

Bring Da Ruckus

Wu-Tang Clan

Shaolin shadowboxing, and the Wu-Tang sword style
If what you say is true,
The Shaolin and the Wu-Tang could be dangerous
Do you think your Wu-Tang sword can defeat me? En garde, I'll let you try my Wu-Tang style
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus
Ghostface, catch the blast of a hype verse
My glock bursts, leave in a hearse, I did worse
I come rough, tough like an elephant tusk
Ya head rush, fly like Egyptian musk
Aw shit, Wu-Tang Clan spark the wicks an'
However, I master the trick just like Nixon
Causin' terror, quick damage ya whole era
Hardrocks is locked the fuck up, or found shot
P.L.O. style, hazardous, cause I wreck this dangerous
I blow sparks like Waco, Texas I watch my back like I'm locked down, hardcore
Hittin' sound, watch me act bugged, and tear it down
A literate type asshole, songs goin' gold, no doubt
And you watch a corny nigga fold
Yeah, they fake and all that
Carryin' gats but yo, my Clan
Rollin like forty Macs
Now ya act convinced, I guess it makes sense
Wu-Tang, yo suu, represent
I wait for one to act up
Now I got him backed up
Gun to his neck now, react what?
And that's one in the chamber
Wu-Tang banger, 36 styles of danger
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus I rip it hardcore, like porno-flick bitches
I roll with groups of ghetto bastards with biscuits
Check it, my method on the microphone's bangin'
Wu-Tang slang'll leave your headpiece hangin'
Bust this, I'm kickin' like Segal, Out For Justice
The roughness, yes, the rudeness, ruckus
Redrum, I verbally assault with the tongue
Murder one, my style shot ya knot like a stun-gun
I'm hectic, I wreck it with the quickness
Set it on the microphone, and competition get blown
By this nasty ass nigga with my nigga, the RZA
Charged like a bull and got pull like a trigga
So bad, stabbin' up the pad with the vocab, crab

I scream on ya ass like your dad, bring it on
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckusYo, I'm more rugged than slave man

boots

New recruits, I'm fuckin' up MC troops

I break loops, and trample shit, while I stomp!

A mud hole in that ass, cause I'm straight out the swamp

Creepin' up on site, now it's Fright Night

My Wu-Tang slang is mad fuckin' dangerous

And more deadly than the stroke of an axe

Choppin' through ya back swish

Givin' bystanders heart-attacks

Niggas try to flip, tell me who is him

I blow up his fuckin' prism

Make it a vicious act of terrorism

You want to bring it, so fuck it

Come on and bring the ruckus

And I provoke niggaz to kick buckets

I'm wettin' cream, I ain't wettin' fame

Who sellin' gain, I'm givin' out a deadly game

It's not the Russian it's the Wu-Tang crushin'

Roulette, slip up and get fucked like Suzette

Bring da fuckin' ruckusBring da motherfuckin' ruckusSo bring it onPunk nigga!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>