Wu-Tang Clan "Clan In Da Front"

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Up from the thirty six chambers

It's the ghost

Face

Killah

Wu-Tang

Wu-Tang killa beez, we on a swarm

The Rza, the Gza, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, U God

Ghostface Killah, The Method Man, Raekwon the Chef,

The Masta killa

Raw Desire, Levon, Power Cipher

Twelve o'clock, Sixtysecond Assassin, The Fourth Disciple

The Brand White, K.D. the Down Low Wrecka

Shyheim AKA the Rugged Child

Due Due Lilz, Mista Hezakiah better known as the Yin and the Yang

The True Master, Ason, DJ Skane, the True Robocop comin' through

Scientific Shabazz, my motherfuckin' man Wise the Civilized

The Shaolin soldiers, Daddy O and Poppa 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

Clan in da front, let your feet stomp 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 The Wu is comin' through, 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 Geraldine Ferraro, who's full of sorrow 'Cuz 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' through with full metal jackets
God squad that's mad hard to serve
Come frontin' hard, then Bernhard Goetz what he
deserves

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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 goddamn, on the shows you did How many rhymes you got or who knows you kid? 'Cuz 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 ahh 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

Clan in da front, let your feet stomp

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

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Hoods on the right
Punks in the back
To what
Niggaz on the left
Hoods on the right
Punks in the back
To what?
Let your feet stomp
Brag shit to death
Wild for the night
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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