

Wu-Gambinos

Raekwon, Ghostface Killah, Method Man, RZA & Masta

{And in our line of work, we need all the help we can get
Tony Wind is the name, he works for a drug ring in Central America
Who wants to kill him?
No information, say yes or no
One point five million
Alright, you get what you want, money's no object
They're all clean, no serial numbers, untraceable
And there are explosive head bullets, in the clip}{Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo, here come the cop man
Yo starks come here, come here sun
Come here for a minute
Aiyyo aiyyo hold up hold up
Shit we gotta go to the store for more baking soda
Yo yo yo get your fuckin', yo this made of glass nig
Get your big Adidas off my moms table man
Get the fuck off it man
Yo just chill man, pass the crystal man
Niggaz is greedy man, damn
Big ass shits
Yo man you ain't smoking none of that weed in here man
Chill man}{Bobby Steels
Somebody go to the store man
Sup kid?
Get that baking soda
Yo, let's cut the pie five ways
We came off with two mil kid
Fast
(Rollie fingers, no doubt coming through)
La costra nostra
(Johnny Blaze!)
(Lou Diamonds!)
Represent kid
(Tony Starks)
Universal frontier
(Original blood claat bad boys)}Who come to get you? None, they want guns
I be the first to set off shit, last to run
Who roll together as one
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like oneCheck it
Scriptures hit the body like sawed off shotties
Like my hair notty and my nose piece snotty

Fuck a nigga hottie, that whole pussy probably
 Burn like the deserts of Mogabi, for real
 Ain't nuttin' fraudulent here, we pioneer
 Commandeer a new frontier, this be the Wu yeah
 Thirty-six chambers of fear, huh, you lost it
 Information leakin' out your faucets, hmm
 Time to forfeit your crown and leave the ground
 There's a new sheriff in town holdin' it down
 It's the two holster, shit shot smoker
 Wanted dead or alive, bounty on the poster
 Wild in the west, a student of my culture
 And life is the test, hold up
 Let a nigga catch his breath, we still payin' dues
 And the last one is death, back to the essence
 With that shit you stressin', this Rap profession
 Now peep Tical, the son of the Shaolin
 Isle plus my style, criminology pays
 The last times and days, Johnny fuckin' Blaze
 This goes for niggaz who know
 Who will grow like llo, ley no
 Plus coolin' in Barbados
 Ricans be givin' me much shit, the Dutch shit
 Stay cool Papa, seize it with enough shit
 Back at the lab a, crack's bagged up
 Yo niggaz act up, what blow up the workers if they have to
 Senoritas, fuckin' up a storm buyin' guards
 margaritas
 Suckin' his dick, up in the whip long
 Designed for rhyme prime nigga jail time jiggas
 Them niggaz up in height figures bitin' niggaz
 Silks wally-wear finger rolled chain yeah
 Jakes beware black rap millionaires
 Rock hairs leather goose bears blowin' this year
 One eight hundred gambino niggaz yeah
 Who roll together as one
 I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like one
 Solid gold crown is shinin', solid gold, check it sun yo
 Solid gold crown be shinin' and blindin' like some diamonds
 I be pioneerin' the style in the cloud with silver linings
 Double breasted, bullet proof vested, well protected
 The heart the rib cage the chest and solar plexus
 Castin' stones, crackin' two-hundred and six bones
 And watch yo' ass get blown to a sea of fire and brimstone
 How dare you approach it with dim pones?
 The overfiend like Noah bean green souls with a soldier mean
 The grand exquisite imperial wizard oh is it
 The ryzarector come to pay your ass a visit
 Local bio-chemical, universal giant, the black general
 Lickin' shots to Davy Crockett on the bicentennial
 Happen millennium two thousand microchips two shots of penicillin
 Goes up your adrenalin son it's time for boutin'

It's a mileage resemblin' niggaz who like followin'
Trapped inside your projects like a genie inside the bottle
God steppin' forth upon holy down of the track
It's the sound that surrounds and hurts me like I'm under attack
So I decided to bite down on the mic
So the pain of the track won't deny the fact
That I'm the master, for what lurks, is an expert
That hurts the individual who tries to visualize under
'Cuz I strike, like thunder
Niggaz couldn't stand my heat, it's unbearable
My wisdom fucks up your respiratorial
Systems are fractured by the killa tactics
Style is ragged and thoughts are mad jagged
Enter the entity, my vicinity
Is three hundred and sixty degrees of humidity
Represent the school of hard knocks and glocks my
Clan is hoss and got mad moss for blocks so
Feel the force of impact from the iron side of
The gat as I attack the track
From the blind side of the pack, stars pass the chrome
Watch a nigga get blown out his mutherfuckin' dome
Piece, deceased, laid to rest
Who come to get you? None, they want guns
I be the first to set off shit, last to run
Who roll together as one
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like one
Yo, ayyo I got to serve them my way, move give me room
Holdin' up your saloon, clean sweep, like a broom
Full moons make me howl like a wolf outta breath
Sold only new vocal cords I heard genius on gef
So step back, to the lab at, high velocity
My teammate, enhance cells well like a pharmacy
Fuck Horado Pablos plan growas bravo
Goodfellas we know, best sellas become novels
The man rockin' head bands, silk scarves and jams
Early 80's British rock, Playboys, mocks, and shams
The laser beam vocalist does well at symphonies
Bad days, watch me snatch ice right outta Tiffany's
Remember them kids that came off with 8 million
Robbed the brinks and I labeled in Royal Pavilions
Them flower heads must have been stupid
Tell me how the fuck black niggaz get caught wit all that loot kid?
That's jet money, undaground money
Submarines and rings too bad you fucked up dummies
Costa cosa, come on

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