

## Clan Wu-Tang

### "Rules"

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RZA]

All you hoes, be cryin for these bitches

All you niggaz, be cryin for these hoes

{\*scratched samples\*}

"Both hands clusty" - Ghost, "Pullin out gats" - Raekwon

"Double barreled" - Meth, "Blew off the burner kinda dusty" - Ghost

"We back, don't test" - Raekwon, "Bring it to em proper, potnah" - Meth

"Comin from the thirty-six chamber" - Meth

"Math, let the plate spin" - GZA, "Many brothers y'all be sparkin"

"Stray shots, all on the block that stays hot" - Inspectah Deck

"If ya fuck with Wu, we gots ta fuck witchu" - Method Man

[Ghostface Killah]

Who the fuck knocked our buildings down?

Who the man behind the World Trade massacres, step up now

Where the four planes at huh is you insane bitch?

Fly that shit over my hood and get blown to bits!

No disrespect, that's where I rest my head

I understand you gotta rest yours true, nigga my

people's dead

America, together we stand, divided we fall

Mr. Bush sit down, I'm in charge of the war!

[Inspectah Deck]

Yes yes y'all, the I-N-S bless y'all

Stop hearts like cholesterol, let's brawl

Never fall, tear it down like a wreckin ball

Role call where my niggaz that's one for all

And all for one, we draw the guns on impulse

Cash in the envelope, spend it on kinfolk

Then smoke a ounce as we count mills

Providin you pure ecstasy without pills

[Chorus: Method Man]

Y'all know the rules, we don't fuck with fools man

How the fuck did we get so cool man?

Never ever disrespect my crew

If ya fuck with Wu we gots ta fuck witchu

[Masta Killa]

Y'all dogs better guard ya grills, it's all real

We live from (?), it's the God I-Reelz

Yo wonderful, spark the blillz

Let me build with the people for the mills

I'm rollin with the Rebel I-III from Killa Hill, peace to  
Brownsville

Brothers that'll kill for the will of the righteous

Twenty-five to lifers, true and livin snipers

You wait like "Sixth Sense" 'til hard to kill

[StreetLife]

How you livin StreetLife? I'm surrounded by criminals

Serial killers tote guns without the serial

High-tech, street intellect, all digital

Project original, sheisty individual

New York's bravest, always supply you with the latest

We hall of famers, and still hit you with the greatest

Took a year hiatus, now you wanna hate us

Thanks to all you haters for all the cream you made us

[Chorus]

[Raekwon the Chef]

Sendin letters to (?), my cousin in Wendy's on Viacom

At home, it's worth money, I adorns

Order drinks, all real niggaz order your minks yo

We got the fitteds on, lookin all fink

Daddy everybody get money from now on

Payday flash Visas livin like, Easter e'ryday

Don't fuck Benz, rather a 430

That shit that float through water, eyeball come up,  
drop birdies yo

[Method Man]

We can eat right, or we can clap these toys

I'm with StreetLife, ain't never been a Backstreet Boy

Who y'all kiddin? Tryin to act like my shoe fittin

Confused with ya head up yo' ass like who's shittin?

It's Hot Nixon, same team same position  
Battin average three-five-seven and still hittin  
Y'all still bitchin, still lame and still chicken  
I'm still here, one leg missin and still kickin  
Cause I'm haaaaaaaard! Hard like a criminal  
Love like a tennis shoe, throw slug to finish you  
It's the Method Man, for short Mr. Meth  
I can tell this motherfucker ain't Wu, look at his neck  
"Comin from the thirty-six chamber" - Meth  
"Bring it to em proper, potnah" - Meth - "Wu, Tang, Wu,  
Tang"  
[Method Man]  
It's Wu-Tang, rushin yo' gang, crushin the game  
Pretty thugs, clutchin they chain, hand cuppin they  
thang  
Who get strange, gassed up playin with flames  
Let a nigga take off his shades, see what I'm sayin is..  
[Chorus

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