

## **Busta Rhymes "Watch Ya Mouth"**

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[Intro: Raekwon]

You know? (General, general) (Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang)

What up, yeah (Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang)

Suuuuuuuu, aiyo, man, the wait is over

Pop your fu\*kin....

[Chorus 2X: Method Man, Raekwon]

You better, watch your, muthafu\*kin' mouth

It's just wolves with beats

You clown n\*ggas can't rule the streets, we send shot

Wu-Tang, we rule the east, taking over the block

[Raekwon]

Aiyo, aiyo, straight funky and polly, blue X 'liro

They lookin' for me, what the fu\*k you behind me for?

Stressin' everything I breathe on

I'm from a boulevard where n\*ggas get jabbed and peed on

Whatever homey, we more lavish

I might sneak you in the crib, see my lizards in grasses

You try to get me come-up on, yo

And when you see me, you know I got my come-up arm on

Cartier called me up, rob me

Yeah, we got your seed in the back of the Beemer, starving

We like lion killas, catch me on stage with the gauge in my right hand

Grenade in his leather bomber

I scalp money, you know we hungry and talk funny

Coffin ya'll corner rappers, don't ever walk up on me

I write with only a safe Malcolm

Jeans getting muddy from clap with him

[Masta Killa]

My first gun was a .32, right before \*ugh\*

Graduated to the .38, maybe a 9

I prefer the .45, stay live, techs held the crack gate in '88

AR spit from far, the best tenth, camouflage vet, reppin' the set

We on the east wing, Trini' ting, sexy bad  
We up at Spring, with that thing thing  
My crew strong, we take no search  
Or your party done, you know how it run  
Spray places, covered faces, beat cases  
A big mouth will get your teeth knocked the fu\*k out  
Keep it ninja, take money, stay ninja  
I injure, any muthafu\*kin' contender

[Method Man]

Garbage, ya time's up, go finish them rhymes up  
All my soldiers is lined up, my corners is crimed up  
Niggas know where to find us, setting the grind up  
Probably shoving them pies up, my rims is shined up  
Wu, we on the rise up, spots supplied up  
Plotting to get you wind up, box, then find her  
Scratch, we got 'em sized up, and when the east is in  
the house

You, you, you, you, you

[ Watch Ya Mouth lyrics from ]

[Ghostface Killah]

On the side of the projects, gray skully  
Bubble 'lo goose, mack 11 tucked in front of the belt  
Prestigious moves, I'm killin' 'em, hoes, I'm drillin' 'em  
We like George Foreman out in the streets, we grillin'  
'em  
In the van, 45's and dealy's, ready to slam  
A house arrest box is going off, Toney got grams  
Got a bathtub full of white, lay it in like sand  
Montana Tone about to blow, ya'll cowards like fans

[Inspectah Deck]

This is boulevard hard, larger than your black car  
Camouflage rap guard, I stomp the yard  
I.N.S. spit monster bars, split, long cigars  
My click dodge, bitch, y'all are frauds  
I get it in like, Tim off the glass, spreading my name  
I'm like the Pres, sending men off to blast  
What I spit, make 'em spend all they cash, I'm so Wu  
So new, that I ain't rip off the tags

[U-God]

RZA done birthed us, some cursed us on purpose  
I'm the Grouch, my mouth is a circus  
Earner, plus a good learner, don't need the hood  
All I needs a good burner, Nat Turner  
Snake rat murderer, all I hear is turf talk  
Back room's full of goons, with bullet wound birthmarks  
From the first spark, you heard my response

(Wu-Tang) more exhaust, tomahawk, cruise missile,  
just launch

[RZA]

Bzzz, out the beehive, you dip and you dive  
But you still can't survive, you can't see past five  
Check the outlook, this is not in the book  
You being dragged across the floor, round your jaw  
with my hook  
Lyrical juks, five mil', the deal, off the books  
Steve Rif' gave the nod, the Universal good look  
Still spit poison venom, red monkey and Wu denim  
Had honeydew suits, caramel sundae, all in 'em

[GZA]

Put my Clan in Da Front, reunite 'em  
Make 'em all R.S.V.P., if they want it, we don't invite 'em  
No beef, less talk and more action  
You can roll as a whole, and they'll send you back in  
fractions  
Break beat fanatic, with crates deep in attics  
The Abbott pull out the 45, loop the static  
I scroll through the menu then, roll to the venue  
The dress code is armor, or get a hole up in you

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