

Bells Of War?

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, yo
Give me the cue
Skip the introduction, prosate the lip function
The junction get rushed by some grimy people bustin weed
Splatter your belly like some Attica fellas
Use a firearm good, bloods go for hard swelling
Insert the spasm, yes the dirty hurt has them
Thoroughbred thugs insert the fantasm
Verbal smarts, spark the word, visit my scripture
Exotic wine, holding nine, Picasso pictures
When the rhyme pivot you now, limit your chance
Bodyguard the lyric with unlimited stance
Words seem to zing on down to Beijing
When we touch down you crown renowned kings

There's no honor amongst theives, street pharmaceutical
Stack like Genovese, the four devil tempt mad men
But not these, we profound hardcore sound
To MC's thumbs down, prepare
Killa bees it be warfare, this the year
Niggaz gotta take you off of here, hold the square
If we go there we go gritty
And spread fear through this rap city, call the mayor
My razor sharp darts be like cold stairs
The smell of fear makes my nostrils -- flair, truth or dare
Ask yourself can you compare
to these niggaz in the hood, Johnny B. Goode
or he be gone, yeah
The struggle goes on, you've been warned
P.L.O. from here to Lebanon, how many bombs
Must we drop in the Ninety-Now
Walk a mile in my shoes, get the street news, from Meth-Tical

You gots to be kidding, you gots to be kidding
Aiiyo kid, you gots to be kidding, my glocks'll be spitting
You gots to be kidding, yo

It's common sense how I master my circum-fer-ence, you dense
I get locked the fuck up, released on my own recognizance
Can't be judged, young bloods bust back like scuds
Wu-Tang harvest one thousand notches above
MC level, yo, I stay high as like treble
Foes who oppose get plucked like rose pedals
Arresting and holding, penetrate for better regions
Wack MC's only lasted one season
The morale was low at the corral
Adjective pronouns had no style, yo, we propose our
aim the official, initial, is Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah
All that other bullshit ain't permissable
Annual increase of the Wu-Tang Manual
Handles to a keyboard is true hip hop set tangible
illegible, every egg ain't edible
My tracks remain Unforgettable, like Ol' Nat Cole
Got to catch this paper to buy Shaquasia a glacier
Throw chairs to deck a skyscraper
Understand that the continents of Africa and Asia
and free the black man from the enslaved labor, Wu-Tang

The weight of the fam is on our back and we can't fall
Victim to this long hall of fame, meaning nuttin
We came to punish the glutton with a substance
That can't be contained, Wu-Tang

Motherfuckers

We be seeing y'all asses when we walk up in the club
Y'all all in the back
Scared to speak the speak cause you scared
Punk motherfucker, we know what time it is

"All you been seeing is upsets in the box and shit right
It's like come on man
This nigga fucked up motherfuckin Whittaker"
"Dang, he caught Whittaker"
"Mmmmmhmmmm"
"He caught Whittaker a long time ago"
"Mike got touched"
"Then Mike got touched by Holyfield"
"Holyfield"
"Yeah, word up"
"Hey, Mike's -- Mike's gonna forfeit this fight"
"He ain't fighting McDermit"
"He ain't fightin?"
"Nope"
"Whattup?"
"You talkin bout he -- what he, what he, what he did?"
"Told them he cut his eye, in sparring"

Style adoral rap pressing, David Berkowitz
Einstein birth to hit, now nurture it
M.G.M. front row seat tonight, no gens
Purified cleanse, ran into some beef up in the men's
Fix your sawed off, Wu-Tang throw me off the cross
All you saw was white meat, skin hangin off
These is words from the Arch Bishop, some call it six up
The Betty Crocker, marvel cake stakes admissor
Wax janitor, black Jack Mulligan from Canada
Slam dance, tarantula style, youse a fan of the
Monopoly king, Slavic poetry
Carnegie Hall's off the hook, let's push through the armory
Mack truck hitting soloist, soul controllers
Behold of the thousand teeth fist, swift and boneless

You know, cause Wu-Tang is invincible, youknowwhatI'mean?
It's Wu-Tang Forever God (invincible)
Knahmsaying? We gonna get down with that W
You gonna get down with that W
That's that Wu, that's that Wisdom
YouknowwhatI'msayin? That's the Wisdom of the Universe
That's the truth, of Allah, for the Nation, of the Gods
YouknowwhatI'msayin? We breakin egg through these days God
YouknowwhatI'msayin? We got the fuckin way
We got the medicine for yo' sickness
Out here, ya knowwhatImean?
I was telling Shorty like --
Yo Shorty, you don't even gotta go to summer school
Pick up the Wu-Tang double CD
And you'll get all the education you need this year
YouknowwhatImean?
(Their poisoned minds can't comprehend this shit)
Word man, it's Wu-Tang Forever God

Niggaz can't fuck with these lyrics God
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Knahmean?
(Oh hell no, none of this shit)
C'mon man -- beats, lyrics man, y'all niggaz
(Niggaz can't even understand half this shit)
Nah (man, no)
I think niggaz ain't gonna figure it out til the year Two-G
(Wax niggaz ass for free or fee) Word
Yo, you know what? The next Wu-Tang album ain't even
comin out until Two Thousand
YaknowwhatImean? That's just gonna come back with a comet
You hear, we gonna bring a comet
(Check for that shit in the millenium)
YouknowwhatImean? So, yo, y'all niggaz man
(Be the ressurection) The Gods is here man
Born Gods is here
(Born God)