

Wu-Tang Clan

"Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthing Ta F' Wit"

Visit "[Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthing Ta F' Wit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tiger style
Tiger style
Yo, huh, huh
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing 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
RZA 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 nuthing ta fuck wit
Straight from the motherfucking slums that's busted
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit

Hyah
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 nuthing ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit

Ahh-hah! 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 and yeah
True, true, my nigga it's goin' down boy
We ain't nuthing 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 nuthing 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 earths, word is bond
Wu-Tang slang, choppin' heads boy
It ain't safe no more

Peace

Tiger style

Tiger style

Tiger style

Tiger style

Tiger style

Tiger style

Tiger style

Tiger style

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

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