

# 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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