Wu-Gambinos

Raekwon

Who come to get you
None, they want guns
I be the first to set off shit, last to run
Wu roll together as one
I call my brother Sun cause he shine like oneScriptures hit the body like sawed-off shotties
Like my hair knotty and my nosepiece snotty
Fuck a nigga hottie, that whole pussy probably
Burn like the deserts of Mugabe, for real
Ain't nothing fraudulent here, we pioneer
Commandeer a new frontier, this be the Wu yeah
Thirty-six chambers of fear, huh you lost it
Information leaking out your faucets, hmm
Time to forfeit your crown and leave the grounds
There's a new sheriff in town holding 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
I'm still paying dues and the last one is death
Back to the essence with that shit you stressing, this rap profession
Now peep Tical, the son of the Shaolin Isle
Bless my style, criminology pays
The last times and days, Johnny fucking BlazeThis goes for niggas who know
Wu will blow like yayo, lay low
Plus cooling in Barbados
Ricans be giving me much shit to touch shit
Stay cool Papa, see you with enough shit
Back at the lab a, crack's bagged up
Yo niggas act up, what blow up their workers if they have to
SeÃ±oritas, fucking up a storm buying Gods margaritas
Sucking his dick, up in the whip long
Designed for rhyme crime nigga jail time jiggas
Them niggas up in hype Vigors lighting niggas
Silks Wally wear Figaro chain yeah
Jakes beware of black rap millionaires
Rock Airs, leather goose, bears blowing this year
1-800-GAMBINO niggas, yeahWu roll together as one, I call my brother Sun cause he shine like oneSolid gold crown is shining, we're blinding like some diamonds

I'm reclining in the sky on a cloud with silver lining
Double breasted, bullet proof vested, well protected
The heart, the rib cage, the chest and solar plexus
Casting stones, cracking two-hundred and six bones
And watch your ass get blown to a sea of fire and brimstone
How dare you approach it with them poems
The overfiend like noah bean green souls with a soldier mean
The grand exquisite imperial wizard or is it
The Rzarector come to pay your ass a visit
Local bio-chemical, universal giant, the black general
Licking shots at Davy Crockett on the bicentennial
Happy Millennium two thousand microchips two shots of penicillin
Goes up your adrenalin son it's time for bouting
It's a model you're resembling the niggas who like following
Trapped inside your projects like a genie inside the bottle andGod stepping 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
Cause I strike, like thunder
Niggas couldn't stand my heat, it's unbearable
My wisdom fucks up your respiratorial
Systems are fractured by the killer 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 hostile 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, Starks pass the chrome
Watch a nigga get blown out his motherfucking dome-piece
Deceased, laid to restWho come to get you
None, they want guns
I be the first to set off shit, last to run
Wu roll together as one
I call my brother Sun cause he shine like oneYo, aiyyo I got to serve them my way, move give me room
Holding up your saloon, clean sweep, like a broom
Full moons make me howl like a wolf out of breath
Sold only new vocal cords you heard Genius on Gef
So step back, to the lab at, high velocity
My teammate, enhance cells more like a pharmacy
Fuck Geraldo, Pablo's plan bro is Bravo
Goodfellas we know, best sellers become novels

The man rocking head bands, silk scarves and jams
Early 80's British Walkers, 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 eight million
Robbed the Brinks and I labelled in royal pavilions
Them flower heads must have been stupid
Tell me how the fuck black niggas get caught with all that loot kid
There's jet money, underground money
Submarines and rings too bad you fucked up dummies

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