

# Wu Crime (feat. GZA & Killa Priest) [Bonus Track]

## Raekwon, Killah Priest & GZA

[GZA]

Yo, there's a rumor, that an inmate heard  
Salesman hiring, a convict of murder  
Bodyguard, who used to do physical fitness  
His business, is catching to terrifying the witness  
In the gym is where he gained his powers  
Boss was the pizzeria owner that rolled flower  
A made man, felt good to be made  
Turned murderer, extremely quick to upgrade  
But he still baked pies, and his cake would rise  
Like his enemy, he watched to take dives  
Allies, would retaliate the least  
Even the score, had a thousand guns, they would calibrate  
He sort of loss and double crossed, moved on them  
Swiftly, if worlds away, sit and shuttle off  
Horror in the 'Ville, without the Amity  
Scars upon the grill of your friends family  
Workers utilized and brutalized  
Informats scrutinized and crucified  
Wakes firebombed, functions shot up  
The jakes was not alarmed to damage the product

[Raekwon]

Shoot his mans, grizzly stance, up in the GT, Clansman  
With the sword that'll blow up a van  
When them peoples come, blow right past, mind your business  
I don't know nothing, they found his ho in the trash  
Barbeque wings, blings for my niggas that's true kings  
Sit up in the crib, catch supper and screw fiends  
Yeah, watching me, next time, scotch me  
I drink Crystal liquor, I'm a version of Hitler  
On wax, no 'dacks, just water, a doorag on  
I scratch waves, saying 'niggas is trash'  
Yo, learn how to write, beware, I pull up, he here  
I should of known, I had a clone, see weird  
Niggas'll get hurt, merked, dropped off in a new turf  
Trunk full of Siamese rats and gnats, yo  
I do it for the cats in pits, and all the bitches with big tits  
Five hundred shoe game switch  
Shake that shake, I bake, I live in estate

That kill niggas over grits and steak  
You might get smacked with a mack eleven, or run off the road  
Or shot in McDonald's for fronting with fake niggas  
[Killah Priest]  
Aiyo, Saladin, vivid Wall Street sixteen  
Muslims, kufis, uzi's, the Wu is supreme  
Ferociously, I rank general, a world's above self  
Conspicuous, crime make me grab the nine off the shelf  
The dark hallways, amazingly convenient, the Phoenix with Jane  
Juggling cracks or playing with ninas  
The law of the streets, gangsta crave the beef to feast  
Fiends with plates and snake wanna eat  
Gazed at the spectacular rapper, niggas is Dracula  
Rap tours, Priest the hood ambassador  
Passion for war, Wu-Massacre, threats, they never worry me  
Plots to my death, mic jack conspiracy  
Lyrically, I'm only afraid of my own ability  
Words that shape into nuclear wars, we shooting through walls  
Bringing down the mall, I ring around the store  
Planets of the Apes, bandanas on our face  
Hammers on our waist, cameras out in space  
The nickel plate, fake armor, will harm ya'll snakes  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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