

40th Street Black / We Will Fight

Wu-Tang Clan

We will fight till the night is done
We will live our lives tonight as one
We will live our lives tonight as one, one

I'm a bad mother-, shout your mouth
Insanity, DVD, how I stretch 'em out
What the stress about? INS best out
Fact, you knew that before he left the house
Fresh at the produce section
Gaze at my shine like a showroom necklace
Death wish, stepping in, declaration
I'm checking niggas like test questions

Across 110th now, ...
Camera hawk hawks the sidewalk
When they get to flexing muscle niggas bust you
Hustlers do you, gave you your first toolie
Cutting out of school to pump your first loose leaf
Think graduate to wait, take it out of state, duct tape
Anything of pulse and heroin
Emcees frozen, cuban links golden
Everywhere I'm opening it up, they kill it raw
Math here, I got 'em keep coming back for more

Yo, man, I'm so turned up, all the marijuana burned up
Y'all don't want the drama, word up
The Wu first up, the game is the world versus us
Y'all was good 'til the world heard us
Y'all ain't want them Clan birds up
Y'all done want your man served up
That'll get the fans worked up
Homie really wanna play, stir it up
I'm a catch me a wave, surfs up
Gliding on the track like this, make me wanna act like this
Make me wanna smack that trick
Make a killer really wanna yap that kid
If he opens up his yap that's it

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Mass of minerals in a glass house
Playing the 4th neutrinos will blast out
Letting out verbal thunder bolts
Until the world attract old and younger folks
Charge with the vitality of magnetism
In large reality with massive rhythm
The manual without technical part
From the beginning give off an electrical spark

I respect you if you respect me
Everything's for real, WTC
No fake ass shit, don't front the Remy
Break bread, never have pockets empty
Let's get it, flip it up then we can spend it
The money train, killer bees on your brain

W's everywhere, one on your chain
Homeboys for life, please don't change
You can hide at my house, it ain't no thing
If you see the pigs, don't say jack
Call me original, don't say cap
I'm on the low, might be at the murder
Holding off the place y'all cats never heard of
Yeah, chicks wanna peep me out
Nasty ass, want me to pee in their mouth
But now I'm out, about to link with stinks

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Bang a few notes up top, we call it beast mode
Forget the street codes, show you like a deep throat
It gets rougher, you struggle from the heat stroke
Blast barrels, embrace my leaf smoke

Radio for back up
Polish your act up, nigga need a back up
Syrup in my cup, no cut, straight up
UG's in the court, never miss a lay up

When the emcees came to live out their names
Some rode the bus, some rode the train
Some motherfuckers wish they never came
When they met the nine swordsmen of Wu-Tang
Nine Maseratis pulls up to this party hard
Body, the party is still, but God body
It's out of shape models coming through with those bottles
End up with these, please, four eyes follow
Pass me a bucket of ice, that's nice
Hit with the rocker, what you say proper
I drink with the copper, show up with a chopper
Stop her, she wanna have a ménage à trois
I can tell by the bra ...
Do you wish or wish upon a star?
Do you wish or wish upon a star?

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