-C

Ghost-FACE!

Lemme give y'all the bullshit hook for y'all niggas, check it out

The burners in the stash, we about the cash

We got females that got it like that

The golden childs that bone the crowd

See niggas in the place that bit my style

Well I'm a singer, dancer, we bulletproof brothers

Wu-Tang got the answer

Cuz if I had a chance, to do it again

I will still keep the heat in my pants, uh

Y'all be nice to the crackheads, everybody listen up

I shot one of my bitches, the hoe ain't trick enough

Word life to big screen Don, tapping dustbones out

With starwriters like I fucked Celine Dion

Stuck everything that's the god's honest beyond

We airin' niggas out that's the type shit that we on

Official Wu-Tang headbanger

Flood your space with big waves like you didn't set an anchor

Yo, I drink heavy gallons of Crew, play the big part

niggas got squid on the grill, selling kids Clarks

Finesse notes, yo, the Guess on with the best pose

Yellow swede one matching hat with the grey gun

Niggas be rhymin' for nothing, then my team pull up

We all throw down y'all broke niggas stay frontin'

Lines come digital stupid, plus my team got

'nuff jury on, bet I'm still live and I'm coopin'

Two of my silverbacks run through a pack of your wolves

Front on react and sippin' Cog-i-nac so relax dude

Know I'm with these cracks dude

Yo, 1, 2...Dirt McGirt!

Solid tone smith with 5th shots, lick shots

Leave your head like a Shaolin monk with 6 dots

Brooklyn, Zoo, Zoo (Yo)

Broooklynnnnnnnn....ZOO! (Yo!)

It's the return of Bin Laden, grab your armor

Smash pretty boy niggas, crush they karma  
Eat bones with alligators, roll deep, with my entourage  
My whole crew's fresh out the bars  
Diggler, AKA the Cab Driver  
Drop him off in the middle of fire  
Dirty Island, drag bodies to the murderland  
Knock niggas out hurtin' my hand

I remember in the elevators when we was playin' corners  
Now we play the corners and the cops is stayin' on us, (uh)  
Staten's where the war is  
where the court system's running out of warrants  
Where TNT be jumping out the Taurus  
For real I can't call it  
you see I love Lucy cuz she Lawless  
Exactly like that 1-0-3-0-4 is  
Snitch niggas swallow your tongue  
Already know the island I'm from  
And y'all don't want no problems with them

We got a history, full of lightning victories  
Conceptual breakthrough it ain't no mystery  
Long vision, from giants in every way  
Rap czars, magnificent flows for every day  
From the East to the ville, from the West to the hills  
Incredible rhymes, encouraging skill  
From rat packs, the smallest crews were enormous  
They hit 'em fast, with an effortless performance  
MCs start fleeing in flocks  
Especially those that's more sensitive to heat and shock

We grindin', down to the bone  
My name grounded in stone  
I'm Mr. Violence we loungin' with Chrome  
Mr. Violence we lounge in his home, hit the housing on Rome  
Shining like a hundred thousand in stones  
Move mountains with poems, got a jones for dinero  
1-6-zero my songs we throwin' elbows  
The hoes cling, sho thing, we know kings  
Only dime dikes, with minds right, we choose Queens

Yeah we wild like rockstars who smash guitars  
Yo son split his face with the toast, he ain't Ghost  
It's no joke iron coat rife him with the stroke  
One toke brains float, shot to the throat  
Before the smoke hit, witness the killing  
On the crime scene  
Body on the block  
Eyes open from the shock  
Of being popped in the neck  
Yet he still had a lit cigarette between his fingertips  
Danger when you step into the chamber with the master  
Disaster, gotta blast ya, cuz I hafta

The rat pack is back from the island of Stat'  
Leave you cursed off, cuz you worship the gat  
The first one to snap drunk off the Smirnoff  
Blow the bouncer's ear off, let him floss he the boss  
Handcuffed, to the turntables like, Wizard Theodore  
See it's pure, let iy rain curly ounces  
Bang him with the thing that hang from the trousers  
You don't want no drama, I'm flaming fast  
That nigga jumped up and did the Damon Dash