

## Wu-Tang Clan "What You In Fo"

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[jail interlude]

[RZA]

Son I just slapped my bitch  
Came to my crib 'bout half past six  
Kid's in shitty diapers, no food was fixed  
I was like, "Yo bitch - why ain't no food fixed?"  
She on the phone with her friend talkin bout dick  
I snatched the receiver from that bitch like CLICK  
She got all excited, tryin to throw fit  
Swung at me then I swung back - BITCH!

[Method Man]

What you in fo'? It happened in the club  
with some thugs I was at the bar, smokin bud, hollerin  
at love  
Ladybug was playin in my peachfuzz, she was  
Talkin hot fudge, can't nobody do it like she does  
in the hot tub - didn't know her man was in the club  
And honey dove never mentioned that she had a scrub  
It must have been the drugs or the alcohol buzz, had  
me  
shootin my game like a thirty-eight snub baby  
Let's cut a rug, that's when I felt a shove  
What the blood do - actin like he won the Golden  
Gloves  
I get one for holdin grudge, but if this kid throw a slug  
I'ma throw a slug - that's how we be rollin cuz  
I see this dud tryin to play me like a pair of Lugz  
Big John Stud, Goldschlager in a golden mug  
What you in fo'?

[jail interlude]

[Streetlife]

I'm locked down for tryin to hold my block down since a  
shorty  
The Old Earth was like, "Street put the glock down"  
I was raised in slums, love how the gun sounds  
and now I got one - c'mon, who wanna front now?  
Sunup to sundown, ready for showdown  
Whoever wanna throw down, the gangsters better slow

down  
Wake up, before you be in a cell with forty of us  
(What you in fo'?) In for murder over money love and  
lust  
(What you in fo'?) In for life, don't let me tell you twice  
I might bang you twice and take double the life  
What you in fo'?

[Raekwon the Chef]  
Jail status - get up  
Wash a nigga mattress faggot, you heard about me  
right?  
Pass off them packages cat, you gotta eat to live  
Meet the crib; got a hundred starvin niggaz in here big  
So pop off, drugs that's props, bring in  
glocks we call 'em oxes  
Be a real live nigga, swing mops and shit, take over  
shit  
Fuck the C.O.'s, ayyo Boo, I need clothes  
Slide brokers where phones get hid  
Fuck with Russians and Latins  
The most powerful marble black slipper style  
Goin out thrashin niggaz, kicks get thrown  
Big sizes, sleep in your boots, 4000 rugged F Troops  
Notarized wigs, lay six months  
That's alright dog, make it home Lord  
Heard you admit it in the box, slid it under walls  
Bang monster anger  
Bop through the halls with bangers  
Live God like the Abbot of all chambers..

[jail interlude]

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