

## Wu-Syndicate

### "Fast Shadow"

Visit "[Fast Shadow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Method Man]

I'm sayin, you-could-you could just come over top of  
that shit...

Did I hear it?

Nigga and bang your head, PUNK!!

[O! Dirty Bastard \*in background repeating\*]

SUCK A DICK!!! 6x

SUCK MY DICK!!!

[Method Man]

And it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't

It don't, it don't, it don't, it don't stop!

It all starts wit the pad and pen, shall we begin

To burn bush in this rap session, once again

On the run be the Black Stallion

Now you fuckin wit Ticallion, hmmm

Iron Lung, boy me can done, army of one, blaze yo'

bun

I'ma get you none, accept challenge AHH!

Run a mile wit a racist, they iced it, I aced it

Placed it, right up in their face till they faced it

Hard to the dome like a chrome microphone

I'm ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-bad to the bone to the bone

Danger zone, that's my life and my song

Keep it movin, hop along little doggies!

[O! Dirty Bastard]

Uh uh uh, FUCK YOU!!!

Drive The Mack Cadillac

Dark shade the window all sunny and black

Pitch antenna back of the car

Inside is a TV, even a bar

Bulletproof down, safe and sound

Chauffeur in the FRONT just to drive the Lexus all

around

Give ya, give ya, give ya body a ride, nice and warm

inside

Come to the Dirt Dog as the tummy rise

[\*Laughs\*] Enter

[RZA]

Yo yo my Wu-Tang cliff'll make your atom split  
The power of my brain, you can't fathom it  
Whoever go against the will of the grain will get slain  
Don't EVER say thy God name in vain  
My third eye electronic dragonfly spiral observe  
Can record your words  
And your lies and approach you  
And have my Dogs come and Ghost you  
When it comes to the bread son, the heat will toast you

[U-God]

Music makes me lose control  
This is not just rock and roll  
Hip hop digs right to the soul  
Music makes me lose control  
Wu-Tang, now we on a roll  
On a rise, now here we go  
Guaranteed to flip the show  
RZA beats is outta control  
Outta control, outta control, outta control  
Outta control, now here we go

[Masta Killa]

Yo who got that nigga gassed like he can't get  
skimasked  
Abducted from his doorstep  
Dufflebag his head for the price of nothin  
He's a glutton  
What I'm manifestin each day is a lesson  
Ya'll faggots, came to the School of the 36 Chambers  
Copied on papers of scholars that earn dollars  
We trendsetters in Wu leathers, trendsetters in Wu  
leathers, whatever

[Chorus [U-God] 2x]

Music makes me lose control  
This is not just rock and roll  
Hip hop digs right to the soul  
Music makes me lose control  
Wu-Tang, now we on a roll  
On a rise, now here we go  
[\*Skip next line on the second time of chorus\*]  
Music makes me lose control [2x]

Guaranteed to rip the show  
RZA beats is outta control  
Outta control, outta control, outta control  
Now here we go

