

# Rules

## Wu-Tang Clan

All you hoes, be cryin for these bitches  
All you niggaz, be cryin for these hoes

"Both hands clusty" - Ghost, "Pullin out gats" - Raekwon  
"Double barreled" - Meth, "Blew off the burner kinda dusty" - Ghost  
"We back, don't test" - Raekwon, "Bring it to em proper, potnah" - Meth  
"Comin from the thirty-six chamber" - Meth  
"Math, let the plate spin" - GZA, "Many brothers y'all be sparkin"  
"Stray shots, all on the block that stays hot" - Inspectah Deck  
"If ya fuck with Wu, we gots ta fuck witchu" - Method Man

Who the fuck knocked our buildings down?  
Who the man behind the World Trade massacres, step up now  
Where the four planes at huh is you insane bitch?  
Fly that shit over my hood and get blown to bits!  
No disrespect, that's where I rest my head  
I understand you gotta rest yours true, nigga my people's dead  
America, together we stand, divided we fall  
Mr. Bush sit down, I'm in charge of the war!

Yes yes y'all, the I-N-S bless y'all  
Stop hearts like cholesterol, let's brawl  
Never fall, tear it down like a wreckin ball  
Role call where my niggaz that's one for all  
And all for one, we draw the guns on impulse  
Cash in the envelope, spend it on kinfolk  
Then smoke a ounce as we count mills  
Providin you pure ecstasy without pills

Y'all know the rules, we don't fuck with fools man  
How the fuck did we get so cool man?  
Never ever disrespect my crew  
If ya fuck with Wu we gots ta fuck witchu

Y'all dogs better guard ya grills, it's all real  
We live from ..., it's the God I-Reelz  
Yo wonderful, spark the blillz  
Let me build with the people for the mills  
I'm rollin with the Rebel I-Ill from Killa Hill, peace to Brownsville  
Brothers that'll kill for the will of the righteous  
Twenty-five to lifers, true and livin snipers  
You wait like "Sixth Sense" 'til hard to kill

How you livin StreetLife? I'm surrounded by criminals  
Serial killers tote guns without the serial  
High-tech, street intellect, all digital  
Project original, sheisty individual  
New York's bravest, always supply you with the latest  
We hall of famers, and still hit you with the greatest  
Took a year hiatus, now you wanna hate us  
Thanks to all you haters for all the cream you made us

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Sendin letters to ..., my cousin in Wendy's on Viacom  
At home, it's worth money, I adorns  
Order drinks, all real niggaz order your minks yo  
We got the fitteds on, lookin all fink  
Daddy everybody get money from now on  
Payday flash Visas livin like, Easter e'ryday  
Don't fuck Benz, rather a 430  
That shit that float through water, eyeball come up, drop birdies yo

We can eat right, or we can clap these toys  
I'm with StreetLife, ain't never been a Backstreet Boy  
Who y'all kiddin? Tryin to act like my shoe fittin  
Confused with ya head up yo' ass like who's shittin?  
It's Hot Nixon, same team same position  
Battin average three-five-seven and still hittin  
Y'all still bitchin, still lame and still chicken  
I'm still here, one leg missin and still kickin  
Cause I'm haaaaaaard! Hard like a criminal  
Love like a tennis shoe, throw slug to finish you  
It's the Method Man, for short Mr. Meth  
I can tell this motherfucker ain't Wu, look at his neck

"Comin from the thirty-six chamber" - Meth  
"Bring it to em proper, potnah" - Meth - "Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang"

It's Wu-Tang, rushin yo' gang, crushin the game  
Pretty thugs, clutchin they chain, hand cuppin they thang  
Who get strange, gassed up playin with flames  
Let a nigga take off his shades, see what I'm sayin is..

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