

## **Bali Hawaiians**

### **"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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