

Wu-Tang Clan f/ Dhani Harrison, Erykah Badu, John Frusciante ***"The Heart Gently Weeps"**

Visit "[The Heart Gently Weeps](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* Dhani Harrison & John Frusciante play guitars

[Ghostface - whispering]

Shh, shh, shh, shh, Wu, Wu, Tang, Tang

[Chorus: Erykah Badu]

The joy the flowers bring me

The pain still has me sinking

All while my heart gently weeps

Your smile has got me shrinking

The tears in your eyes are twinkling

Because the heart gently weeps

[Raekwon the Chef]

Snowy night, fiends basin, a Raisin in the Sun was
amazin

The joint on the dresser, a gauge went off

Jumped up, fish tank, it fell, and they stuck

They shot her cousin LaVon, he owed a buck

Willie was awful, pulled out the ratchet, let off two

Grits fell on his leg, Kiana ripped the cold bowl

He violent, an Island nigga with the talent

of six killas who just came home, from straight whylin

Robbin everything in Macy's, Lacy, short haircut

With long arms who fuck niggaz, got four babies

Yvette jabbed her, slapped her wig off, ran in the crib

She did the dumb shit, my nigga then clapped her

Lester, smoked Chester sister Vest, I heard it was a

mess

They ripped the apple out her throat, blessed her

Hungry hyenas from Medina, all eight trainers

Who got reluct', think fast and blast from Beamers

[Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, yo

I brought my bitch out to Pathmark, she's pushin the
cart

Headed to aisle four, damn I got milk on my Clark's

That's what I get, not focusin from hittin that bar

My mouth dried, need plenty water quick, I feel like a

shark

In the aisle bustin them paper towels and wipin my
Wally's down
I stood up to face a barrel, he's holdin a shiny pound
It's him, he want revenge, I murdered his Uncle Tim
I sold him a bag of dope, his wife came and copped
again
{*singing*} That bitch is crazyyyyyy
And uh, she brought her babyyyyyy
She knew I hard the murders, a smack
It killed her man though, now I got his fuckin nephew
grippin his gat
You's a bitch - {*singing*} you better kill meeeee
You know you're bootyyyyyy
You pulled your toolie, out on meeeee... motherfucker
First thought was to snatch the ratchet
Said fuck it and fuckin grabbed it
I ducked, he bucked twice, this nigga was fuckin
laughin
I wrestled him to the ground, tustle, scuffle, constantly
kicked him
He wouldn't let go the joint, so I fuckin bit him
Shots was whizzin, hittin Clorox bottles
Customers screamin, then the faggot ran out of
hollows
I had to show him what it's all about
Next thing you read in the paper, "A man who came to
kill gets knocked out"

[Interlude: Erykah Badu]

I don't know whyyy-hy-hyyyy, nobody told you
Man's not supposed to cry...
Though we're just babies, and you're so crazy
How tears of joy bring so much life

[Method Man]

Yo, aiyyo yo yo
You on your way to the store nigga grab me a Dutch,
I'm mad as fuck
My dude, my count was short when I was baggin it up
Now I need liquor, nigga pass me a cup
What's up with Officer Brown? The other day he tried to
shackle me up
He killed Kase and now he hasslin us
This motherfucker got balls, even the gall to try and
pattin me up
Time to re-up, let these niggaz know we back on the
block
With three hundred off a G-pack, crack in the spot

[Interlude]

[Chorus]

Visit [Wu-Tang Clan f/ Dhani Harrison, Erykah Badu, John Frusciante *](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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