Do You Really (thang Thang)

Wu-tang Clan

Yo, this is a Wu-Banger two thousand and one noise maker
Off the hook guerrilla anthem
This is DJ Kay Slay, from around the way
And I'll smack the shit outta any of you DJ's
That front on this shit think I'm playin?
Yeah, I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
I never been a fan of the fame, I got love for the game
Never lust for the dames, I got dust in my veins
Hit 'em off in the brain, kid talks but it's lame
Sniffed a little blow with the rap Eddie Kane
Spent a lot of dough, its so hard to explain
And I fucked a lot of bitches off the strength of the name
Wu Tang see me in the next Lex with the game
Snowboarding down a ski range, its a blue and gray frame
Keep, pointing the finger, I'm that nigga to blame
The main reason why you duck the chain
Self proclaimed, got a lotta profit to gain
And I'm leaving the rap game the same way I came
Now creep with me, as I roll through the Stat
Little Meth got my back, little pinky fat-fat
Let me hit that contact, learn how to act
Before you bring that drama the end; I'll fade to black
Positive, I hate kids who tell me lies
Despise guys that wanna get high but never buy
Got 9 lives, 9 wives that don't listen
Bitchin' their biological clocks is tickin'
Wu limited edition hot off the presses
I guess it's curtains for competition
Method, runnin' 'em out, gun in my mouth
The kid your momma warned you about, tear down the house
After midnight eatin' emcees chase through suburbia
You tremblin', behind a crumblin' wall, surrenderin'

Thats what you get, for rushin' in the direction I was bustin'
Polish your sword, your shit is rustin'
I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
1, 2, testin', testin', mic check wreckin', steps into the session
Automatic weapon off safety, don't play me

Butt brings all them things with silencers
My clans liver than your average 85er, strive to stay alive
I play for keeps in the streets, 'cos it's real on the battlefield
Shells hit the ground from the steel
Bullets travel, sun set fire to your mind
Words combine when I rhyme to feed the blind
Prepare my queen for battle and walk down
I drink from the wine of violence, no tolerance
Game word bond, sword silenced
Me in military fatigues bulletproof underneath
Buy enough ammunition, go round and sweep the streets
Of Brooklyn, central, sugar-whipped the rental
While I'm lickin' out the window at y'all
Fuck y'all
I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
Yo, we thrive on street life, we strive to eat right
They blindin' these sight, we tried to be nice
They talk the small talk, we walk the long walk
We lost, they all thought, they forced to fall short
We rock for hard rock, rocked the hot blocks
Shop and cop rocks, watch the top notch in action
Begin to make your head spin
Wu-Tang my bredren, we bang like veterans
They came for record spins, taste the medicine
Or face the double M, we came to trouble them

Hustle them for their 20 mill then buckle them
Enough to spin out the blue, bitches lovin' them
Dozen men with force of a hundred-ten
Stumblin' thug passions, it must've been
Yeah, I heard you ladies got them thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?
I heard you ladies got them, thang thangs
Do you really?
I heard you niggas like to bang bang
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I heard you ladies got them thang thangs
Do you really?
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