

# 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  
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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

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