

Gun Will Go

Wu-Tang Clan

We got butter (8x)
(The gun'll go, the gun'll go...
The gun'll go...)

Aiyo, one thing for sure, keep you of all
Keep a nice crib, fly away, keep to the point
Keep niggaz outta ya face, who snakes
Keep bitches in they place, keep the mac in a special place,
Keep moving for papes, keep cool, keep doing what you doing
Keep it fly, keep me in the crates
Cuz I will erase shit, on the real, note, you'se a waste
It's right here for you, I will lace you
Rip you and brace you, put a nice W up on ya face
Word to mother, you could get chased
It's nothing to taste, blood on a thug if he gotta go
All I know is, we be giving grace
This is a place, from where we make tapes
We make 'em everywhere, still in all, we be making base
Y'all be making paste, these little niggaz, they be making shapes
Our shit is art, yours is traced

This is the way that we rolling in the streets
You know when we roll we be packing that heat
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go...

This is, Poverty Island, man, these animals don't run
Slums where the ambulance don't come
Who got the best base? Fiends waiting to smoke some
Approach something, ask him where he getting that coke from
My dudes hug blocks like, samurai shogun
Cuz no V and no ones, equalling no fun
Who want a treat they know, huh? Body to go numb
My woman need funds, plus her hair and her toes done
It is what it is though, you fuck with the kid flow
That make it hard to get dough, the harder to get gold
Harder the piff blow, harder when it snow
The pinky and the wrist glow, this here, what we live for
Get gwop, then get low, but first thought
We gotta get the work off, the gift and the curse, boss
Yeah, see I'm the shit yo, the dirt in the fit, no
Hustling from the get-go, the motto is get more

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We was quiet flashy brothers, strapped all along
With the dirty .38 long, twelve hour shift gate
Took case, state to state, you think he won't hold his weight?
Put ya money on the plate and watch it get scrapped
We get ape up in that club, off that juice and Henn
And it's a no win situation fucking with them
You mean like Ewing at the front at the rim, finger roll a Dutch

Million dollar stages touched, techs, gauges bust
Trust no one, the lone shogun, rugged Timb boot stomper
Damaging lyrical mass destruction launcher
Nothing can calm the quakeage when I break, kid
Peace to my brothers up north, doing state bids

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You know when we roll we be packing that heat
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go...

Whoa... this is the way we be rolling in the club
You know when we roll we be packing .32 snubs
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go

We got butter...