

Wu-Tang Clan, Bring Da Ruckus (Demo Version)

[Intro:]

[Rza] Bring da bring da muthafuckin' ruckus!

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: Raekwon the Chef]

Somethin' new from my real live raps and so catch this,

While I kick a verse like chapters.

I'm all of that, proceed with the militant act

With the rugged Timberlands or with boots that's black!

But on the real, I'm cold like blue steel.

Out to catch a hit and make a mil...[CHILL!]

Maintain yourself black! You're strappin' all of that!

But you ain't got shit in this shack Jack!!!

That's my word! I'm used to beef and I can eat it mad raw,

And pick it out my gold teeth!

But yo! Back to the subject, Wu's tryin' ta get wrecked yo

Pass the weed thru your shit god mic check! Need a little meth yo

true!!! Back to me flippin' you and your so called zoo!

You got nothin' on a nigga from Staten,

A drunk monk, smokin' mad skunk and stackin'!

I didn't need rap shit to get me on, I was a crimey,

Drivin' a Benz hearin' my man's song.

And when shit gone broke out, everybody got smoked out,

And cops drove the wrong route!

Don't act evil and possess to hurt me, 40 gunz be flowin' in ya face,

Who want's some!!!

[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!