

Y'all Been Warned

Wu-tang Clan

Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh
Wu Tang, nigga, that's what's up
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Eh, eh, eh
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Wu Tang, nigga, crash ya crew , laugh at you
You bastard, you pass through slap an ass or two
Hear me roar timbaland tree weed galore
MC's with gusto y'all ain't neva seen befo'
El Producto pass that, ya puff too slow
That's what's up yo, the kid with the buck toothed flow
Oh, that's meth man south paw I throw my left hand
To that hardcore shit that even make the tec jam
Oh my goodness trust me, ain't nuttin' like some hood shit
Gotta love my dogs but ain't nuttin' like a good bitch
Strictly, if I'm goin' down, she comin' wit me
Whole time screamin', oh my God, ain't no mystery
Y'all been warned, about them killa bees on the swarm
Y'all been warned, you either step or get stepped upon
Correct me if I'm wrong but fake thugs never last long
Can't wait until ya fake ass gone
Y'all been warned, about them killa bees on the swarm
Y'all been warned, you either step or get stepped upon
Nigga, uh oh I think they're playin' our song
Lit blunts clan in da front, sayin', "It's on"
Try to wu hate, duck, you could suck my
Watch the block get clear when I buck my
Boomerang darts, you can't duck my
No tellin' which clan man you got struck by
Chains get tucked when he walk by hawk eye
Arrows bein' fired from crossbow, I talk fly
You can't etcha sketch all my rhyme threat
Try to bite my flow, you catch ya throat strep
Soaked in cess, dope, you eat the cold tec's
Bold flex, W crown, the ice O L X
Up in the oolie, yo, who you know?
John bizz, ghost deini, rollie finger and them toolies yo
Stainless Bobby, boy, you have an English folly

To try to detain the slang that we can to polly
Plus you didn't peep arief, kid, you sleep
I seen this heap of shit, you in steep
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Yo Amist the gravel, play the words of the big apple
Broadcastin' live from the pits of the battle
Wigs split and rattled, get shook out ya saddle
You ever hear me losin', one of y'all fix the panel
Ask who Wu, that's true, known piranhas
Who knows drama, fathers of your whole persona
The mad doctor, stay locked in the O R
In too deep, beyond reach of the sonar
Still a vet, say my name next to hall of fame
Hurtin' third string players, first day in the game
It's on, son, the killa bee swarm come

Make the world shake with one continuous drum
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Wave ya gun, killa I got you
Shoot this nigga in his face fast, mumblin I heard you I forget Wu
Wear ya crown, black down what's the block two
Blow at y'all niggas bolwin' at the cops too

Eh yo, my Wallets stay Bulletproofs racin' in Coups yea we the realest
Ultraviolet leathers on, pealin' this, love lookin' the illest
Gorilla things, monster background with a history
You're pumpin' crack, yap clowns, we all real in here
Strap a bomb on a family member, let y'all niggas know we here
Blasted, it's like cheeba when I splashed it
Real reefer heads'll know the meanin' of hittin' glass
I told y'alls, against y'all, Ginsengs, avenge Gods
Picture me stabbin' you in the yard for R's

Kid saw Staten, nine Bin Ladens
Valors on, colorful draws, lookin' all relaxed in
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