

Wu-Tang Clan, Gun Will Go

(Intro: Method Man w/ sample (Sunny valentine))

We got butter (8X)

(The gun'll go, the gun'll go...

The gun'll go...)

(Raekwon)

Aiyo, one thing for sure, keep you of all

Keep a nice crib, fly away, keep to the point

Keep niggaz outta ya face, who snakes

Keep bitches in they place, keep the mac in a special place,

Keep moving for papes, keep cool, keep doing what you doing

Keep it fly, keep me in the crates

Cuz I will erase shit, on the real, note, you'se a waste

It's right here for you, I will lace you

Rip you and brace you, put a nice W up on ya face

Word to mother, you could get chased

It's nothing to taste, blood on a thug if he gotta go

All I know is, we be giving grace

This is a place, from where we make tapes

We make 'em everywhere, still in all, we be making base

Y'all be making paste, these little niggaz, they be making shapes

Our shit is art, yours is traced

(Chorus: Sunny Valentine)

This is the way that we rolling in the streets

You know when we roll we be packing that heat

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go...

(Method Man)

This is, Poverty Island, man, these animals don't run

Slums where the ambulance don't come

Who got the best base? Fiends waiting to smoke some

Approach something, ask him where he getting that coke from

My dudes hug blocks like, samurai shogun

Cuz no V and no ones, equalling no fun

Who want a treat they know, huh? Body to go numb

My woman need funds, plus her hair and her toes done

It is what it is though, you fuck with the kid flow

That make it hard to get dough, the harder to get gold

Harder the piff blow, harder when it snow

The pinky and the wrist glow, this here, what we live for

Get gwop, then get low, but first thought

We gotta get the work off, the gift and the curse, boss

Yeah, see I'm the shit yo, the dirt in the fit, no

Hustling from the get-go, the motto is get more

(Chorus)

(Masta Killa)

We was quiet flashy brothers, strapped all along

With the dirty .38 long, twelve hour shift gate

Took case, state to state, you think he won't hold his weight?

Put ya money on the plate and watch it get scrapped

We get ape up in that club, off that juice and Henn

And it's a no win situation fucking with them

You mean like Ewing at the front at the rim, finger roll a Dutch

Million dollar stages touched, techs, gauges bust

Trust no one, the lone shogun, rugged Timb boot stomper

Damaging lyrical mass destruction launcher

Nothing can calm the quakeage when I break, kid

Peace to my brothers up north, doing state bids

(Chorus)

(Chorus 2: Sunny Valentine)

Whoa... this is the way we be rolling in the club

You know when we roll we be packing .32 snubs

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go

(Outro: sample to fade)

We got butter...