

# 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 (Wuuuuuuu, wuuuuuu)