

Clan In Da Front

Wu-tang Clan

Up from the thirty six chambers
It's the ghost
Face
Killah
Wu-Tang
Wu-Tang killa beez, we on a swarm
Wu-Tang killa beez, we on a swarm
Wu-Tang killa beez, we on a swarm
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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>