

RZA, Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthin Ta Fuck Wit

Intro: RZA

[Tiger style]

[Tiger style] Tiger style

Yo, huh, huh

Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuttin Ta Fuck Wit

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There's noplac to hide once I step inside the room

Dr. Doom, prepare for the boom

BAM! Aw, MAN! I SLAM

JAM, now scream like Tarzan

Verse One: RZA

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? Ayyo, 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!

Verse Two: Inspectah Deck

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!

Chorus: RZA

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

Interlude: RZA

Hyah!

Step up, boy!

Represent!

Chop his head off, kid!

Verse Three: Method Man

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

[Chorus]

[RZA]

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..