

Clan Wu-Tang

"Reunited"

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Intro: Roxanne

It's Wu motherfuckers, ah Wu-Tang motherfuckers (3X)

It's Wu, ah goin on

Verse One: The Genius/GZA

Reunited, double LP, we're all excited

Struck a match to the underground, industry ignited

from metaphorical parables to fertilize the Earth

Wicked niggaz come, try to burglarize the turf

Scattin off soft-ass beats them niggaz rap happily

Tragically, that style, deter-iate, rapidly

Uncompleted missions, throwin your best known
compositions

You couldn't add it up, if you mastered addition

Where I come from, gettin visual is habitual

De-mon-strate walkin on hot coal, in rituals

I splash the paint on the wall, it formed the mural

He took a look, saw the manifestation of it, was plural

Rhymin while impaired, dart hit your garment

Pierced your internal, streamlined compartments

Just consider the unparallel advantage

Of a natural disaster that's impossible to manage

Verse Two: Ol Dirty Bastard/Osirus

Bitch ass niggaz counterfeit the funk

I smoke the bead and the skunk, tree top of the trunk

Moonshine drunken monk, YaHEAD, get shrunk

The touch of skunk, I be fuckin bitches by the chunk

my name black, do words wanna play in my dirt?

Bitch stop my momma serve, free lunch from the church

I come like a thousand doves

Bitch you quiet at the bus, makin the fuss, I gots tough love

Unglove the news, watch a nigga transfuse

Dirty add to the fuse, heavy at the booze

I don't walk, I get carried

Gold and platinum frisbees on my wall, lookin properly

but come-ly, I U.F.O. you Wright Brothers

The Indian that sold Manhattan to the white man

my grandfather, step up and get knocked right the fuck out

Come to the cook-out, Dirty bitch at the mouth

You scared? Run around like a plane about to crash

sound of a plane crashing and explosion

[Roxanne] Wu-Tang motherfuckers (2X)

Yeah... and RZA

Verse Three: Prince Rakeem/RZA

Yo, yo, The Riddler, funny bone tickler, freak Caligula

Bigger dick sex enigma pistol fertilize your stigma

Stinkbox, order from pink dot

MC's get stuck on ink blots as I plug to the sinkbox

Wu-Tang Incorp. take your brain on spacewalk

Talk strange like B-jork, great hero Jim Thorpe

How can I put it? Life is like video footage

Hard to edit, directors, that never understood it

I'm too impulsive, my deadly corrosive dosage

attack when you least notice through explosive postage

I don't play, the rap soufflee sautee for the day

Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig A, Leg Leg Arm Head

Spread like plague, we drink Hennessee by the jig

I got the golden egg plus the goose

Eighty proof, Absolut, mixed with cranberry fruit juice

Ginseng boost, I got yo' neck in a noose

Keep my money rico, the rap star twinkle killer instinct

sixteen bar nickle sell more copies than Kinko

Grow like a fetus with no hands and feet to complete us

and we return like Jesus, when the whole world need us

Verse Four: Method Man/Iron Lung

Is it appetite for destruction

Slap a murder rap on this production, I touch somethin
trust nuttin

Iron Lung/Twisted Metal

I see em duckin my dart gun, bustin, from every angle

Worldwide total carnage, the sickest flow

that be code named Agent Orange, killin you slow

It's only right you pay homage

to those that's bout to blow like that shit up your nose,
solid

as a rock when I strike target, ver-bal

Be screamin on you like a drill sargeant, her-bals

got me where I wanna be right now, don't know the
time

Check the hour on your sundial, watch me shine

Drunk off of cheap wine

Each line be on point when I speak mine

On behalf of my crew, SUUUUUUUUUUUU, and to the
Wu

Thirty-Six more deadly Chambers, to take you through

Outro: Roxanne

It's Wu motherfuckers, Wu-Tang motherfuckers (6X)

violins play on for a while

It's Wu motherfuckers, Wu-Tang motherfuckers (5X)

Yeahhh, Wu-Tannnnnnng

Wu-Tannnnnnnnng

[Ol Dirty] Oh yeahhhh, ahhh, aiyy yeahh yeahhhahh aiii

[Roxanne] And RZA

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