

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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