

## Wu-Tang Clan f/ Sadat X

### "Sound the Horns"

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck] Yeah, yeah... Yeah, yeah... Let's go... Yeah, listen... [Inspectah Deck] The sound of the horns says it's on We storm through like C. Thomas, Red Dawn Step like a don through the city, Deck bonds I get my hands dirty, Nikes scuffed, sweat pouring Still I stay fresh with the fly white linen Duece times 5, that's my type women Sonny, I live it, O-10, S5 tinted Brother Deck, what I rep, S.I., dig it? Fifty cal' flow, get low Intro to outro, bout it tho, whoa Steady, heavy like the 5-2 Chevy Niggas ain't ready, I turn out your lights like Teddy Roll like dice in the casino Known to spit lava, Heat like DeNiro and Pacino Manny Festo, Wu-Tang Gambino Lay it down, then I fly off like the hero "Wu-Tang!" "Wu-Tang!" [Sadat X] The Wild Cowboy number one G-O-D, how you gonna block out the son? Read my jacket, my achievements stretch like a warning track catch The in-crazable voice box, I throw you boys rocks Diamonds and jewels, a holiday, pros that fuck in schools I'm a tank, I stop panthers, take down stanzas Sixteen bars, keep the car running Broads stunting, feed ya self, kill ya self, take the pill Punks jump up to get beat down New York the sweet town I sorta, who's on tour? Who the vile, truth can say, you ain't a slouch Now Rule local, now I'm B.K. vocal Right out the X, you can work out your pecs and your back Can beat the death with bats, need to tune up, NJ'll turn the tune up I'mma tell you who's soon enough to got And I ain't down with getting crossed, and I never been the boss "Wu-Tang!" [U-God] Yo, you're hog-tied, I'm roping them, bitches, I'm gropping them Open up your veins, cop three bags of Dopium Super soak these niggas, stroke with the magnum force Leak it in the streets quick, peep my secret sauce I keep it gloss, I'm suited up for my franchise Your coins is tossed, man-handle bad guys Scramble for my damn prize, crack cans of cold Guinness I'm like Seabiscuit, I'mma win by a photo finish Nigga, this ain't tennis, yeah, I ain't bluffing shit I be the street menace on my David Ruffin shit Police ain't cuffing shit, claiming I'm a crook Throw up my middle finger, I'm a hall of famer in my book Right hook, death jooks, great with my footwork Bubble

through, got the W on my hood shirt Sneak through the  
wood works like poisonous high fumes I'm that  
superhero with the brand new costume "Wu-Tang!"  
"Wu-Tang!" "Wu-Tang!" "Wu-Tang!"

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