

# Wu-Gambinos

## Method Man, Raekwon, RZA, Masta Killah, Ghostface

{And in our line of work, we need all the help we can get  
Tony Wind is the name, he works for a drug ring in Central America  
Who wants to kill him?  
No information, say yes or no  
One point five million  
Alright, you get what you want, money's no object  
They're all clean, no serial numbers, untraceable  
And there are explosive head bullets, in the clip} {Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo, here come the cop man  
Yo starks come here, come here sun  
Come here for a minute  
Aiyyo aiyyo hold up hold up  
Shit we gotta go to the store for more baking soda  
Yo yo yo get your fuckin', yo this made of glass nig  
Get your big Adidas off my moms table man  
Get the fuck off it man  
Yo just chill man, pass the crystal man  
Niggaz is greedy man, damn  
Big ass shits  
Yo man you ain't smoking none of that weed in here man  
Chill man} {Bobby Steels  
Somebody go to the store man  
Sup kid?  
Get that baking soda  
Yo, let's cut the pie five ways  
We came off with two mil kid  
Fast  
(Rollie fingers, no doubt coming through)  
La costra nostra  
(Johnny Blaze!)  
(Lou Diamonds!)  
Represent kid  
(Tony Starks)  
Universal frontier  
(Original blood claat bad boys)} Who come to get you? None, they want guns  
I be the first to set off shit, last to run  
Who roll together as one  
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like one  
Check it  
Scriptures hit the body like sawed off shotties  
Like my hair notty and my nose piece snotty

Fuck a nigga hottie, that whole pussy probably  
Burn like the deserts of Mogabi, for real  
Ain't nuttin' fraudulent here, we pioneer  
Commandeer a new frontier, this be the Wu yeah  
Thirty-six chambers of fear, huh, you lost it  
Information leakin' out your faucets, hmm  
Time to forfeit your crown and leave the ground  
There's a new sheriff in town holdin' it down  
It's the two holster, shit shot smoker  
Wanted dead or alive, bounty on the poster  
Wild in the west, a student of my culture  
And life is the test, hold up  
Let a nigga catch his breath, we still payin' dues  
And the last one is death, back to the essence  
With that shit you stressin', this Rap profession  
Now peep Tical, the son of the Shaolin  
Isle plus my style, criminology pays  
The last times and days, Johnny fuckin' Blaze  
This goes for niggaz who know  
Who will grow like llello, ley no  
Plus coolin' in Barbados  
Ricaans be givin' me much shit, the Dutch shit  
Stay cool Papa, seize it with enough shit  
Back at the lab a, crack's bagged up  
Yo niggaz act up, what blow up the workers if they have to  
Senoritas, fuckin' up a storm buyin' guards  
margaritas  
Suckin' his dick, up in the whip long  
Designed for rhyme prime nigga jail time jiggas  
Them niggaz up in height figures bitin' niggaz  
Silks wally-wear finger rolled chain yeah  
Jakes beware black rap millionaires  
Rock hairs leather goose bears blowin' this year  
One eight hundred gambino niggaz yeah  
Who roll together as one  
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like one  
Solid gold crown is shinin', solid gold, check it sun yo  
Solid gold crown be shinin' and blindin' like some diamonds  
I be pioneerin' the style in the cloud with silver linings  
Double breasted, bullet proof vested, well protected  
The heart the rib cage the chest and solar plexus  
Castin' stones, crackin' two-hundred and six bones  
And watch yo' ass get blown to a sea of fire and brimstone  
How dare you approach it with dim pones?  
The overfiend like Noah bean green souls with a soldier mean  
The grand exquisite imperial wizard oh is it  
The ryzarector come to pay your ass a visit  
Local bio-chemical, universal giant, the black general  
Lickin' shots to Davy Crockett on the bicentennial  
Happen millennium two thousand microchips two shots of penicillin  
Goes up your adrenalin son it's time for boutin'

It's a mileage resemblin' niggaz who like followin'  
Trapped inside your projects like a genie inside the bottle  
God steppin' forth upon holy down of the track  
It's the sound that surrounds and hurts me like I'm under attack  
So I decided to bite down on the mic  
So the pain of the track won't deny the fact  
That I'm the master, for what lurks, is an expert  
That hurts the individual who tries to visualize under  
'Cuz I strike, like thunder  
Niggaz couldn't stand my heat, it's unbearable  
My wisdom fucks up your respiratorial  
Systems are fractured by the killa tactics  
Style is ragged and thoughts are mad jagged  
Enter the entity, my vicinity  
Is three hundred and sixty degrees of humidity  
Represent the school of hard knocks and glocks my  
Clan is hoss and got mad moss for blocks so  
Feel the force of impact from the iron side of  
The gat as I attack the track  
From the blind side of the pack, stars pass the chrome  
Watch a nigga get blown out his mutherfuckin' dome  
Piece, deceased, laid to rest  
Who come to get you? None, they want guns  
I be the first to set off shit, last to run  
Who roll together as one  
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like one  
Yo, ayyo I got to serve them my way, move give me room  
Holdin' up your saloon, clean sweep, like a broom  
Full moons make me howl like a wolf outta breath  
Sold only new vocal cords I heard genius on gef  
So step back, to the lab at, high velocity  
My teammate, enhance cells well like a pharmacy  
Fuck Horado Pablos plan growas bravo  
Goodfellas we know, best sellas become novels  
The man rockin' head bands, silk scarves and jams  
Early 80's British rock, Playboys, mocks, and shams  
The laser beam vocalist does well at symphonies  
Bad days, watch me snatch ice right outta Tiffany's  
Remember them kids that came off with 8 million  
Robbed the brinks and I labeled in Royal Pavilions  
Them flower heads must have been stupid  
Tell me how the fuck black niggaz get caught wit all that loot kid?  
That's jet money, undaground money  
Submarines and rings too bad you fucked up dummies  
Costa cosa, come on

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