

Y'all Been Warned

Wu-Tang Clan

[Method Man]

Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up (one)

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up

(That's what's up) Eh, eh, eh,

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up

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 why'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 [Chorus: Method Man]

Why'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Why'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

Why'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Why'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!" [RZA]

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-X

Up in the oolie, yo, who you know?

John Bizzi, 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 [Chorus: Method Man]

Why'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Why'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[Inspectah Deck]
 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 why'all fix the panelAsk who? Wu, that's true, known piranhas
 Who knows drama, fathers of your whole persona
 The mad doctor, stay locked in the O-are
 In too deep, beyond reach of the sonarStill 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[Chorus: Method Man]
 Why'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm
 Why'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[Raekwon & (Masta Killa)]
 Wave ya gun, Killa (I got you)
 Shoot this nigga in his face fast, mumblin (I heard why'all forgot Wu)
 Wear ya crown, black down (Watch the block too)
 Blow at why'all niggas (Blowin 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 hereStrap a bomb on a family member, let why'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 why'alls, against why'all, Ginsengs, avenge GodsPicture me stabbin you in the yard for are's
 Kid saw Staten, nine Bin Ladens
 Valors on, colorful draws, lookin all relaxed in[Chorus: Method Man]
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Songwriters

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