

# Doe Rae Wu

## Wu-Tang Clan

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques  
Do Rae Wu, Do Rae Wu  
Digi lematina, Digi lematina  
Ding dong ding, ding dong ding

Yo  
The wick is lit, the bombs start to tick, tick, tick  
Countdown, BZA Bobby 'bout to spit  
Explode every MC in a four mile radius  
Still mad with stout like I'm Doctor Octavius  
Place to brace, I could push on a rival plate  
The pulse of a Digi stare, make a spiral break  
Mouth the rhyme, blow his man outside the orbit  
Who ever thought this thug hip-hop wasn't goin' corporate  
And gain weight like Chinese put on eight dragon  
And 'W' on the Flag and and everybody's braggin'  
Neighborhood wiggin' out cuz the God's livin' out  
Without biggin' out, Wu-Tang Clan biggin' out  
Hollywood political wished off, It is Yourz  
Ready for the next LP to hit stores  
I got more serious, my smoke be furious  
My night time walk should be named to Nigerious  
It crucified you upside down on a wooden cross  
Shouldn't have doubted the trojan, threw you in a wooden horse  
Ol' Dirty break these niggaz off  
You be bitches dumb soft

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BOODOODOODOO!!! Yo, yo, yo

Who want me to show the reels? I do magic spells  
Children love shootin' guns on devils kill  
I want a girl that's only too meak to squeal  
And Wu-Tang keep that shit concealed  
Roll with me in the drug mobile  
Fuck my bitches, take it on the wheel  
Played it all over the world until  
Wu-Tang secret now revealed  
O's is killin' all people for head over heals  
I'm not a 'ciple with +Little Rascals+  
Villians, all attracted to my shit for man silk repellent  
I'm not the well-in, white boys can't get with melon  
I'm sayin' Wu-Tang is supreme to my wife and ho bitches on tour  
To make sure, insure, that my wife got paid while I was ditch poor

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Ding dong ding, ding dong ding  
Ol' Dirty Bastard squashin' shit  
Comin' at ya.