

Wu-Tang Clan

"Ain't Nothin' Ta Fuck Wit"

Visit "[Ain't Nothin' Ta Fuck Wit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tiger style, tiger style, yo, huh, huh
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' ta fuck wit

There's no place to hide once I step inside the room
Dr. Doom, prepare for the boom
Bam, aw, man I slam
Jam, now scream like Tarzan

I be tossin', enforcin', my style is awesome
I'm causin' more family feud's than Richard Dawson
And the survey said, ya dead
Fatal Flying Guillotine chops off your fuckin' head

MZA who was that? Ayyo, the Wu is back
Makin' niggaz go bo, bo, like on Super Cat
Me fear no-one, oh no, here come
The Wu-Tang shogun, killer to the eardrum

I puts the needle to the groove, I gets rude and I'm
forced to fuck it up
My style carries like a pickup truck
Across the clear blue yonder, seek the China Sea
I slam tracks like quarterbacks sacks from L.T.

Now why try and test, the Rebel INS?
Blessed since the birth, I earth-slam your best
'Cause I bake the cake, then take the cake
And eat it, too, with my crew while we head state to
state

And if you want beef, then bring the ruckus
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin' ta fuck with
Straight from the motherfucking slums that's busted
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin' ta fuck with

Hah, step up, boy
Represent, chop his head off, kid

The Meth will come out tomorrow
Styles, is wild, berserk, bizarro

Flow, with more afro than Rollo
Comin' to a fork in the road which way to go just follow

Method, the Legend, niggaz is Sleepy Hollow
In fact I'm a hard act to follow
I dealt for Dolo, Bogart comin' on through
Niggaz is like "Oh, my God, not you"

Yes, I, come to get a slice of the punk and the pie,
rather do than die
Check my flava comin' from the RZA which is short for
the razor
Who make me reminisce true like Deja, Vu I'm rubber
Niggaz is like glue whatever you say rubs off me sticks
to you

Tiger style, tiger style
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' ta fuck wit

Ah, yeah, representin' Brooklyn Queens
Long Island, Manhattan Bronx
The Rugged Lands of Shaolin, niggaz from Virginia,
Atlanta
Our boys in Ohio comin' through with the crazy, why-oh,
why-oh

Yo, niggaz from The Source, my man Kelly Moon from
the Gavin
Rod Strickland, Jason [Incomprehensible]
And yeah true, true, my nigga [Incomprehensible] it's
goin' down, boy
We ain't nuttin' ta fuck wit

The whole Texas mob, the Chicago mob
Niggaz from Detroit, fuckin' California squadron
Comin' through knahmsayin'? The whole fuckin' West
coast
To the whole East, niggaz from D.C.

Down in Maryland, all the way
Over there in Morgan State
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuttin' ta fuck wit
All over the whole fuckin' globe, comin' through boy

Peace to the fuckin' Zulu Nation
Peace to all the Gods and the earth, word is bond
Wu-Tang slang, choppin' heads, boy
It ain't safe no more, peace

Visit [Wu-Tang Clan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.