

## 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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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

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