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 tooken 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 tooken 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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Shame on you, when you step through to
The Ol' Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo
What? My nigga
Shame on ya, shame, shame on ya
When you step through to
Shame, shame, shame on ya
When you step through to
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Shame on you, when you step through to
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What? My nigga

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