

## Clan in da Front

### Wu-Tang Clan

Up from the 36 Chambers...  
Heheh.. it's the Ghost...(Face)..(Killahh) Hehheheh  
Wu-Tang  
Wu-Tang Killa Beez, we on a swarm  
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The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, U-God  
Ghost Face Killer, the Method Man, Raekwon the Chef, the Master Killer  
Raw Desire, LeVon, Power Cipher  
Twelve O'Clock, Sixty Second Assassin, the 4th Disciple  
The Brand White  
K.D. the Down Low Wrecka, Shyheim AKA The Rugged Child  
Doo-Doo Wales, Mista Hezakah -- better known as the Yin and the Yang  
The Tru Masta, Asan, DJ Skane, The Tru Robocop comin thru  
Scientific Shabazz, my motherfuckin man Wise the Civilized  
The Shaolin Soldiers, Daddy-O and Popa Ron  
Comin down from the motherfuckin South end of things

Killa beez all over your fuckin planet  
Thirty-six chambers of death  
Three-hundred and sixty degrees of perfected styles  
Choppin off your motherfuckin dome...  
...peace, and every fuckin borough  
Crooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, Staten Island  
The motherfuckin Bronx, killa beez....

(The sword? C'mon, give him the sword)

Clan in da front, let your feet stomp  
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death  
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night  
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to...

The Wu is comin thru, the outcome is critical  
Fuckin wit my style, is sort of like a Miracle  
on 34th Street, in the Square of Herald  
I gamed Ella, the bitch caught a Fitz like Gerald --  
-- ine Ferraro, who's full of sorrow  
Cuz the hoe didn't win but the sun will still come out tomorrow  
and shine shine shine like gold mine  
Here comes the drunk monk, with a quart of Ballentine  
Pass the bone, kid pass the bone  
Let's get on this mission like Indiana Jones, the GZA  
One who just represent the Wu-Tang click  
With the game and soul, of an old school flick  
Like the Mack and Dolemite, who both did bids  
Claudine went to Cooley High and had mad kids  
so stop, the life you save may be your motherfuckin own  
I'll hang your ass with this microphone  
Make way for the merge of traffic  
Wu-Tang's comin thru with Full Metal Jackets  
God squad that's mad hard to serve  
Come frontin hard, then Bernhard Goetz what he deserves

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The response while I bomb that ass, "You ain't shit!"  
Your wack ass town had you gassed  
Egos is somethin the Wu-Tang crush  
Souped up niggaz on a stage get rushed  
I don't give a god damn, on the shows you did  
How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid?  
Cuz I don't know ya therefore show me what you know  
I come sharp as a blade and I cut you slow  
You become so Pat as my style increases  
What's that in your pants ahhh human feces!  
Throw your shitty drawers in the hamper  
Next time come strapped with a fuckin Pamper  
How ya sound B? You're better off a quitter  
I'm on the mound G, and it's a no-hitter  
And my DJ the catcher, he's my man  
Anyway he's the one who devised the plan  
He throws the signs I hook up the beats with clout  
I throw the rhymes to the mic and I strike em out  
So it really doesn't matter on how you intrigue  
You can't FUCK with those in the major leagues

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(2x)

Hoods on the right  
Punks in the back... to what  
Niggaz on the left  
Hoods on the right  
Punks in the back, c'mon... to what  
...let your feet stomp  
...brag shit to death  
...wild for the night  
(Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu)  
(Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu)  
(Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu)  
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death  
Hoods on the right, wild for the night  
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to  
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp