

## THE MiLK

### "Wu Tang Tribute"

Visit "[Wu Tang Tribute](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I watch my back like I'm locked down, hardcore  
Hittin sound, watch me act bugged, and tear it down  
A literate type asshole, songs goin gold, no doubt  
And you watch a corny nigga fold  
Yeah, they fake and all that  
Carryin gats but yo, my Clan  
Rollin like forty Macs  
Now ya act convinced, I guess it makes sense  
Wu-Tang, yo sewwwwwwwww, represent  
I wait for one to act up  
Now I got him backed up  
Gun to his neck now, react what?  
And that's one in the chamber  
Wu-Tang banger, 36 styles of danger

Wu tang clan ain't nothing to fuck with,  
Shame on the nigga who tried to run game the nigga,  
Cash rules everything around me,  
CREAM me the money,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll.

I smoke on the mic like smoking Joe Frazier  
The hell raiser, raising hell with the flavour  
Terrorize the jam like troops in Pakistan  
Swinging through your town like your neighborhood  
Spiderman  
So uhh, tic toc and keep ticking  
While I get you flipping off the shit I'm kicking  
The Lone Ranger, code red, danger!  
Deep in the dark with the art to rip charts apart  
The vandal, too hot to handle  
You battle, you're saying Goodbye like Kevin Campbell  
Roughneck, Inspector Deck's on the set  
The rebel, I make more noise than heavy metal.

Wu tang clan ain't nothing to fuck with,  
Shame on the nigga who tried to run game the nigga,  
Cash rules everything around me,  
CREAM me the money,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll,

Dollar dollar bill ya'll.

First things first man you're fucking with the worst  
I'll be sticking pins in your head like a fucking nurse  
I'll attack any nigga who's slack in his mack  
Come fully packed with a fat rugged stack  
Shame on you when you stepped through to  
The Ol Dirty Bastard straight from the Brooklyn Zoo  
And I'll be damned if I let any man  
Come to my center, you enter the winter  
Straight up and down that shit packed jam  
You can't slam, don't let me get fool on him man  
The Ol Dirty Bastard is dirty and stinking  
Ason, unique rolling with the night of the creeps  
Niggaz be rolling with a stash  
Ain't saying cash, bite my style I'll bite your  
motherfucking.

(BRIDGE)

Wu tang clan ain't nothing to fuck with,  
Shame on the nigga who tried to run game the nigga,  
Cash rules everything around me,  
CREAM me the money,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll,  
Dollar dollar bill ya'll

Visit [THE MILK](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.