

Sound The Horns

U-God

Yeah, yeah...
Yeah, yeah...
Let's go...
Yeah, listen...

The sound of the horns says it's on
We storm through like C. Thomas, Red Dawn
Step like a don through the city, Deck bonds
I get my hands dirty, Nikes scuffed, sweat pouring
Still I stay fresh with the fly white linen
Duece times 5, that's my type women
Sonny, I live it, 0-10, S5 tinted
Brother Deck, what I rep, S.I., dig it?
Fifty cal' flow, get low
Intro to outro, bout it tho, whoa
Steady, heavy like the 5-2 Chevy
Niggas ain't ready, I turn out your lights like Teddy
Roll like dice in the casino
Known to spit lava, Heat like DeNiro and Pacino
Manny Festo, Wu-Tang Gambino
Lay it down, then I fly off like the hero

"Wu-Tang!"
"Wu-Tang!"

The Wild Cowboy number one
G-O-D, how you gonna block out the son?
Read my jacket, my achievements stretch like a warning track catch
The in-crazable voice box, I throw you boys rocks
Diamonds and jewels, a holiday, pros that fuck in schools
I'm a tank, I stop panthers, take down stanzas
Sixteen bars, keep the car running
Broads stunting, feed ya self, kill ya self, take the pill
Punks jump up to get beat down
New York the sweet town I sorta, who's on tour?

Who the vile, truth can say, you ain't a slouch
Now Rule local, now I'm B.K. vocal
Right out the X, you can work out your pecs and your back
Can beat the death with bats, need to tune up, NJ'll turn the tune up
I'mma tell you who's soon enough to got
And I ain't down with getting crossed, and I never been the boss

"Wu-Tang!"

Yo, you're hog-tied, I'm roping them, bitches, I'm gropping them
Open up your veins, cop three bags of Dopium
Super soak these niggas, stroke with the magnum force
Leak it in the streets quick, peep my secret sauce
I keep it gloss, I'm suited up for my franchise
Your coins is tossed, man-handle bad guys
Scramble for my damn prize, crack cans of cold Guinness
I'm like Seabiscuit, I'mma win by a photo finish
Nigga, this ain't tennis, yeah, I ain't bluffing shit
I be the street menace on my David Ruffin shit
Police ain't cuffing shit, claiming I'm a crook
Throw up my middle finger, I'm a hall of famer in my book

Right hook, death jooks, great with my footwork
Bubble through, got the W on my hood shirt
Sneak through the wood works like poisonous high fumes
I'm that superhero with the brand new costume

"Wu-Tang!"

"Wu-Tang!"

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"Wu-Tang!"