

# Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthin' Ta F' Wit

Wu-Tang Clan

Tiger style  
Yo, huh, huh  
Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuttin Ta Fuck Wit  
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There's noplace to hide once I step inside the room  
Dr. Doom, prepare for the boom  
BAM! Aw, MAN! I SLAM  
JAM, now scream like Tarzan

I be tossin, enforcin, my style is awesome  
I'm causin more Family Feud's than Richard Dawson  
And the survey said -- ya dead  
Fatal Flying Guillotine chops off your fuckin head  
MZA who was that? Aiyyo, the Wu is back  
Makin niggaz go BO BO!, like on Super Cat  
Me fear no-one, oh no, here come  
The Wu-Tang shogun, killer to the eardrum!

I puts the needle to the groove, I gets rude  
And I'm forced to fuck it up  
My style carries like a pickup truck  
Across the clear blue yonder  
Seek the China Sea, I slam tracks like quarterbacks sacks from L.T.  
Now why try and test, the Rebel INS?  
Blessed since the birth, I earth-slam your best  
Cause I bake the cake, then take the cake  
and eat it, too, with my crew while we head state to state!

And if you want beef, then bring the ruckus  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin ta fuck with  
Straight from the motherfucking slums that's busted  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin ta fuck with

Hyah!  
Step up, boy!  
Represent!  
Chop his head off, kid!

The Meth will come out tomorrow,  
Styles, is wild, berserk, bizarro  
Flow, with more afro than Rollo  
Comin to a fork in the road which way to go just follow  
Method, the Legend, niggaz is Sleepy Hollow  
In fact I'm a hard act to follow  
I dealt for dolo, Bogart comin on through  
Niggaz is like "Oh, my God, not you!"  
Yes, I, come to get a slice of the punk and the pie  
Rather do than die, check my  
flava, comin from the RZA  
which is short for the razor  
Who make me reminisce true like Deja, Vu!  
I'm rubber, niggaz is like glue  
Whatever you say rubs off me sticks to you

Ahh-hah! Yeah  
Representin Brooklyn Queens

Long Island, Manhattan Bronx  
The Rugged Lands of Shaolin  
Niggaz from Virginia, Atlanta  
Our boys in Ohio  
comin through with the crazy, why-oh why-oh  
Yo, niggaz from The Source  
My man Kelly Moon from the GAVIN  
Rod Strickland, Jason ? and yeah  
true, true, my nigga ? it's goin down boy  
We ain't nuttin ta fuck wit  
The whole Texas mob, the Chicago mob  
Niggaz from Detroit, fuckin California squadron  
comin through knahmsayin? The whole fuckin West coast  
to the whole East, niggaz from D.C.  
Down in Maryland, all the way over there in Morgan State  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin ta fuck wit  
all over the whole fuckin globe, comin through boy  
Peace to the fuckin Zulu Nation  
Peace to all the Gods and the Earths, word is bond  
Wu-Tang slang, choppin heads boy  
It ain't safe no more!  
Peace..