

Wu-Syndicate

"Clan In Da Front"

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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
'cause 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, "You ain't shit!"
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?
'cause 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 Pamper
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

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