

# Bells of War

## Wu-Tang Clan

Give me the cue  
Skip the introduction  
Proceed the lip function  
The junction get rushed by some grimy people busting weed  
Splatter your melons like some Attica felons  
Use a firearm good  
Bloods go for heart swelling  
Insert the spasm  
Yes the dirty herb has him  
Thoroughbred thugs insert the phantasm  
Verbal smarts, spark the word, visit my scripture  
Exotic wine, holding nine, Picasso pictures  
When the rhyme pivot you now, limit your chance  
Bodyguard the lyric with unlimited stance  
Words seem to zing on down to Beijing  
When we touch down you crown renowned kings  
There's no honor amongst thieves  
Street pharmaceutical  
Stack like Genovese, the four devil tempt mad men  
But not these  
We profound hardcore sound  
To MC's thumbs down, prepare  
Killa bees it be warfare, this the year  
Niggas gotta take you off of here  
Hold the square  
If we go there we go gritty  
And spread fear through this rap city, call the mayor  
My razor sharp darts be like cold stares  
The smell of fear makes my nostrils flair  
Truth or dare  
Ask yourself can you compare  
To these niggas in the hood, Johnny B. Goode  
Or he be gone yeah  
The struggle goes on, you've been warned  
PLO from here to Lebanon  
How many bombs must we drop in the Ninety-Now  
Walk a mile in my shoes, get the street news from Meth-Tical  
You got to be kidding, you got to be kidding  
Ayo kid you got to be kidding  
Allah said it's written  
You got to be kidding yo

It's common sense how I master my circum-fer-ence  
You dense  
I get locked the fuck up  
Released on my own recognizance  
Can't be judged, young bloods bust back like scuds  
Wu-Tang hovers one thousand notches above MC level  
Yo, I stay high as like treble  
Foes who oppose get plucked like rose pedals  
Arresting and holding, penetrate forbidden regions  
Wack MC's only lasted one season  
The morale was low at the corral  
Adjective pronouns had no style  
Your weak proposal  
Aim the official, initial is Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah  
All that other bullshit ain't permissable  
Annual increase of the Wu-Tang manual  
Handles to keep this hip-hop shit tangible  
Illegible, every egg ain't edible  
My tracks remain Unforgettable  
Like Ol' Nat Cole  
Got to catch this paper to buy Shaquasia a glacier  
Throw chairs to deck a skyscraper  
Understand that the continents of Africa and Asia  
And free the Black man from the enslaved labor, Wu-Tang  
The weight of the fam is on our back and we can't fall  
Victim to this long hall of fame, meaning nothing  
We came to punish the glutton with a substance  
That can't be contained, Wu-Tang  
Motherfuckers  
We be seeing y'all asses when we walk up in the club  
Y'all all in the back  
Scared to speak the speak cause you scared  
Punk motherfucker, we know what time it is  
All you been seeing is upsets in the boxing shit, right  
It's like come on man  
This nigga fucked up motherfucking Whitaker  
Dang, he caught Whitaker  
He caught Whitaker a long time ago  
Mike got touched  
Then Mike got touched by Holyfield  
Hey Mike's, Mike's gonna forfeit this fight  
He ain't fighting McDermit  
He ain't fighting  
Nope  
What up  
You talking bout he, what he, what he, what he did  
Told them he cut his eye, in sparring  
Stella D'oro wrap breadsticks

David Berkowitz  
Einstein birthed a hit, now nurture it  
M.G.M. front row seat tonight, no gens  
Purify, cleanse, ran into some beef up in the men's  
Fix your sawed off  
Wu-Tang tore me off the cross  
All you saw was white meat  
Skin hanging off  
These is words from the Arch Bishop  
Some call it six up  
The Betty Crocker, Marvel cake stakes admissor  
Wax janitor, black Jack Mulligan from Canada  
Slam dance, tarantula style, you'se a fan of the  
Monopoly king, Slavic poetry  
Carnegie Hall's off the hook  
Let's push through the armory  
Mack truck hitting soloist, Soul Controllers  
Behold of the thousand teeth fist, swift and boneless You know cause Wu-Tang is invincible, you know what I  
mean  
It's Wu-Tang Forever God  
We gonna get down with that W  
You gonna get down with that W  
That's that Wu, that's that Wisdom  
That's the Wisdom of the Universe  
That's the truth, of Allah, for the Nation of the Gods  
You know what I'm sayin'  
We breaking egg through these days God  
You know what I'm sayin'  
We got the fucking way  
We got the medicine for your sickness  
Out here, ya know what I mean  
I was telling Shorty like  
Yo Shorty, you don't even gotta go to summer school  
Pick up the Wu-Tang double CD  
And you'll get all the education you need this year  
You know what I mean  
Their poisoned minds can't comprehend this shit  
Word man it's Wu-Tang Forever God  
Niggas can't fuck with these lyrics God  
You know what I'm sayin'  
Nah mean  
Oh hell no, none of this shit  
Come on man beats, lyrics man, y'all niggas  
Niggas can't even understand half this shit  
I think niggas ain't gonna figure it out til the year Two-G

(Wax niggas ass for free or fee) Word  
Yo, you know what  
The next Wu-Tang album ain't even coming out until 2000  
You know what I mean  
That's just gonna come back with a comet  
You hear, we gonna bring a comet  
Check for that shit in the millennium  
You know what I mean? So, yo, y'all niggas man  
Be the resurrection  
The Gods is here man  
Born Gods is here

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