

# Brooklyn Zoo

## Wu-Tang Killa Beez

I bust that nigga ass right now  
Ain't none of them niggaz can't fuck with me  
What? Nigga, you could never fuck with me, my nigga  
I'll fuck you up right now, what? What? What?  
Bust your motherfuckin' ass, boy, I ain't no motherfuckin' joke  
You know who you talkin to? Ol' Dirty Bastard, y'knahmsayin?  
I'll fuck you up right now, yeah, what? What?  
I'm the one-man army, Ason  
I've never been taken out, I keep MCs lookin' out  
I drop science like girls be droppin' babies  
Enough to make a nigga go crazy  
Energy buildin', takin' all types of medicines  
Your ass thought you were better than  
Ason, I keep planets in orbit  
While I be comin' with teeth, bitin' more shit  
Enough to make break ya, shake ya ass  
'Cause I create, rhymes good as a Tasty Cake, mix  
This style, I'm mastered in  
Niggas catchin' headaches, what? What? You need aspirin?  
This type of pain, you couldn't even kill with Midol  
Fuck around get sprayed with Lysol  
In your face like a can of mace, baby  
Is it burnin'? Well fuck it, now you're learnin'  
How, I don't even like your motherfuckin' profile  
Gimme my fuckin' shit, ch ch blaow  
Not seen an' heard, no one knows  
You forget, niggaz be quiet as kept  
Now you know nothin', before you knew a whole fuckin' lot  
Your ass don't wanna get shot  
A lot of MCs came to my showdown  
To watch me put your fuckin' ass low down  
As you can go, below zero  
Without a doubt I've never been taken out  
By a nigga, who couldn't figure  
Yo, by a nigga, who couldn't figure  
Yo, by a nigga, who couldn't figure  
How to pull a fuckin, gun trigger  
I said, "Get the fuck outta here"

Nigga wanna get too close, to the utmost  
But I got stacks that'll attack any wack host  
    Introducin', yo, fuck that nigga's name  
    My hip hop drops on your head like rain  
An' when it rains, it pours, 'cause my rhymes hardcore  
    That's why I give you more of the raw  
    Talent that I got will rizock the spot  
    MCs I'll be burnin', burnin' hot  
    Whoa, lemme like, slow up with the flow  
    If I move too quick, oh, you just won't know  
    I'm homicidal when you enter the target  
    Nigga, get up, act like a pig tryin' to hog shit  
        So I take yo' ass out quick  
The mics, I've had it, my nigga, you can suck my dick  
    If you wanna step to my motherfuckin' rep'  
        Ch ch blaow, blaow, blown to death  
        You got shot cause you knock, knock, knock  
        "Who's there?", another motherfuckin' hard rock  
Slackin' on your mackin', 'cause raw's what you lack  
    You wanna react? Bring it on back  
    Shame on you, when you step through to  
        The Ol' Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo  
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    What? My nigga  
    Shame on ya, shame, shame on ya  
        When you step through to  
        Shame, shame, shame on ya  
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