

After The Smoke Is Clear

Ghostface Killah

(After the smoke is done) Yo
Yeah (Tang-o-Phonics) yeah, what, what, who wanna do it, what
(Number one)
Slap fire outcha monkey ass niggas
(After the smoke is done) word up, big dick, motherfucking house
Whaddup, bench press these cats
(Tang-o-Phonics number one) Yo

Yo, god, show these niggas how we get deep, down, and dirty
Like Keyon, got his wig pushed back,
Five-thirty
Yo they gotta hit
Placed on my head, what should the god do?
Max out in Spain and do business with the Jews
Never that
Them never look angry out of synch
The imperial, industrial king got weight
Don't give a fuck
Like the poor part, we watch Heart To Heart
They used to push me in shuffel cards
Now I'm writing books like Ebinezzer
The porno teaser
Sayin words like sheeba
Educated rapper fouling the teaser
My team got rocks like Six Flags, plus the Wu lab
Cameras in nine bedrooms we own tags
Don't touch this
Cracklin hot shit
I snap ya shoulder blade in half,
Laugh, and pop shit
Reader's Digest, passed my book to L. Ron Hubbard
Got bagged that the world government tried to dub it
But devils love it
Movie trap raps cover the tracks
Like Ajax
Sharper than cuts laced on hardly scratched supreme clientel
My cartel
Willie Star passed,
Shit his piece, where's the Nobel?
Oh, well,
Siginin off as usual,
The arsonist, leavin niggas lost in the stairwell

(Tang-o-Phonics number one) Yeah, yo, yo
Represent my projects Stapelton (after the smoke is done)
He represent that project Park Hill (tang-o-Phonics number one)
You represent that project Murder West Brighton Now Born
Arm bangin into that will (ahhhhhh)
Word up, (after the smoke is clear) yeah, what, Stapelton
(Tang-o-phonics and Wu-Tang still here)
Park Hill, word up, yeah, yeah, New York

The greatest story ever told by me, precisely
Roman numeral I be
Plus three describe me
My son move like the toad
Get drunk

Speak in codes
Throw a fiend in the sleeper hold
Got beef with the cold
Met my comrad
Go half on this lamp down in Baghdad
Flippin like a mex tab
Get money like an A-rab
The type niggas snapped
Six legs on the crab
Now, hush, who wanna do what
My click better bust

Underprivileged,
Grew up in a Stapelton house village,
Where blood flood the water in the streets like oil spilage
When the water was flowin (Tang-O-Phonics number one)
I spot a fifty-five borough
A nigga was still flowin,
Voice was echoin
I rise high like an Opera's
Procter wouldn't Gamble
The sample, it shocked her
My ninjas run wilder than Shaka Zulu
Some play peace like Donny the Guru
Others live to be wise and old like Desmond Dutchu
Undisputed champion
Bell holders
Shape and mold us
Sole controler of the moon
I, solar and polar
I blow half smoke through my nasal
Bust my ways with thirty words
Wu-Tang wasn't for children like
Cannibals raidin Sicilians

After the smoke is done
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one
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After the smoke is clear
Tang-o-Phonics and Wu-Tang still here
After the smoke is done
Wu-Tang-o-Phonics number one
Ahhhhh (Wuuuuuu, wuuuuuu)