

Wu Banga 101

Ghostface Killah

Back, back, back, backYo, too advanced, digi' stance, made the cd enhanced
I move with the speed and strength of ants
Identical in form with the beez they swarm
Hold up the cold current appear warm
My first verbal brawl, started on some yes yes y'all
To the beat y'all, break your windshield, your jeep stallMr.Traffic, dumbin' shit, from ecclesiastic
Cashier, holdin' out, fine, cut off the plastic
See the logo a monument in hip-hop
Carved out, in the giant landscape, of broken rocks
Whether heard in herb spots, jukebox or malt shops
Un cut live, drop eighty-five, in one shot
Spotlight hits the metal mic, majority stareHeard the wu snare, while my iris cut down the glare
Walk a road the great length you find too long to measure
My clan a make me rhyme like d. banner under pressure
No surprise, double disc touched five
Those elements, kept environments colonized
With the high flyin' death-defyin' flow like the rebel
Right there, but you're one light year, from my levelUh-huh yeah yo check it yo
Bottles goin' off in the church, we broke the wine
Slapped the pastor, didn't know pop had asthma
He pulled out his blue Bible, change fell out his coat
Three condoms, two dice, one bag of dope
Oooh rev ain't right, his church ain't rightDeacon is a pimp, tell by his eyes
Mrs. parks said, "Brother starks, meet you at the numbers spot
Heard you got red tops out, and I want a lot"
Shirley fainted dead on the spot
Two ushers slipped eighty dollars right out the pot
Oh shitEgyptian, brown skin brown suede Timbs
Masquerading X-rated throw blades, all occasions
Round nozzle touchdown, Hagen-Daas gobbles White House
Gucci flag on the roof, call us rock groups
Mere intelligent, buy Nieman Marc' it out
No doubt, all we saw he bought, Lori mom's all blow
Was simple, blamp instrumentals run camps the stamps get you
The way we lamp, fans come and get youPlay, fullback strapped like a fuck, war at
The black, Carlo Gambino's stash house in Hackensack
Pack capsules, Green Bay 'em lay 'em down like wax do
It's all actual we build, like Crash Crew
Coconut, incense, one sentence, ayyyo

Control the holy flinch hit this, new whips
 Roman numerals, sun splash them niggaz like, Tango and Cash
 Alcatraz cats roll out fast Wu thousand nuthin' but hardcore we tryin' to get land riches and more
 Ghost put me on to it we just do it, floss or whatever
 Take care of the business, there's too many roughnecks
 Give two of these to Flex, tell him it's real rap like Ghost
 Had to beat niggaz with toast clubs V.I. clientele we lay it down flat
 Poot out on y'all kid, now where your mans at
 Fakin' the real like, damn I can't stand Cappa Then my wardrobe flooded the next chapter
 Y'all heard about us like we heard about you
 Bless the mic with reality, hit you with the virtue
 Calm down not tryin' to hurt you, burst through
 That shit, fatter than all y'all niggaz outfits
 We the glitch like Y2K catch the ball when it drop, guns pop
 Y'all have a nice day Doctor Kanabuta, Iron Man, he is invincible
 His remarkable armor is supreme Yo sometimes I'm liable to spaz and break fool
 Grab my gun, select one, snatch son
 Put the barrel by his face, blast one by his eardrum
 Piss run, you drop thinkin' you shot
 Screamin' like a bitch, kicks to your face
 Shots to the body that shake like the bass
 I'm Ghost faced up, military style down
 Nuff ammunitions of rounds across the chest Skip to the intro, rap through po'
 Smashed a fresh ball of wax Ceasar
 Flashy penthouse that overlooks the vista
 Wally Moc' have tie, swimmin' trunks
 Three chunks of ice sit in Johnny Walker for advice
 Catch the moment, fund raiser at will, work with the homeless
 Polish diamond edge, Flintstones shit, sealed in a comb pick Carefully, swing the B seven series Christmas lights
 Too bright Ghost is comin' y'all fix the mirrors
 Relax like pudding, confidence strangle my man couldn't
 Exile he no longer in the hood bless the kid that max the most
 Me I turn a wedding into hoax roses tied to bombs on posts
 On commercial breaks, piss in the apple juice
 Rasta nigga rock the big do's Jiffy Pop it's only chant Wu Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm back, back, back, back

Songwriters

Woods Cory; Grice Gary; Coles Dennis; Hill Darryl; Turner Elgin; Bean R
 Published by
 GZA MUSIC; WU-TANG PUBLISHING, INC.; STARKS PUBLISHING; UNIVERSAL MUSIC-CAREERS
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>