

# Shame

## Sniff 'n' the Tears

Yo, this the O.D.B.  
New radio version for ya called 'Shame On A Nuh'  
So everybody, a jump on it  
Shame on a nuh who try to run game on a nuh  
Wu buck wild with the trigger  
Shame on a nuh who try to run game on a nuh  
Wu buck, uhh, uhh, uhh  
Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut  
Ol' Dirty Bast, cut  
Styles unbreakable, shatterproof  
To the young youth, ya wanna get gun? Shoot  
Blaow, how you like me now? Don't front the style  
Ruthless wild  
Do ya wanna getcha teeth knocked on out?  
Brother, get on it like that, then shout  
Yo, RZA, yo, razor, hit me with the Major  
The damage, my clan, understand, it be flavor  
Gunning, humming, coming atcha  
First I'm gonna getcha, once I gotcha, I gatcha  
You could never capture the Method Man's stature  
For rhyme and for rapture, got niggaz resigning  
Now master my style? Never  
I put the buck in the wild kid, I'm terror  
Razor sharp, I sever the head from the shoulders  
I'm better than my compeda  
You mean competitor, whadeva, let's get together  
(Shame on a nuh who try to run game on a nuh)  
(Wu come wild with the tri blaow)  
I react so thick, I'm phat and yo  
Rae came blowing and blew off ya headphones  
Black, rap from yo, Cali to Texas  
Smoother than a Lexus, now's my turn to wreck this  
Brothers approach and half step but ain't heard  
Half of it yet and I bet you're not a what? Vet?  
So when you see me on the real, forming like Voltron  
Remember I got deep like a Navy Seal  
(Shame on a nuh who try to run game on a nuh)  
(Wu buck wild with the trigger)  
(Shame on a nuh who try to run game on a nuh)

(I'll said get out)  
Yo, I come with that ol' loco  
Style from my vocal  
Couldn't peep it with a pair of bifocals  
I'm no joker, play me as a joke  
I be on you like a house on fire, smoke ya  
Crews be acting like they gangs, anyway  
Be like, "Warriors, come out and play?  
Hurry, I getting it on, I let it out like diarrhea  
Got burnt once but that was only gonorrhea  
Dirty, I keeps the 'nuff stains my drawers  
So I can get Fizzy funky for yuh  
Murder, takes the fame of the Wu-Tang, rahh  
Here comes the Tiger verse Crane  
Ow, be like wild with my style  
Punk, you playing me, chump? You get dumped  
Wu is coming through at a theater near you  
And get funk like a shoe, what?

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