

9 Milli Bros. (Feat. Wu-Tang Clan)

Ghostface Killah

Bob Digi, U-G-O-D, Raekwon
The Chef, the Inspektah Deck
M-E-T-H-O-D the B-O-B-B
(The Man)Straight up, Masta Killa, the GZA
The Genius, it's the Ol' D-d-dirty Bastard
One, two, one, two
(Killer Beats)
Turn it up, turn it up
The headphones, turn it upYo, you hear me?
(Yeah, whut up Toney?)
W'sup Don' Don'
(All the way up)
You know how we do
(Let's get this paper together)
You motherfuckin' right Pa, uh, huh
(That's right, c'mon nigga)
That's as far as it goes?Sound about to go off on some real live
Wu shit, uh, huh
(WTC, Ghost-face)
Lemme give y'all the bullshit
Hook for y'all niggas, check it outThe burners in the stash, we about the cash
We got females that got it like that
The golden child's that bone the crowd
See niggas in the place that bit my styleWell I'm a singer, dancer, we bulletproof brothers
Wu-Tang got the answer
'Cuz if I had a chance to do it again
I will still keep the heat in my pants, uhY'all be nice to the crack heads, everybody listen up
I shot one of my bitches, the hoe ain't trick enough
Word life to big screen Don, tapping dust-bones out
With star-writers like I fucked Celine DionStuck everything that's the God's honest beyond
We airin' niggas out that's the type shit that we on
Official Wu-Tang head-banger
Flood your space with big waves like you did in Sri LankaYo, I drink heavy gallons of Crew, play the big part
Niggas got squid on the grill, selling kids Clarks
Finesse notes, yo, the Guess on with the vest pose
Yellow suede one matching hat with the gray gunNiggas be rhymin' for nothing, then my team pull up
We all wore down y'all broke niggas stay frontin'
Lines come digital stupid, plus ain't got no jury on
Bet I'm still live and I'm coopin'Two of my silver-backs fun through a pack of your wolves

Front on react and sippin' Cognac so relax dude
Know I'm with these cracks dudeYo, one, two
Yo, Dirt McGirt, solid tone smith with fifth shots
Lick shots, leave your head like a Shaolin monk with six dots
Brooklyn, zoo, zoo
Brooklyn, zoo, zooIt's the return of Bin Laden, grab your armor
Smash pretty boy niggas, crush they karma
Eat bones with alligators, roll deep with my entourage
My whole crew's fresh out the barsDiggler, a.k.a The Cab Driver
Drop him off in the middle of fire
Dirty Island, drag bodies to the murder land
Knock niggas out hurtin' my handI remember in the elevator we was playin' corners
Now we play the corners and the cops is stayin' on us
Staten's where the war is
Where the court system's running out of warrants
Where TNT be jumping out the TaurusFor real I can't call it
You see I love Lucy 'cuz she Lawless
She's exactly like that 10304 is
Snitch niggas swallow your tongue
Already know the island I'm from
And y'all don't want no problems with themWe got a history, full of lightning victories
Conceptual breakthrough it ain't no mystery
Long vision, from giants in every way
Rap czars, magnificent flows for every dayFrom the East to the Ville, from the West to the hills
Incredible rhymes, encouraging skills
From rat packs, the smallest crews were enormous
They hit 'em fast, with an effortless performanceMCs start fleeing in flocks
Especially those that's more sensitive to heat and shock
We grindin', down to the bone my name grounded in stone
I'm Mr Violence we loungin' with Chrome
Mr Violence we lounge in his home, hit the housing on Rome
Shining like a hundred thousand in stonesMove mountains with poems, got a jones for dinero
160, my song, we throwin' elbows
The hoes cling, sho thing, we know kings
Only dime dikes, with minds right, we choose QueensYeah we wild like rock stars who smash guitars
Yo son split his face with the toast, he ain't Ghost
It's no joke, iron coat, rifle with a scope
One toke, brains float, shot to the throatBefore the smoke hit, witness the killing
Southern crime scene, body on the block
Eyes open from the shock of being popped in the neck
Yet he's still hella lit cigarette between his fingers
Danger when you step into the chamber with the master
Disaster, gotta blast ya, 'cuz I have taThe rat pack is back from the Island of Stat'
Leave you cursed us 'cuz you worship the gat
The first one to snap drunk off your Smirnoff

Blow the bouncer's ear off, let him floss he the boss
Handcuffed to the turntables like Wizard Theodore

See it's pure, let it rain pearly ounces

Bang him with the thing that hang from the trousers

You don't want no drama, I'm flaming fast

That nigga jumped up and did the Damon Dash

Songwriters

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