

B-Side**"Gots Like Come On Through"**

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Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...
Minds start to freeze, believe
It's the Wu-Tang, Killa Bees (Brooklyn Zoo)
Truths, Coming at your avenue
36 chambers that are fitted in you
When you thought it couldn't happen
We gonna take you to a new level, of hip-hop

Wu, Gots like come on through
Su, That's the call of the Wu
Zu, Gots like come on through
Su, That's the call for the Zu

If your from the east coast and
you're down with Brooklyn Zu
Su, That's the call for your crew
If your from the west coast and
you're down with Brooklyn Zu
Su, That's the call for your crew

Now call me heat miser blue in my top, you're not wiser
The lyrical rhymer, I burn that ass like lava
Magma, plus you can't bust my crust
They call me road runner, I leave that ass in the dust
I give the heat from beneath the Earth's core
Six million and fifty degrees, maybe more
Overground mounds, metallic minerals
I melt flesh, leaving mother fuckers in the mess
My crustal plate, you can't separate
My colossal force, BLAST, you're off course
Riding molten rock, I can flow non-stop
Condense with sea water, watch me spin like a top
For miles and miles deep, you can't endure the heat
Be the first to run, or the last nigga sleep
I saw with the glasses, thick like molasses
Now I breathe and exhale the poison gasses

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Now take this, I hit you with the Drunken Dragon Fist
Got the punk for your mind leaving niggas in bliss
I look deep into your eyes, deeper than your soul
Pulling out the inner thoughts, leave minds behold
I know exactly what your thinking, I wait for you to blink
And I hit you with a round to make your ego start
sinking
I send your wack ass back to class, learn something
So you can peep the real shit, and you can stop
fronting
On your phony block, with your phony glock until you
slip
When niggaz burn the drama they put teks on your lips
Hey son, I just thought about that shit
And you wanna be a gangsta rapper, boy you get the
dick
The Drunken Dragon, coming at you
And if I hear you say Brooklyn Zu, I say "Yo, who you?"
cuz

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Back the fuck up before I use my gat
Spray two to your mat, and four to your back
It's the hardcore warrior, straight from Medina
Look on my face it shows, no one meaner
Brooklyn Zu Killa Bees on the swarm
I be in your area so sound the alarm
Monks in the front know not to fuck with drunk
Knocking down niggas, and the girl sees the lump
Shit is real, yes I'm hitting hard like steel
I'm coming through your town so it's best that you peel
For real, yes I get dirty with my skill
No snags in my thoughts, no time for my to trip up
Niggas, your crazy, I leave no fucking traces
When I put it on that ass you'll be desintegrated
Crazy lunatic with the style that's sick
Somebody in my click is bound to set a pick
Your hit, by this trife shit that I fix
I'm just like the devil, I don't play no tricks, cuz

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Yeah, 1 2
Yeah, 170 New York Ave.
Ha ha ha
Peace to my brothers
And my nigga wack
Yo I love you niggas
My little nephew
Peace to my steez
Peace to my Earth
Do that shit nigga
Do that shit nigga
There's too many tables
for you to fuck with me
Keep it real
mother fucker, pack steel
Don't fuck with me
Keep it real out there yo
Check it, it's the Ol' Dirty
Bastard, I love you nigga
I love you
It's gonna happen boy
Just watch for my shit

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