

Wu-tang Clan "Sound The Horns"

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"Sound The Horns"

(feat. Sadat X)

[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

Yeah, yeah...

Yeah, yeah...

Let's go...

Yeah, listen...

[Inspectah Deck]

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

Duece times 5, that's my type women

Sonny, I live it, O-10, S5 tinted

Brother Deck, what I rep, S.I., dig it?

Fifty cal' flow, get low

Intro to outro, bout it tho, 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!"

[Sadat X]

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 in-crazable 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 ya self, kill ya self, 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 out 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'mma tell you who's soon enough to got
And I ain't down with getting crossed, and I never been
the boss

"Wu-Tang!"

[U-God]

Yo, you're hog-tied, I'm roping them, bitches, I'm
gropping 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, man-handle bad guys
Scramble for my damn prize, crack cans of cold
Guinness
I'm like Seabiscuit, I'mma 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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