

# Wu-Tang Clan, Clan in Da Front

[Intro: RZA]

Up from the 36 Chambers...

Heheh.. it's the Ghost..\*Face\*..\*Killahh\* Hehheheh

Wu-Tang

Wu-Tang Killa Beez, we on a swarm

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The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, U-God

Ghost Face Killer, the Method Man, Raekwon the Chef, the Master Killer

Raw Desire, LeVon, Power Cipher

Twelve O'Clock, Sixty Second Assassin, the 4th Disciple

The Brand White

K.D. the Down Low Wrecka, Shyheim AKA The Rugged Child

Doo-Doo Wales, Mista Hezakiah -- better known as the Yin and the Yang

The Tru Masta, Asan, DJ Skane, The Tru Robocop comin thru

Scientific Shabazz, my motherfuckin man Wise the Civilized

The Shaolin Soldiers, Daddy-O and Popa Ron

Comin down from the motherfuckin South end of things

Killa beez all over your fuckin planet

Thirty-six chambers of death

Three-hundred and sixty degrees of perfected styles

Choppin off your motherfuckin dome...

...peace, and every fuckin borough

Crooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, Staten Island

The motherfuckin Bronx, killa beez....

(The sword? C'mon, give him the sword)

[Chorus: The Genius]

Clan in da front, let your feet stomp

Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death

Now hoods on the right, wild for the night

Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to...

[Verse One:]

The Wu is comin thru, the outcome is critical

Fuckin wit my style, is sort of like a Miracle

on 34th Street, in the Square of Herald

I gamed Ella, the bitch caught a Fitz like Gerald --

-- ine Ferraro, who's full of sorrow

Cuz the hoe didn't win but the sun will still come out tomorrow

and shine shine shine like gold mine

Here comes the drunk monk, with a quart of Ballentine

Pass the bone, kid pass the bone

Let's get on this mission like Indiana Jones, the GZA

One who just represent the Wu-Tang click

With the game and soul, of an old school flick

Like the Mack and Dolemite, who both did bids

Claudine went to Cooley High and had mad kids

so stop, the life you save may be your motherfuckin own

I'll hang your ass with this microphone

Make way for the merge of traffic

Wu-Tang's comin thru with Full Metal Jackets

God squad that's mad hard to serve

Come frontin hard, then Bernhard Goetz what he deserves

[Chorus]

[Verse Two:]

The response while I bomb that ass, &quot;You ain't shit!&quot;

Your wack ass town had you gassed

Egos is somethin the Wu-Tang crush

Souped up niggaz on a stage get rushed

I don't give a god damn, on the shows you did

How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid?

Cuz I don't know ya therefore show me what you know

I come sharp as a blade and I cut you slow

You become so Pat as my style increases

What's that in your pants ahhh human feces!  
Throw your shitty drawers in the hamper  
Next time come strapped with a fuckin Pampers  
How ya sound B? You're better off a quitter  
I'm on the mound G, and it's a no-hitter  
And my DJ the catcher, he's my man  
Anyway he's the one who devised the plan  
He throws the signs I hook up the beats with clout  
I throw the rhymes to the mic and I strike em out  
So it really doesn't matter on how you intrigue  
You can't FUCK with those in the major leagues  
[Chorus -- 2X]  
Hoods on the right  
Punks in the back... to what  
Niggaz on the left  
Hoods on the right  
Punks in the back, c'mon... to what  
...let your feet stomp  
...brag shit to death  
...wild for the night  
(Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu)  
(Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu)  
(Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu)  
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death  
Hoods on the right, wild for the night  
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to  
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp