

## Ruckus in B Minor

Wu-Tang Clan

Huh, after all these years, what you said was true  
The Shaolin and the Wu-Tang is very dangerous

It's the ODB kid, once again coming through your area.  
And I'm going to tell you one time, you gon' love this

I had to get the money, said it wasn't a choice  
Die Hard's on the bars, Ladies lovin' the voice  
Morphine flow, numbing your joints  
Bomb a nigga like he number 81 from Detroit  
Zombie life, World War Z  
Antidote to your virus, your highness, the world on me  
Capital G, cool as the dude from Dos Equis  
So deadly, I don't make it rain, I snow heavy  
Sick lane, Nic Cage how I ride with fire  
Forever with bars, sort of like a lifer  
With the Son of Anarchy, I be Breaking Bad  
Walking Dead, day dreaming of making a band  
Dancing With the Stars, Americans Idol me  
The Mentalist with the Big Bang Theory

Still number one, still number one, still number one, one, one  
Still number one, still number one, still number one, one, one

The most duplicated, anticipated, validated  
Urban legends in the books with the ones who made it  
Highly celebrated, everything was work related  
Current top 40 got the Wu deep in all their business  
20 years Killa Bees, yeah, we hold the pennant  
Monumental stance on the cover with my co-defendants  
Drop her sentence, in remembrance  
Construct these jewels so they can live through my descendants

Younging, I can see your draws, pull your pants up  
Can't even call yourself a man until you man up  
And if you call yourself a fan you need to stand up  
This ain't a party, it's a jux, keep your hands up  
And I don't care who runs the city when the summer come  
Your summer's done, Wu forever, and we're still number one

Still number one, still number one, still number one, one, one  
Still number one, still number one, still number one, one, one

Picture a young nigga on the strip getting rich off the drug shit  
Putting other niggas on, teaching 'em thug shit  
Then they want stick 'em up, then they get slugs quick  
Hood-type niggas always living that crime life  
Jealous-ass grimy niggas seeing the limelight  
Slimy old nigga like fucking your man's wife  
Fool shouldn't use the word brother, he man dyke

Yo, I spend my way all across New York  
Get it out in all types of ice that you sport  
One chain, two chain, three chain, four  
Niggas mouth's drop like the leaves in the fall  
Tone got that WBC  
I take off heavy in air ballons and land in the Fiji's

That's my bird and that's my word  
You faggots keep fucking around and get curbed

Forms circles like the rings of Saturn  
Dust rocks and ice in a particular pattern  
Then this fascinating picture has emerged from surface  
A wonder of the young world with an urgent purpose  
A wild fire engulfing every home  
It's history, chiseled and carved in every stone  
A workshop where skills are learned  
Handcrafted and drafted, written works our main concern  
Urban center provided with a social structure  
And a curious culture full of superconductors  
Each stain is part of a scene with  
Intricate geometric raps on a larger screen  
Spell bounding, marvelous and it's surrounding  
Viewpoints remain the same, it's all astounding  
A place where the forgotten art is so powerful  
A striking image is something that's so valuable

This one's the blackout! Three-fifty-seven to your mouth!

GZA, this is called Ruckus In B Minor  
Rae, all those bad times is behind us  
Ghost, put that mask on to remind us  
Method Man, let 'em know who's New York's finest

My lines is like Peruvian coke, go ahead and try one  
My recipe is A1 remarkable with my mixture  
Rainman mathematician, this city slicker  
Finest threads cover my frame, the cloths of royalty  
Strive with an army of winners and no pretenders  
(\*One\*) We live free and achieve more  
But first we gotta win with no stale mate  
The all eye seeing is victorious biz to the sound man

All my trucks, tanks are bulletproof, been the truth  
Loot the track, clear the booth, my thought ready, aim, shoot  
My knowledge one twenty proof, let's tear the roof off  
Let's spray, M-A-S-T-A  
King I Love-Love club, pack stadium rock  
I hold the mic snug, split a slug  
Black ninja, mask and gloves

Still number one, still number one, still number one, one, one  
Still number one, still number one, still number one, one, one