

## Schwarze Feen

### "Wu-Gambinos"

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Intro:

And in our line of work, we need all the help we can get  
Tony Wind is the name, he works for a drug ring in  
Central America  
Who wants to kill him?  
No information, say yes or no  
One point five million  
Alright, you get what you want -- money's no object  
They're all clean, no serial numbers, untraceable  
And there are explosive head bullets, in the clip

[Raekwon, Ghostface, (Method)]

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo-yo, here come the cop man  
Yo Starks come here, come here Sun  
Come here for a minute!  
Aiiyo aiiyo hold up hold up  
Shit we gotta go to the store for more baking soda  
Yo yo yo get your fuckin, yo this made of glass nig!  
Get your big Adidas off my moms table man!  
Get the fuck off it man.  
Yo just chill man, pass the Cristal man.  
Niggaz is greedy man, damn.  
Big ass shits.  
Yo man you ain't smoking none of that weed in here  
man.  
Chill man.

Bobby Steels  
Somebody go to the store man  
Sup kid?  
Get that baking soda.  
(Yo!) Let's cut the pie five ways  
(Noodles) We came off with two mil kid  
Fast (Rollie Fingers, no doubt coming through)  
La cosa nostra  
(Johnny Blaze!)  
(Lou Diamonds!)  
Represent kid.  
(Tony Starks)

Universal frontier  
(Original blood claat bad bwoys)

Chorus: Method Man

Who come to get you? None. They want guns!  
I be the first to set off shit, last to run  
Wu roll together as one  
I call my brother Sun cuz he shine like one

Verse One: Method Man, a.k.a. Johnny Blaze

Check it  
Scriptures hit the body like sawed off shotties  
Like my hair notty and my nosepiece snotty  
Fuck a nigga hottie, that whole pussy probably  
Burn like the deserts of Mogabi, for real  
Ain't nuttin fraudulent here, we pioneer  
Commandeer a new frontier, this be the Wu yeah  
Thirty-six chambers of fear, huh, you lost it  
Information leakin out your faucets, hmmmmm  
Time to forfeit your crown and leave the ground  
There's a new sheriff in town holdin it down  
It's the two holster, shit shot smoker  
Wanted dead or alive, bounty on the poster  
Wild in the West, a student of my culture  
And life is the test, hold up  
Let a nigga catch his breath, we still payin dues  
And the last one is death, back to the essence  
With that shit you stressin, this rap profession  
Now peep Tical, the son of the Shaolin  
Isle plus my style, Criminology pays  
The last times and days, Johnny fuckin Blaze

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef, a.k.a. Lou Diamonds

This goes for niggaz who know  
Wu will grow like llello, ley no  
Plus coolin in Barbados  
Ricaans be givin me much shit, the dutch shit  
Stay cool papi, seize it with enough shit  
Back at the lab a, crack's bagged up  
Yo niggaz act up, what blow up the workers if they  
hafta  
Senoritas, fuckin up a storm buyin guards margaritas  
Suckin his dick, up in the whip long  
Designed for rhyme prime nigga jail time jiggas  
Them niggaz up in Height figures bitin niggaz  
Silks Wally-Wear finger rolled chain yeah  
Jakes beware black rap millionaires  
Rock hairs leather goose bears blowin this year

One eight hundred gambino niggaz yeah

[Meth]

Wu roll together as one

I call my brother Sun cuz he shine like one

Verse Three: RZA, a.k.a. Bobby Steels

Solid gold crown is shinin

Solid gold, check it Sun yo

Solid gold crown be shinin and blindin like some diamonds

I be pioneerin the style in the cloud with silver linings

Double breasted, bullet proof vested, well protected

The heart the rib cage the chest and solar plexus

Castin stones, crackin two-hundred and six bones

And watch yo' ass get blown to a sea of fire and brimstone

How dare you approach it with dim pones

The overfiend like noah bean green souls with a soldier mean

The grand exquisite imperial wizard oh is it

The Ryzarector come to pay your ass a visit

Local bio-chemical, universal giant, the black general

Lickin shots to Davy Crockett on the bicentennial

Happen millenium two thousand microchips two shots of penicillin

goes up your adrenalin son it's time for boutin

It's a mileage resemblin niggaz who like followin

Trapped inside your projects like a genie inside the bottle

Verse Four: Master Killer

God steppin forth upon holy down of the track

It's the sound that surrounds and hurts me like I'm under attack

So I decided to bite down on the mic

So the pain of the track won't deny the fact

That I'm the Master, for what lurks, is an expert

That hurts the individual who tries to visual-ize under Cuz I strike, like thunder

Niggaz couldn't stand my heat, it's unbearable

My wisdom fucks up your respiratorial

Systems are fractured by the killa tactics

Style is ragged and thoughts are mad jagged

Enter the entity, my vicinity

Is three hundred and sixty degrees of humidity

Represent the school of hard knocks and glocks my

Clan is hoss and got mad moss for blocks so

Feel the force of impact from the iron side of

The gat as I attack the track  
From the blind side of the pack, Starks pass the  
chrome  
Watch a nigga get blown out his muthafuckin dome  
piece, deceased, laid to rest

Chorus

Verse Five: Ghostface Killer, a.k.a. Tony Starks

Yo, aiiyo I got to serve them my way, move give me  
room  
Holdin up your saloon, clean sweep, like a broom  
Full moons make me howl like a wolf outta breath  
Sold only new vocal cords I heard Genius on Gef  
So step back, to the lab at, high velocity  
My teammate, enhance cells well like a pharmacy  
Fuck horado pablos plan growas bravo  
Goodfellas we know, best sellas become novels  
The man rockin head bands, silk scarves and jams  
Early 80's british rock, playboys, mocks, and shams  
The laser beam vocalist does well at symphonies  
Bad days, watch me snatch ice right outta Tiffany's  
Remember them kids that came off with 8 million  
Robbed the Brinks and I labelled in royal pavillions  
Them flower heads must have been stupid  
Tell me how the fuck black niggaz get caught wit all  
that loot kid  
That's jet money, undaground money  
Submarines and rings too bad you fucked up dummies

Cosa cosa, come on...

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