

Start the Show

Wu-Tang Clan

For money, I assassinate
Today, I have an opponent that's worthy
Now killing me
You won't find that so easy

Clap your hands
Let's start the show, c'mon!
Let's go
Say one, two, three, four
Say oh! Clap your hands
Uh, let's start the show
C'mon, c'mon
Say one, two, three, four

Revolutionary gangster, the will to kill
Everything up, my roots is steel
Do it big time, march through the desert and shine
Let the C's live free while we open the minds
Of every black man, white man, no color, my writing hand
Is like dynamite, I fight for land
Blood stains yo, gettin' money affect the plan
We travel to Beijing and end up in Japan
Hoods everywhere, bring the goods and gear
And teach them how to hold mics and grow them beards
Then stop, check my brothers and my sisters in Africa
We know that's theirs, yes, we been actin' up
Bush fucked the world up, and left our soldiers
Out in Iraq, bless them with roses
Foes try to approach, we roast them goats
We terrorize the city while forgettin' the quotes

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Let's start the show, c'mon!
Let's go
Say one, two, three, four
Say oh! Clap your hands
Uh, let's start the show
C'mon, c'mon
Say one, two, three, four

They tryin' to take us back to Reaganomics with atomic bombs
On Islamic countries to stop them from being Islamic
But Islam is a way of life, Islam is the way of Christ
Islam means peace, the beast must pay a price
For his wickedness, politics is the trickiest
Business on this planet, the bandits are the slipperiest
Snakes who ever slithered, you ever stop to consider
Who's pulling these strings, from Napoleon to Hitler?
Is there an unseen hand with the unseen plan?
The unclean man from the unclean land
Desire to kill the righteous dumbs down the brightest
Give his life in this world that seem so lifeless
Put a price on things, that are priceless
The fierceness that meanness is stronger than the niceness
Who really has the power, is it theirs, is it ours?
Is it a democracy, or the morning prowlers?
Do we have a press or President?

Is it a test or a testament? Pest or pestilence?
Who got the evidence?
Who got the common sense? Stop all the negligence

Say oh! Clap your hands
Let's start the show, c'mon!
Let's go
Say one, two, three, four

I oversee the world
You taught many of 'em, many dudes
I'm moldin' rappers and showed 'em how to eat
Chef, the senator of thoughts
Democratic gats
Saved by the judge
The flavor, that was brought about that day
Steaks come out, raw

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Let's start the show, c'mon!
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Uh, let's start the show
C'mon, c'mon
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