

# Killa Beez

Wu-Tang Clan

Mommy... Daddy...  
It's the Killa Beez....

You're no warrior, ya can't bang like us  
You're no warrior, ya not so devious

Yo yo  
I was born with this magnet, warned by the dragnet  
About my dirty habits, I got to have it, the super-glow  
Deuce Bigelow - Male Gigolo  
Gold hands crush Coke cans and Michelobs  
Style is Nino, black Benzito, Valentino  
Nine needles - voice; evil steelo  
Hit, like the bull, more pull than Magneto  
Crush kilos with my bare hand, reload the Eagle  
Nine dirty strikes, leaped up off all you people  
Burn therapy, chemo, seap hoes  
See you through the peephole - in the crime lab  
Countin Ginos, cut-tin dime slabs  
Then he bagged up Chino, rushed through the crowd with a hee-ho  
Slapshots, jackpots, and pe-nnals  
Throw graffiti on the wall, throwin up Reemo  
Gambino three dice, headcrack Cee-Lo  
In ya earhole, let the snare roll go low  
Lower than low, lower than zero  
Who's your rhymin heroes? \*heavy breathing\*  
("Killa beeeeeeeeeeees?")

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Bzzzz.. you hear the hornet, you ducks don't want it  
I dogs blast turbo, supersonic  
Hats off, welcome back, whipe the sweat off  
Bobby Digital, half-man and half-cyborg  
NY City, home of the fly bitties  
With high-heel shoes and tattoos on side titties  
Shorties swallow up the apple cider  
Ra' doin a buck forty in the yellow Spyder  
With the black interior, my mack superior  
to your theory of gats, up in the cafeteria  
I used to cut class and bang lunch tables  
With four finger weaves and long chunky gold cables  
Now I'm known to smack drum machines, carry +Guillotines+  
Watch my bullets scream ("Pheeeewwwww!") and hit the target  
You can't trace the path of air for Richard Starlett

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It's the return of the bad boy, the mic Sean Penn  
Floss gems across the globe with my nine Sourceman  
At a speed that exceeds your convertible Benz  
From a distance you glimpse, supernocular lens  
Stay hotter than a ex-con dodgin the pens

Killa Squadron, known to start a popular trend  
And the emblem, symbolize the wisdom  
certifies the platinum, magnifies the stardom  
Shots bust at random, wake you out your boredom  
Kings of our kindom, reppin from our hoodlums  
Gotta whip them problems, cuz yo we step on toes  
Bangin heads knockin teeth loose, welcome to the pros  
Flash quiz, do that nigga handle his biz?  
I spin a song like Michael and Diana in the Wiz  
The rough shit, I bust it for the republic  
Government, you ain't lovin it, whatchu fuckin wit?  
Manifesto, light it like a techno club  
Outside I don't expect no love  
Man this grip, make the fans flip, don't chance it  
Cop the goods, while my hundred hoods run rampid

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