

# 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  
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Bring da mother, bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
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 sew 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  
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Bring da mother, bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
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 Segall, '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' ruckus  
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Bring da mother, bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Yo, I'm more rugged than slaveman boots  
New recruits, I'm fuckin' up MC troops  
I break loops and trample shit, while I stomp  
A mudhole 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 wanna 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' ruckus  
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Bring da mother, bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
Bring da motherfuckin' ruckus  
So bring it on, so bring it on, so bring it on  
So bring it on, so bring it on, so bring it on  
So bring it on, punk nigga

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