

Clan Wu-Tang

"Bells of war"

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Verse One: U-God

Yeah, yo

Give me the cue

Skip the introduction, prosate the lip function

The junction get rushed by some grimy people bustin
weed

Splatter your belly like some Attica fellas

Use a firearm good, bloods go for hard swelling

Insert the spasm, yes the dirty hurt has them

Thoroughbred thugs insert the fantasm

Verbal smarts, spark the word, visit my scripture

Exotic wine, holding nine, Picasso pictures

When the rhyme pivot you now, limit your chance

Bodyguard the lyric with unlimited stance

Words seem to zing on down to Beijing

When we touch down you crown renowned kings

Verse two: Method Man

There's no honor amongst thieves, street
pharmaceutical

Stack like Genovese, the four devil tempt mad men

But not these, we profound hardcore sound

To MC's thumbs down, prepare

Killa bees it be warfare, this the year
Niggaz gotta take you off of here, hold the square
If we go there we go gritty
And spread fear through this rap city, call the mayor
My razor sharp darts be like cold stairs
The smell of fear makes my nostrils -- flair, truth or
dare
Ask yourself can you compare
to these niggaz in the hood, Johnny B. Goode
or he be gone, yeah
The struggle goes on, you've been warned
P.L.O. from here to Lebanon, how many bombs
Must we drop in the Ninety-Now
Walk a mile in my shoes, get the street news, from
Meth-Tical

Verse Three: RZA

You gots to be kidding, you gots to be kidding
Ayyo kid, you gots to be kidding, my glocks'll be
spitting
You gots to be kidding, yo
It's common sense how I master my circum-fer-ence,
you dense
I get locked the fuck up, released on my own
recognizance
Can't be judged, young bloods bust back like scuds
Wu-Tang harvest one thousand notches above
MC level, yo, I stay high as like treble
Foes who oppose get plucked like rose pedals

Arresting and holding, penetrate for better regions

Wack MC's only lasted one season

The morale was low at the corral

Adjective pronouns had no style, yo, we propose our

aim the official, initial, is Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah

All that other bullshit ain't permissable

Annual increase of the Wu-Tang Manual

Handles to a keyboard is true hip hop set tangible

illegible, every egg ain't edible

My tracks remain Unforgettable, like Ol' Nat Cole

Got to catch this paper to buy Shaquasia a glacier

Throw chairs to deck a skyscraper

Understand that the continents of Africa and Asia

and free the black man from the enslaved labor, Wu-Tang

Interlude: Masta Killa, Method Man, Raekwon

The weight of the fam is on our back and we can't fall

Victim to this long hall of fame, meaning nuttin

We came to punish the glutton with a substance

That can't be contained, Wu-Tang

Motherfuckers

We be seeing y'all asses when we walk up in the club

Y'all all in the back

Scared to speak the speak cause you scared

Punk motherfucker, we know what time it is

[Raekwon conversating with some people]

All you been seeing is upsets in the box and shit right

It's like come on man

This nigga fucked up motherfuckin Whittaker

Dang, he caught Whittaker

Mmmhmhm

He caught Whittaker a long time ago

Mike got touched

Then Mike got touched by Holyfield

Holyfield

Yeah, word up

Hey, Mike's -- Mike's gonna forfeit this fight

He ain't fighting McDermit

He ain't fightin?

Nope

Whattup?

You talkin bout he -- what he, what he, what he did?

Told them he cut his eye, in sparring

Verse Five: Ghostface Killah

Style adoral rap pressing, David Berkowitz

Einstein birth to hit, now nurture it

M.G.M. front row seat tonight, no gens

Purified cleanse, ran into some beef up in the men's

Fix your sawed off, Wu-Tang throw me off the cross

All you saw was white meat, skin hangin off

These is words from the Arch Bishop, some call it six
up

The Betty Crocker, marvel cake stakes admissor

Wax janitor, black Jack Mulligan from Canada

Slam dance, tarantula style, youse a fan of the

Monopoly king, Slavic poetry

Carnegie Hall's off the hook, let's push through the
armory

Mack truck hitting soloist, soul controllers

Behold of the thousand teeth fist, swift and boneless

Outro: RZA

You know, cause Wu-Tang is invincible,
youknowhatl'mean?

It's Wu-Tang Forever God (invincible)

Knahmsaying? We gonna get down with that W

You gonna get down with that W

That's that Wu, that's that Wisdom

Youknowhatl'msayin? That's the Wisdom of the
Universe

That's the truth, of Allah, for the Nation, of the Gods

Youknowhatl'msayin? We breakin egg through these
days God

Youknowhatl'msayin? We got the fuckin way

We got the medicine for yo' sickness

Out here, ya knowhatl'mean?

I was telling Shorty like --

Yo Shorty, you don't even gotta go to summer school

Pick up the Wu-Tang double CD

And you'll get all the education you need this year

YouknowwhatImean?

(Their poisoned minds can't comprehend this shit)

Word man, it's Wu-Tang Forever God

Niggaz can't fuck with these lyrics God

Youknowwhatl'msayin? Knahmean?

(Oh hell no, none of this shit)

C'mon man -- beats, lyrics man, y'all niggaz

(Niggaz can't even understand half this shit)

Nah (man, no)

I think niggaz ain't gonna figure it out til the year Two-G

(Wax niggaz ass for free or fee) Word

Yo, you know what? The next Wu-Tang album ain't even

comin out until Two Thousand

YaknowhatImean? That's just gonna come back with a
comet

You hear, we gonna bring a comet

(Check for that shit in the millenium)

YouknowwhatImean? So, yo, y'all niggaz man

(Be the ressurection) The Gods is here man

Born Gods is here

(Born God

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