

World Party

"Sound The Horns"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let's go, yeah, listen
The sound of the horns says it's on
We storm through like C. Thomas, Red Dawn
Step like a don through the city, Deck bonds
I get my hands dirty, Nikes scuffed, sweat pouring
Still I stay fresh with the fly white linen
Deuce times 5, that's my type women
Sonny, I live it, O-10, S5 tinted
Brother Deck, what I rap, S.I., dig it?
Fifty cal' flow, get low
Intro to outro, 'bout it though, whoa
Steady, heavy like the 5-2 Chevy
Niggas ain't ready, I turn out your lights like Teddy
Roll like dice in the casino
Known to spit lava, Heat like DeNiro and Pacino
Manny Festo, Wu-Tang Gambino
Lay it down, then I fly off like the hero
Wu-Tang
Wu-Tang
The Wild Cowboy number one
G O D, how you gonna block out the son?
Read my jacket, my achievements stretch
Like a warning track catch
The increzable voice box, I throw you boys rocks
Diamonds and jewels, a holiday, pros that fuck in
schools
I'm a tank, I stop panthers, take down stanzas
Sixteen bars, keep the car running
Broads stunting, feed yaself, kill yaself, take the pill
Punks jump up to get beat down
New York the sweet town I sorta, who's on tour?
Who the vile, truth can say, you ain't a slouch
Now rule local, now I'm B.K. vocal
Right off the X, you can work out your pecs and your
back
Can beat the death with bats, need to tune up
NJ'll turn the tune up, I'ma tell you who's soon enough
to got
And I ain't down with getting crossed and I never been
the boss

Wu-Tang

Yo, yo, yo, you're hog-tied, I'm roping them

Bitches, I'm groping them

Open up your veins, cop three bags of dopium

Super soak these niggas, stroke with the magnum
force

Leak it in the streets quick, peep my secret sauce

I keep it gloss, I'm suited up for my franchise

Your coins is tossed, manhandle bad guys

Scramble for my damn prize, crack cans of cold

Guinness

I'm like Seabiscuit, I'ma win by a photo finish

Nigga, this ain't tennis, yeah, I ain't bluffing shit

I be the street menace on my David Ruffin shit

Police ain't cuffing shit, claiming I'm a crook

Throw up my middle finger, I'm a hall of famer in my
book

Right hook, death jooks, great with my footwork

Bubble through, got the W on my hood shirt

Sneak through the wood works like poisonous high
fumes

I'm that superhero with the brand new costume

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

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