

Wu-Tang Clan, Ruckus In B Minor

It's the ODB kid, once again coming through your area.
And I'm going to tell you one time, you gone love this

I had to get the money, said it wasn't a choice
Die Hard's on the bars, 80's love in the voice
Morphine flow, numbing your joints
Brought my nigga in it like he number 81 from Detroit
Zombie life, World War Z
Antidote to your virus, your highness, the world on me
Capital G, cool as the dude from Dos Equis
So deadly, I don't make it rain, I snow heavy
Sick (?) Nic Cage how I ride with fire
Forever with bars, sorta like a lifer
With the Son of Anarchy, I be Breaking Bad
Walkin' Dead, day dreamin' of making a band
Dancin' With the Stars, American Idol
Meets the Mentalist with the Big Bang Theory

Still number one, still number one, still number one
Still number one, still number one, still number one

[Masta Killa:]

The most duplicated, anticipated, validated
Urban legends in the books with the ones who made it
Highly celebrated, everything was work related
Current top 40 got the Wu (?)
20 years Killa Bees yea we hold the pennant
Monumental stance on the cover with my co-defendants
Drop her sentence
In remembrance
Construct these jewels so they can live through my descendants

Youngin', I can see your draws, pull your pants up
Can't even call yourself a man until you man up
And if you call yourself a fan, you need to stand up
This ain't a party it's a jux, keep your hands up
And I don't care who in the city when the summer come
Yes I'm a don wu forever, and we're still number one

Still number one, still number one, still number one
Still number one, still number one, still number one

Picture a youngin' on the strip gettin' rich off the drug shit
Puttin' other niggas on, teachin' 'em thug shit
Then they want stick 'em up, then they want slugs quick
Hood type niggas always living that crime life
Jealous ass grimy-ass niggas seein' the lime light
Slimy old nigga like fucking your man's wife
(?)

[GhostFace Killah:]

Yo, I spend my way all across New York
(?) out in all types of ice that you sport
One chain, two chain, three chain, four
Niggas mouth's drop like the leaves in the fall
Tone got that WBC
I take off heavy in air ballons and land in the Fiji's
That's my bird and that's my word
Niggas keep fuckin' around get curbed

[GZA:]

Forms circles like the rings of Saturn
Dust rocks and ice in a particular pattern
Then this fascinating picture has emerged from surface

A wonder of the young world with an urge and purpose
A wild fire engulfing every home
It's history, chiseled and carved in every stone
A workshop where skills are learned
Handcrafted and drafted, written works are main concern
Urban center provided with a social structure
And a curious culture full of superconductors
Each stain is part of a scene with
Intricate geometric raps on a larger screen
Spell bounding, marvelous and it's surrounding
Viewpoints remain the same it's all astounding
A place where the forgotten art is so powerful
A striking image of something that's so valuable

GZA, this is called Ruckus In B Minor
Rae, all those bad times is behind us
Ghost, put that mask on to remind us
Method Man let 'em know who's New York's finest

Youngin', I can see your draws, pull your pants up
Can't even call yourself a man until you man up
And if you call yourself a fan, you need to stand up
This ain't a party it's a jux, keep your hands up
And I don't care who in the city when the summer come
Yes I'm a don wu forever, and we're still number one

Still number one, still number one, still number one
Still number one, still number one, still number one