

Wu-Tang Clan, Bring Da Ruckus

[Intro:]

Shaolin shadowboxing, and the Wu-Tang sword style
If what you say is true, the Shaolin and the Wu-Tang
could be dangerous

Do you think your Wu-Tang sword can defeat me?

En garde, I'll let you try my Wu-Tang style

[Chorus: RZA]

Bring da motherfuckin ruckus

Bring da motherfuckin ruckus

Bring da mother, bring da motherfuckin ruckus

Bring da motherfuckin ruckus

[Verse One: Ghostface Killah]

Ghostface, catch the blast of a hype verse

My glock bursts, leave in a hearse, I did worse

I come rough, tough like an elephant tusk

Ya head rush, fly like Egyptian musk

Aw shit, Wu-Tang Clan spark the wicks an'

However, I master the trick just like Nixon

Causin terror, quick damage ya whole era

Hardrocks is locked the fuck up, or found shot

P.L.O. style, hazardous, cause I wreck this dangerous

I blow sparks like Waco, Texas

[Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef]

I watch my back like I'm locked down, hardcore

Hittin sound, watch me act bugged, and tear it down

A literate type asshole, songs goin gold, no doubt

and you watch a corny nigga fold

Yeah, they fake and all that

Carryin gats but yo, my Clan

Rollin like forty Macs

Now ya act convinced, I guess it makes sense

Wu-Tang, yo sewwwwwwwwwww, represent

I wait for one to act up

Now I got him backed up

Gun to his neck now, react what?

And that's one in the chamber

Wu-Tang banger, 36 styles of danger

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Inspectah Deck]

I rip it hardcore, like porno-flick bitches

I roll with groups of ghetto bastards with biscuits

Check it, my method on the microphone's bangin

Wu-Tang slang'll leave your headpiece hangin

Bust this, I'm kickin like Segall, Out for Justice

The roughness, yes, the rudeness, ruckus

Redrum, I verbally assault with the tongue

Murder one, my style shot ya knot like a stun-gun

I'm hectic, I wreck it with the quickness

Set it on the microphone, and competition get blown

By this nasty ass nigga with my nigga, the RZA

Charged like a bull and got pull like a trigga

So bad, stabbin up the pad with the vocab, crab

I scream on ya ass like your dad, bring it on...

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: The Genius/GZA]

Yo, I'm more rugged than slaveman boots

New recruits, I'm fuckin' up MC troops

I break loops, and trample shit, while I stomp!

A mudhole in that ass, cause I'm straight out the swamp

Creepin up on site, now it's Fright Night

My Wu-Tang slang is mad fuckin' dangerous

And more deadly than the stroke of an axe

Choppin through ya back *swish*

Givin bystanders heart-attacks

Niggas try to flip, tell me who is him
I blow up his fuckin prism
Make it a vicious act of terrorism
You wanna bring it, so fuck it
Come on and bring the ruckus
And I provoke niggaz to kick buckets
I'm wettin CREAM, I ain't wettin fame
Who sellin gain, I'm givin out a deadly game
It's not the Russian it's the Wu-Tang crushin
Roulette, slip up and get fucked like Suzette
Bring da fuckin ruckus...
[Chorus]
So bring it on...[X7]
punk nigga!