

Gunz 'N Onez (Iz U Wit Me)

Wu-Tang Clan

Haayyoahhh! Ahhh..

[Intro/Chorus: Rock]Iz u wit me.. yo throw your hands in the air!

All my thugs and soldiers, fuck it even players

Whether you hate us or you show us love

No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez

Iz u wit me.. yo throw your hands in the air!

All my thugs and soldiers, fuck it even players

Crooks, willies, pimps, all my sons

No matter what you do baby, stack your gunz 'n onez

[Verse One: Method]Yo, light another, and elevate on this one my brother

Respect mine like my baby mother

I shine when it rain, the sky's cryin for all the black youth

that's dyin, I heard he went out clutchin his iron

And in the mist the slugs flyin, one burst

he kissed the dirt, not knowin he was touched at first

or badly hurt, it's all science, another nigga merked

Kid snatched his purse and his work, left nuttin

but the shells on the turf, the situation's worse

A lot of bitch ass niggaz is comin out they skirts

cause it's real, not everyone can rhyme and get a deal

Not everyone can shine and make a meal

So Johnny carry nine in the steel, one in the head

for all them fuckheads, leave that ass for dead nuff said

Don't be mistaken, or mislead, it's all peace

But when my baby's gotta get fed, I'm all teeth

Bitin DOWN on the bullet now, bloodshed

I cop my herb from a knotty dread, and live this life

on the edge nigga.. one time for your fuckin-ass mind

'cause-o, can you deal?

[Chorus: Rock]Wu-Tang are u wit me, well throw your hands in the air!

All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players

Heads on lockdown and those on the run

No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez

[Verse Two: Ruck]Aiyyo peep the stamina, of the main brain splattera

In a matter of seconds I'm disrespectin your character

What's the matter ya niggaz ain't ready for the massacre

I'll be slappin y'all niggaz in the face with the calibre

You like the voice baby? Ruck is the choice lately

Slap a hoe and then grab a hoe just like ? ?

My boys pay me no mind, for the shit I say lately
Then deep down in they heart, they think that nigga Ruck is crazy
Maybe, y'all niggaz should just chill before I fuck you up
I can snuff a duck nigga in the face with the uppercut
What the fuck? Y'all niggaz do it the mic ruin
your life by screwin, your wife now cruisin

Affect with the motherfuckin grimy style
Meth-Tical, Heltah Skeltah for the Ninety-Now
Remind me how, the way it used to be, yo you used to be
better than you is on the mic, but now you losin me
[Chorus: Rock]So iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players
Whether you rap for a living or sell drugs for funds
No matter what you do, stack your gunz 'n onez
[Verse Three: Rock]Son I used to be a good boy, fat cheeks, little cute kid
Potentially rebellious yet a straight A student
I listened to my elders til I found out they was stupid
What they told me had me broke and bummy, time for some new shit
Now, I hold mo' concealed Heat than Acapulco
Ricans in Bushwick call me Rocko, el mano loco
Got a fo'-fo' to make thugs sing like K-Ci and JoJo
Packin ever since Mamma Rock said gunz was a no-no
We don't need those doe, street cats don't need gats
Six-five, from the NBA, many niggaz be that
So try me, like Mutumbo you can't get shit by me
Send you to E.R. son with broke ankles like Allen Ivey.. hehe
hold that thought for a minute
And watch your shorty before I run up in it I admit it
I'm like Sprite, image got you shaken, thinkin I'm Jamaican
But it's thirst that'll get your jewelry and dough taken
FUCK Batman and Robin, I'm robbin with a bat man
Chase niggaz like Chevy for makin wack jams
Hit hard as a dick after a lapdance, ask any Sean Price
in Alcatraz fan, they'll tell you watch the jabbin
[Chorus: Rock]So iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players
Gods, Earths, and cons, Crips and Bloods
No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez
Iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players
M.F.C., Killa Beez and my Outlaw thugs
Armageddon soon come, stack your gunz 'n onez
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Heltah Skeltah come soon, be prepared motherfucker

stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Cause ain't nobody safe motherfucker
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Marvelous, armaggedeon, Heltah Skeltah
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Same shit

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