

Clan in Da Front

Wu-Tang Clan

Up from the thirty six chambers
It's the ghost
Killah
Wu-Tang
Wu-Tang killa beez, we on a swarm
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Wu-Tang killa beez, we on a swarm The Rza, the Gza, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, U God
Ghostface Killah, The Method Man, Raekwon the Chef, The Masta killa
Raw Desire, Levon, Power Cipher
Twelve o'clock, Sixtysecond Assassin, The Fourth Disciple
The Brand White, K.D. the Down Low Wrecka
Shyheim AKA the Rugged Child
Due Due Lilz, Mista Hezakah better known as the Yin and the Yang
The True Master, Ason, DJ Skane, the True Robocop comin' through
Scientific Shabazz, my motherfuckin' man Wise the Civilized
The Shaolin soldiers, Daddy O and Poppa Ron
Comin' down from the motherfuckin' South end of things
Killa beez all over your fuckin' planet
Thirty six chambers of death
Three hundred and sixty degrees of perfected styles
Choppin' off your motherfuckin' dome
Peace and every fuckin' borough
Crooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, Staten Island
The motherfuckin' Bronx, killa beez
The sword, c'mon, give him the sword
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death
Hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to The Wu is comin' through, the outcome is critical
Fuckin' wit my style is sort of like a miracle
On 34th street in the Square of Herald
I gamed Ella, the bitch caught a fitz like Gerald
Geraldine Ferraro, who's full of sorrow
'Cuz the hoe didn't win but the sun will still come out tomorrow
And shine, shine, shine like gold mine
Here comes the drunk Monk, with a quart of Ballentine
Pass the bone, kid pass the bone
Let's get on this mission like Indiana Jones, the Gza

One who just represent the Wu-Tang click
 With the game and soul, of an old school flick
 Like the Mack and Dolemite, who both did bids
 Claudine went to Cooley high and had mad kids
 So stop, the life you save may be your motherfuckin' own
 I'll hang your ass with this microphone
 Make way for the merge of traffic
 Wu-Tang's comin' through with full metal jackets
 God squad that's mad hard to serve
 Come frontin' hard, then Bernhard Goetz what he deserves
 Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
 Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death
 Hoods on the right, wild for the night
 Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to The response while I bomb that ass, you ain't shit
 Your wack ass town had you gassed
 Egos is somethin' the Wu-Tang crush
 Souped up niggaz on a stage get rushed
 I don't give a goddamn, on the shows you did
 How many rhymes you got or who knows you kid?
 'Cuz I don't know ya therefore show me what you know
 I come sharp as a blade and I cut you slow
 You become so pat as my style increases
 What's that in your pants ahh human feces
 Throw your shitty drawers in the hamper
 Next time come strapped with a fuckin' pamper
 How ya sound B? You're better off a quitter
 I'm on the mound G and it's a no hitter
 And my DJ the catcher, he's my man
 Anyway he's the one who devised the plan
 He throws the signs I hook up the beats with clout
 I throw the rhymes to the mic and I strike 'em out
 So, it really doesn't matter on how you intrigue
 You can't fuck with those in the major leagues
 Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
 Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death
 Hoods on the right, wild for the night
 Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to
 Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
 Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death
 Hoods on the right, wild for the night
 Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to
 Hoods on the right
 Punks in the back
 To what
 Niggaz on the left
 Hoods on the right
 Punks in the back
 To what?

Let your feet stomp
Brag shit to death
Wild for the night
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death
Hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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