

## Ghostface Killah

### "9 Milli Bros. featuring Wu Tang Clan"

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(feat. Wu-Tang Clan)

[Intro: (RZA)]

Bob Digi, U G.O.D, Raekwon the Chef, the Inspektah Deck

M.E.T.H.O.D. (Man), the B.O.B.B., straight up, Masta Killa, the Gza, the Genius..

It's the Ol' D-d-dza-za-za Diiiirty Bastard! [music starts]

[ODB] Straight Up..turn it up, the headphones, turn it up..yo you here me?

[Cappadonna] Wutup Toney?

[Ghostface] Wsup don' don'..

[ODB] All the way up..

[Ghost]You know how we do..

[Cappa] Let's get this paper together..

[Ghost]You motherfuckin' right Pa, uh huh.

[Cappa] That's right, c'mon nigga..

[ODB]That's as far as it goes?

[Ghost] Sound about to go off on some real live Wu-shit, uh huh

[Cappa] W-T-C

[RZA] Ghost-FACE!

[Ghost] Lemme give y'all the bullshit hook for y'all niggas, check it out...

[Hook: Ghostface Killah]

The burners in the stash, we about the cash

We got females that got it like that

The golden childs that bone the crowd

See niggas in the place that bit my style

Well I'm a singer, dancer, we bulletproof brothers

Wu-Tang got the answeerrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....

Cuz if I had a chance, to do it again

I will still keep the heat in my pants, uh

[Ghostface Killah]

Y'all be nice to the crackheads, everybody listen up

I shot one of my bitches, the hoe ain't trick enough

Word life to big screen Don, tapping dustbones out

With starwriters like I fucked Celine Dion  
Stuck everything that's the god's honest beyond  
We airin' niggas out that's the type shit that we on  
Official Wu-Tang headbanger  
Flood your space with big waves like you didn't set an  
anchor

[Raekwon the Chef]

Yo, I drink heavy gallons of Crew, play the big part  
niggas got squid on the grill, selling kids Clarks  
Finesse notes, yo, the Guess on with the best pose  
Yellow swede one matching hat with the grey gun  
Niggas be rhyming for nothing, then my team pull up  
We all throw down y'all broke niggas stay frontin'  
Lines come digital stupid, plus my team got  
'nuff jury on, bet I'm still live and I'm coopin'  
Two of my silverbacks run through a pack of your  
wolves  
Front on react and sippin' Cog-i-nac so relax dude  
Know I'm with these cracks dude

[ODB]

Yo, 1, 2...Dirt McGirt!  
Solid tone smith with 5th shots, lick shots  
Leave your head like a Shaolin monk with 6 dots  
Brooklyn, Zoo, Zoo (Yo)  
Broooklynnnnnnnn....ZOO! (Yo!)

[Cappadonna]

It's the return of Bin Laden, grab your armor  
Smash pretty boy niggas, crush they karma  
Eat bones with alligators, roll deep, with my entourage  
My whole crew's fresh out the bars  
Diggler, AKA the Cab Driver  
Drop him off in the middle of fire  
Dirty Island, drag bodies to the murderland  
Knock niggas out hurtin' my hand

[Method Man]

I remember in the elevators when we was playin'  
corners  
Now we play the corners and the cops is stayin' on us,  
(uh)  
Staten's where the war is  
where the court system's running out of warrants  
Where TNT be jumping out the Taurus  
For real I can't call it  
you see I love Lucy cuz she Lawless  
Exactly like that 1-0-3-0-4 is  
Snitch niggas swallow your tongue  
Already know the island I'm from

And y'all don't want no problems with them

[Genius / GZA]

We got a history, full of lightning victories  
Conceptual breakthrough it ain't no mystery  
Long vision, from giants in every way  
Rap czars, magnificent flows for every day  
From the East to the ville, from the West to the hills  
Incredible rhymes, encouraging skill  
From rat packs, the smallest crews were enormous  
They hit 'em fast, with an effortless performance  
MCs start fleeing in flocks  
Especially those that's more sensitive to heat and  
shock

[Inspektah Deck]

We grindin', down to the bone  
My name grounded in stone  
I'm Mr. Violence we loungin' with Chrome  
Mr. Violence we lounge in his home, hit the housing on  
Rome  
Shining like a hundred thousand in stones  
Move mountains with poems, got a jones for dinero  
1-6-zero my songs we throwin' elbows  
The hoes cling, sho thing, we know kings  
Only dime dikes, with minds right, we choose Queens

[Masta Killa]

Yeah we wild like rockstars who smash guitars  
Yo son split his face with the toast, he ain't Ghost  
It's no joke iron coat rife him with the stroke  
One toke brains float, shot to the throat  
Before the smoke hit, witness the killing  
On the crime scene  
Body on the block  
Eyes open from the shock  
Of being popped in the neck  
Yet he still had a lit cigarette between his fingertips  
Danger when you step into the chamber with the  
master  
Disaster, gotta blast ya, cuz I hafta

[U-God]

The rat pack is back from the island of Stat'  
Leave you cursed off, cuz you worship the gat  
The first one to snap drunk off the Smirnoff  
Blow the bouncer's ear off, let him floss he the boss  
Handcuffed, to the turntables like, Wizard Theodore  
See it's pure, let iy rain curly ounces  
Bang him with the thing that hang from the trousers  
You don't want no drama, I'm flaming fast

That nigga jumped up and did the Damon Dash (Dash..)

[GUNSHOT]

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