

Raekwon, Wu-Gambinos

Intro:

And in our line of work, we need all the help we can get
Tony Wing's the name, he works for a drug ring in Central America
Who wants to kill him?

No information, say yes or no

One point five million

Alright, you get what you want -- money's no object

They're all clean, no serial numbers, untraceable

And there are explosive head bullets, your favorite

[Raekwon, Ghostface, (Method)]

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo-yo, here come the cop man

Yo Starks come here, come here Sun

Come here for a minute!

Aiyyo aiyyo hold up hold up

Shit we gotta go to the store for more baking soda

Yo yo yo get your fuckin, yo this made of glass nig!

Get your big Adidas off my moms table man!

Get the fuck off it man.

Yo just chill man, pass the Cristal man.

Niggaz is greedy man, damn.

Big ass shits.

Yo man you ain't smoking none of that weed in here man.

Chill man.

Bobby Steels

Somebody go to the store man

Sup kid?

Get that baking soda.

(Yo!) Let's cut the pie five ways

(Noodles) We came off with two mil kid

Fast (Rollie Fingers, no doubt coming through)

La cosa nostra

(Johnny Blaze!)

(Lou Diamonds!)

Represent kid.

(Tony Starks)

Universal frontier

(Original blood claat bad bwoys)

Chorus: Method Man

Who come to get you? None. They want guns!

I be the first to set off shit, last to run

Wu roll together as one

I call my brother Sun cuz he shine like one

Verse One: Method Man, a.k.a. Johnny Blaze

Check it

Scriptures hit the body like sawed off shotties

Like my hair notty and my nosepiece snotty

Fuck a nigga hottie, that whole pussy probably

Burn like the deserts of Mogabi, for real

Ain't nuttin fraudulent here, we pioneer

Commandeer a new frontier, this be the Wu yeah

Thirty-six chambers of fear, huh, you lost it

Information leakin out your faucets, hmmm

Time to forfeit your crown and leave the ground

There's a new sheriff in town holdin it down

It's the two holster, shit shot smoker

Wanted dead or alive, bounty on the poster

Wild in the West, a student of my culture

And life is the test, hold up

Let a nigga catch his breath, we still payin dues

And the last one is death, back to the essence

With that shit you stressin, this rap profession

Now peep Tical, the son of the Shaolin

Isle plus my style, Criminology pays

The last times and days, Johnny fuckin Blaze

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef, a.k.a. Lou Diamonds

This goes for niggaz who know
Wu will grow like llello, lay low
Plus coolin in Barbados
Ricaans be givin me much shit, the dutch shit
Stay cool papi, seize it with enough shit
Back at the lab a, crack's bagged up
Yo niggaz act up, what blow up the workers if they hafta
Senioritas, fuckin up a storm buyin guards margaritas
Suckin his dick, up in the whip long
Designed for rhyme prime nigga jail time jiggas
Them niggaz up in Height figures bitin niggaz
Silks, Wally-Wear, figaro chains, yeah
Jakes beware black rap millionaires
Rock hairs leather goose bears blowin this year
One eight hundred gambino niggaz yeah
[Meth]

Wu roll together as one

I call my brother Sun cuz he shine like one

Verse Three: RZA, a.k.a. Bobby Steels

Solid gold crown is shinin
Solid gold, check it Sun yo
Solid gold crown be shinin and blindin like some diamonds
I be pioneerin the style in the cloud with silver linings
Double breasted, bullet proof vested, well protected
The heart the rib cage the chest and solar plexus
Castin stones, crackin two-hundred and six bones
And watch yo' ass get blown to a sea of fire and brimstone
How dare you approach it with dim pones
The overfiend like noah bean green souls with a soldier mean
The grand exquisite imperial wizard oh is it
The Rzarector come to pay your ass a visit
Local bio-chemical, universal giant, the black general
Lickin shots to Davy Crockett on the bicentennial
Happen millenium two thousand microchips two shots of penicillin
goes up your adrenalin son it's time for boutin
It's a mileage resemblin niggaz who like followin
Trapped inside your projects like a genie inside the bottle
Verse Four: Master Killer

God steppin forth upon holy ground of the track
It's the sound that surrounds and hurts me like I'm under attack

So I decided to bite down on the mic

So the pain of the track won't deny the fact

That I'm the Master, for what lurks, is an expert

That hurts the individual who tries to visual-ize under

Cuz I strike, like thunder

Niggaz couldn't stand my heat, it's unbearable

My wisdom fucks up your respiratorial

Systems are fractured by the killa tactics

Style is ragged and thoughts are mad jagged

Enter the entity, my vicinity

Is three hundred and sixty degrees of humidity

Represent the school of hard knocks and glocks my

Clan is hoss and got mad moss for blocks so

Feel the force of impact from the iron side of

The gat as I attack the track

From the blind side of the pack, Starks pass the chrome

Watch a nigga get blown out his muthafuckin dome

piece, deceased, laid to rest

Chorus

Verse Five: Ghostface Killer, a.k.a. Tony Starks

Yo, aiyyo I got to serve them my way, move give me room

Holdin up your saloon, clean sweep, like a broom

Full moons make me howl like a wolf outta breath

Sold only new vocal cords I heard Genius on Gef

So step back, to the lab at, high velocity
My teammate, in here sells well like a pharmacy
Fuck Horado Pablos plan growas bravo
Goodfellas we know, best sellas become novels
The man rockin head bands, silk scarves and jams
Early 80's british rock, playboys, mocks, and shams
The laser beam vocalist does well at symphonies
Bad days, watch me snatch ice right outta Tiffany's
Remember them kids that came off with 8 million
Robbed the Brinks and I labelled in royal pavillions
Them flower heads must have been stupid
Tell me how the fuck black niggaz get caught wit all that loot kid
That's jet money, undaground money
Submarines and rings too bad you fucked up dummies
Cosa cosa, come on...