

# Wu-tang Clan Ain't Nuthing Ta F' Wit

## Wu-tang Clan

Tiger style  
Tiger style  
Yo, huh, huh  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
There's no place to hide once I step inside the room  
Dr. Doom, prepare for the boom  
Bam! Aw, man! I slam  
Jam, now scream like Tarzan  
I be tossin', enforcin', my style is awesome  
I'm causin' more family feud's than Richard Dawson  
And the survey said, ya dead  
Fatal flying guillotine chops off your fuckin' head  
RZA who was that? Aiyyo, the Wu is back  
Makin' niggaz go bo bo!, Like on super cat  
Me fear no-one, oh no, here come  
The Wu-Tang shogun, killer to the eardrum  
I puts the needle to the groove, I gets rude  
And I'm forced to fuck it up my style carries like a pickup truck  
Across the clear blue yonder  
Seek the China sea, I slam tracks like quarterbacks sacks from L.T.  
Now why try and test, the rebel INS?  
Blessed since the birth, I earth-slam your best  
'Cause I bake the cake, then take the cake  
And eat it, too, with my crew while we head state to state  
And if you want beef, then bring the ruckus  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Straight from the motherfucking slums that's busted  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Hyah  
Step up, boy  
Represent  
Chop his head off, kid  
The meth will come out tomorrow  
Styles, is wild, berserk, bizarro  
Flow, with more afro than rollo  
Comin' to a fork in the road which way to go just follow  
Method, the legend, niggaz is sleepy hollow

In fact I'm a hard act to follow  
I dealt for dolo, Bogart comin' on through  
Niggaz is like, "Oh, my God, not you"  
Yes, I, come to get a slice of the punk and the pie  
Rather do than die, check my

Flava, comin' from the RZA  
Which is short for the razor  
Who make me reminisce true like Deja, Vu  
I'm rubber, niggaz is like glue  
Whatever you say rubs off me sticks to you  
Tiger style  
Tiger style

Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Ahh-hah! Yeah

Representin' Brooklyn queens  
Long island, Manhattan Bronx  
The rugged lands of Shaolin  
Niggaz from Virginia, Atlanta  
Our boys in Ohio

Comin' through with the crazy, why-oh why-oh  
Yo, niggaz from the source  
My man Kelly moon from the Gavin  
Rod Strickland, Jason and yeah  
True, true, my nigga it's goin' down boy  
We ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
The whole Texas mob, the Chicago mob  
Niggaz from Detroit, fuckin' California squadron  
Comin' through knahmsayin' the whole fuckin' west coast  
To the whole east, niggaz from D.C  
Down in Maryland, all the way over there in Morgan state  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
All over the whole fuckin' globe, comin' through boy  
Peace to the fuckin' Zulu nation  
Peace to all the Gods and the earths, word is bond  
Wu-Tang slang, choppin' heads boy  
It ain't safe no more

Peace  
Tiger style  
Tiger style  
Tiger style  
Tiger style

Tiger style  
Tiger style  
Tiger style  
Tiger style

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>