

Clan In Da Front

Wu-Tang Clan

Up from the 36 Chambers
Heheh, it's the Ghost Face Killah Wu-Tang
Wu-Tang Killa Beez, we on a swarm
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Wu-Tang Killa Beez, we on a swarm The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, you-God
Ghost Face Killer, the Method Man, Raekwon the Chef, the Master Killer
Raw Desire, LeVon, Power Cipher
Twelve O'Clock, Sixty Second Assassin, the 4th Disciple
The Brand White
K.D. the Down Low Wrecka, Shyheim AKA The Rugged Child
Doo-Doo Wales, Mista Hezakah, better known as the Yin and the Yang
The Tru Masta, Asan, DJ Skane, The Tru Robocop comin' through
Scientific Shabazz, my motherfuckin' man Wise the Civilized
The Shaolin Soldiers, Daddy-O and Popa Ron
Comin' down from the motherfuckin' South end of things Killa beez all over your fuckin' planet
Thirty-six chambers of death
Three-hundred and sixty degrees of perfected styles
Choppin' off your motherfuckin' dome
Peace, and every fuckin' borough
Crooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, Staten Island
The motherfuckin' Bronx, killa beez The sword?
come on, give him the sword Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
Niggas on the left, brag shit to death
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, come on and attract to The Wu is comin' through, the outcome is critical
Fuckin' wit my style, is sort of like a Miracle
On 34th Street, in the Square of Herald
I gamed Ella, the bitch caught a Fitz like Gerald-
Ine Ferraro, who's full of sorrow
'cause the hoe didn't win but the sun will still come out tomorrow
And shine shine shine like gold mine
Here comes the drunk monk, with a quart of Ballentine
Pass the bone, kid pass the bone
Let's get on this mission like Indiana Jones, the GZA
One who just represent the Wu-Tang click
With the game and soul, of an old school flick
Like the Mack and Dolemite, who both did bids
Claudine went to Cooley High and had mad kids

So stop, the life you save may be your motherfuckin' own
I'll hang your ass with this microphone
Make way for the merge of traffic
Wu-Tang's comin' through with Full Metal Jackets
God squad that's mad hard to serve
Come frontin' hard, then Bernhard Goetz what he deserves
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
Niggas on the left, brag shit to death
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, come on and attract to
The response while I bomb that ass, "You ain't shit!"
Your wack ass town had you gassed
Egos is somethin' the Wu-Tang crush
Souped up niggas on a stage get rushed
I don't give a god damn, on the shows you did
How many rhymes you got, or who knows you kid?
'cause I don't know ya therefore show me what you know
I come sharp as a blade and I cut you slow
You become so Pat as my style increases
What's that in your pants ah human feces!
Throw your shitty drawers in the hamper
Next time come strapped with a fuckin' Pamper
How ya sound be ? You're better off a quitter
I'm on the mound G, and it's a no-hitter
And my DJ the catcher, he's my man
Anyway he's the one who devised the plan
He throws the signs I hook up the beats with clout
I throw the rhymes to the mic and I strike em out
So it really doesn't matter on how you intrigue
You can't fuck with those in the major leagues
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
Niggas on the left, brag shit to death
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, come on and attract to
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
Niggas on the left, brag shit to death
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, come on and attract to
Hoods on the right
Punks in the back, to what
Niggas on the left
Hoods on the right
Punks in the back, come on, to what
Let your feet stomp
Brag shit to death
Wild for the night
Niggas on the left, brag shit to death
Hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, come on and attract to
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp

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