

# The Monument (featuring Busta Rhymes)

## Wu-Tang Clan

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, yeah yeah now, what the fuck now?

Flipmode Wu-Tang shit, what the fuck now?

Yeah yeah yeah..

Historical and monumental shit

What the fuck now? Yeah, yeah, yeah Straight smack a nigga right in the face like this was handball

Or make a mural out his face up on a damn wall

Niggas play hard and shit, if you know what's best for you

Why y'all niggas better safeguard your shit

Even though we rep brass knuckle rap

Fuck with street geniuses and bowlegged chicks who walk with a gap

Street niggas now the corporate boss

Still go to why y'all restaurant for steamed fish and Irish moss

And why-yo, the way we do it and you see how my shit bomb

Your whole show wack and I'ma cancel your sitcom

Fuck a nigga broad 'til she tired and real calm

You ain't knowing my name tattooed on your bitch arm

The way we blow shit is a shame

Casually bust my gun and celebrate busting a cork on the champagne

Wrote you with a whole new approach that lead a whole team of niggas

Why'all should know I only ball like a coach, now! [Raekwon the Chef]

Check out the light fixture, freak lines like white bitches

Let the mic lines - hang that slang is ridiculous

Emperor of warlords, big gun only fuck with sawed-offs

That's my specialty, more to bust

Shot out my bed parrot keep it gangster Lord

I analyze your work those that got merked were not established

Texture look classy, arm baby 2000 raspberry

S-5, blowin through Asbury

Soon to own steakhouses, glowin like makeover thousand

Them them niggas, robbing from Pinkhouse's

Show and prove, knocking off cab drivers

God, sodomize money, ring two hundred thousand

See the color of the carved out Wu emblem

Baby, it's all designers, tailor-made Wu geese

Limousine, automatic new Uzi's in 'em yo

Relax, cousin just cruise through, jewels with him [GZA]

Move up the block, giant box blast my song

Non-stop strictly hip-hop, march on

Doo-rag hang long, metal tape is high-bias  
Graphics, captured with the colorful, iris  
I zoom in, while the listeners tune in  
Some assuming they paid dues and joined the union  
Lost nigga couldn't rumble in this wild jungle  
Quick to crumble, type to be on the stand and fumble  
Divine Master, threw on the track that made 'em bleed  
He produce at unattainable rains of top speed  
This powerful magnet, that left 'em stagnant  
Was unlikely in cameras in larger fragments  
Un-filled rifle, scout sniper, shots precise  
Starlight scope, with the night vision device  
Splendid marksman, that'll shoot the one off the dice  
Split a grain of rice, in one shot we kill 'em twice

Songwriters

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