

# Y'all Been Warned

Wu-Tang Clan

Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh  
Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up (one)  
Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up  
(That's what's up)

Eh, eh, eh,  
Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up  
Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up  
Wu-Tang, nigga, Crash Ya Crew , laugh at you

You bastard, you, pass through, slap an ass or two  
Hear me ROAR, Timbaland tree, weed galore  
MC's with gusto why'all ain't neva seen befo'  
El-Producto, pass that, ya puff too slow

That's what's up, yo, the kid with the buck-toothed flow  
Oh, that's Meth Man, south paw, I throw my left hand  
To that hardcore shit that even make the Tec jam  
Oh my goodness! Trust me, ain't nuttin like some hood shit

Gotta love my dogs but ain't nuttin like a good bitch  
Strictly, if I'm goin down, she comin wit me  
Whole time screamin, "Oh my God!", ain't no mystery

Why'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm  
Why'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon  
Correct me if I'm wrong but fake thugs never last long  
Can't wait until ya fake ass gone  
Why'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm  
Why'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon  
Nigga, uh-oh! I think they're playin our song  
Lit blunts, Clan in Da Front, sayin "It's on!"

Try to Wu hate, duck, you could suck my  
Watch the block get clear when I buck my  
Boomerang darts, you can't duck my  
No tellin' which Clan man you got struck by

Chains get tucked when he walk by, hawk eye  
Arrows bein fired from crossbow, I talk fly  
You can't Etcha-sketch all my rhyme threat  
Try to bite my flow, you catch ya throat strep

Soaked in cess, dope, you eat the cold Tec's  
Bold flex, W crown, the ice O-X  
Up in the oolie, yo, who you know?  
John Bizzi, Ghost Deini, Rollie Finger and them toolies yo

Stainless Bobby, boy, you have an English folly  
To try to detain the slang that we can to polly  
Plus you didn't peep Arief, kid, you sleep  
I seen this heap of shit, you in steep

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Yo, Amist the gravel, play the words of the Big Apple  
Broadcastin live from the pits of the battle  
Wigs split and rattled, get shook out ya saddle  
You ever hear me losin, one of why'all fix the panel

Ask who? Wu, that's true, known piranhas  
Who knows drama, fathers of your whole persona  
The mad doctor, stay locked in the O-are  
In too deep, beyond reach of the sonar

Still a vet, say my name next to hall of fame  
Hurtin third string players, first day in the game  
It's on, son, the Killa Bee swarm come  
Make the world shake with one continuous drum

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Wave ya gun, Killa (I got you)  
Shoot this nigga in his face fast, mumblin (I heard why'all forgot Wu)  
Wear ya crown, black down (Watch the block too)  
Blow at why'all niggas (Blowin at the cops too)

Eh-yo, my Wallets stay Bulletproofs racin in Coups, yea we the realest  
Ultraviolet leathers on, pealin this, love lookin the illest  
Gorilla things, monster background with a history  
You're pumpin crack, yap clowns, we all real in here

Strap a bomb on a family member, let why'all niggas know we here  
Blasted, it's like cheeba when I splashed it  
Real reefer heads'll know the meanin of hittin glass  
I told why'alls, against why'all, Ginsengs, avenge Gods

Picture me stabbin you in the yard for are's  
Kid saw Staten, nine Bin Ladens  
Valors on, colorful draws, lookin all relaxed in

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