

# One Blood Under W (Featuring Junior Reid)

## Wu-Tang Clan

Run'din from fires of the city, and tee blood  
Blood, blood, blood.. blood  
You two ta both from EE-hee-ma, ah ya both from Jahnker  
You ta both from fire outside  
You both from To-ah-ee  
One blood, one blood, one blood I was rollin', showin' my age, unshaven  
Rugged with my Timberland boots that paid  
I walk with a slight lean from the way that my heat  
Givin' a green the shine infra-red beam  
At the street traffic light recorders  
Takin' pictures of our corners  
Cameras on the side of the buildings, we destroy 'em  
The Chameleon throws cream to children, out the window  
We movin' in unmarked vans, disguised as a light tan  
With plastic phasers in rubber hands  
Fuck fame, I shoot a hole in a 50 cent piece to test my aim  
How dare you call the Gods in vein!  
Not knowin' the seriousness of this and why I came  
To Earth, feet first  
I dare you lion tame to the beat of the drum  
No questionin' to the session, I walk with gun  
The magnum of bust-es head for many directions unknown  
Another statistic, change the ballistics  
On the nozzle, make em goggle and swallow  
Scrape the craters of the brain for data  
Old scriptures on withered paper  
Beginnin' take shape and form  
When the gods get on it and crash your college dorm  
You two ta both from uptown, ah your both from downtown  
Your ta both from An-ah-town, ah yeah both from 'round town  
One blood, one blood, one blood  
The pussy 'nit find it  
Travel w'on, raise your wine  
That's blood yud, blood  
Now verse 2, even more deadly than the first, unrehearsed raw footage  
Part 2 for you, I give this dedication, project elimination  
He's a burnt offering, nothing up my sleeve  
I'm just vanishing with the vanishing cream  
Here's Jews to live by, 'dentify before you intake can't leave with weed  
Fuck that, you waist no time in search of those who can't breathe  
A bum only has one time to explode

When I break I'm takin' everything,  
Turn the city streets to Dusty Rhodes  
Behold this return of the Invincible Tone  
Rude like Governor Tuse and King Toustume,  
Who gave the order to bust 'em?  
Don't ask this is Genuine Draft  
Blueprint ultimate legit sting international, stone love classical  
Comin' back, to attack in black fatigue  
Wu-Tang and Junior Reid

Songwriters

NORMAN, MONTY/TURNER, ELGIN/REID, JUNIOR

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