Wu Banga 101

Ghostface Killah

Back, back, back, back
Yo, too advanced, digi' stance, made the cd enhanced
I move with the speed and strength of ants
Identical in form with the beez they swarm
Hold up the cold current appear warm
My first verbal brawl, started on some yes yes y'all
To the beat y'all, break your windshield, your jeep stall
Mr.Traffic, dumbin' shit, from ecclesiastic
Cashier, holdin' out, fine, cut off the plastic
See the logo a monument in hip-hop
Carved out, in the giant landscape, of broken rocks
Whether heard in herb spots, jukebox or malt shops
Un cut live, drop eighty-five, in one shot
Spotlight hits the metal mic, majority stare
Heard the wu snare, while my iris cut down the glare
Walk a road the great length you find too long to measure
My clan a make me rhyme like d. banner under pressure
No surprise, double disc touched five
Those elements, kept environments colonized
With the high flyin' death-defyin' flow like the rebel
Right there, but you're one light year, from my level
Uh-huh yeah yo check it yo
Bottles goin' off in the church, we broke the wine
Slapped the pastor, didn't know pop had asthma
He pulled out his blue Bible, change fell out his coat
Three condoms, two dice, one bag of dope
Oooh rev ain't right, his church ain't right
Deacon is a pimp, tell by his eyes
Mrs. parks said, "Brother starks, meet you at the numbers spot
Heard you got red tops out, and I want a lot"
Shirley fainted dead on the spot
Two ushers slipped eighty dollars right out the pot
Oh shit
Egyptian, brown skin brown suede Timbs
Masquerading X-rated throw blades, all occasions
Round nozzle touchdown, Hagen-Daas gobbles White House
Gucci flag on the roof, call us rock groups
Mere intelligent, buy Nieman Marc' it out
No doubt, all we saw he bought, Lori mom's all blow

Was simple, blamp instrumentals run camps the stamps get you
The way we lamp, fans come and get you
Play, fullback strapped like a fuck, war at
The black, Carlo Gambino's stash house in Hackensack
Pack capsules, Green Bay 'em lay 'em down like wax do
It's all actual we build, like Crash Crew

Coconut, incense, one sentence, aiyyo
Control the holy flinch hit this, new whips
Roman numerals, sun splash them niggaz like, Tango and Cash
Alcatraz cats roll out fast
Wu thousand nuthin' but hardcore we tryin' to get land riches and more
Ghost put me on to it we just do it, floss or whatever
Take care of the business, there's too many roughnecks
Give two of these to Flex, tell him it's real rap like Ghost
Had to beat niggaz with toast clubs V.I. clientele we lay it down flat
Poot out on y'all kid, now where your mans at
Fakin' the real like, damn I can't stand Cappa
Then my wardrobe flooded the next chapter
Y'all heard about us like we heard about you
Bless the mic with reality, hit you with the virtue
Calm down not tryin' to hurt you, burst through
That shit, fatter than all y'all niggaz outfits
We the glitch like Y2K catch the ball when it drop, guns pop
Y'all have a nice day
Doctor Kanabuta, Iron Man, he is invincible
His remarkable armor is supreme
Yo sometimes I'm liable to spaz and break fool
Grab my gun, select one, snatch son
Put the barrel by his face, blast one by his eardrum
Piss run, you drop thinkin' you shot
Screamin' like a bitch, kicks to your face
Shots to the body that shake like the bass
I'm Ghost faced up, military style down
Nuff ammunitions of rounds across the chest
Skip to the intro, rap through po'
Smashed a fresh ball of wax Ceasar
Flashy penthouse that overlooks the vista
Wally Moc' have tie, swimmin' trunks
Three chunks of ice sit in Johnny Walker for advice
Catch the moment, fund raiser at will, work with the homeless
Polish diamond edge, Flintstones shit, sealed in a comb pick
Carefully, swing the B seven series Christmas lights
Too bright Ghost is comin' y'all fix the mirrors
Relax like pudding, confidence strangle my man couldn't

Exile he no longer in the hood bless the kid that max the most
Me I turn a wedding into hoax roses tied to bombs on posts
On commercial breaks, piss in the apple juice
Rasta nigga rock the big do's Jiffy Pop it's only chant Wu
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm back, back, back, back

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