

# Bells of War

## Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, yo, give me the cue  
Skip the introduction, prostate the lip function  
The junction get rushed by some grimy people bustin' weed  
Splatter your belly like some Attica fellas  
Use a firearm good, bloods go for hard swelling Insert the spasm, yes the dirty hurt has them  
Thoroughbred thugs insert the fantasm  
Verbal smarts, spark the word, visit my scripture  
Exotic wine, holding nine, Picasso pictures When the rhyme pivot you now, limit your chance  
Bodyguard the lyric with unlimited stance  
Words seem to zing on down to Beijing  
When we touch down you crown renowned kings There's no honor amongst thieves, street pharmaceutical  
Stack like Genovese, the four devil tempt mad men  
But not these, we profound hardcore sound  
To MC's thumbs down, prepare  
Killa bees it be warfare, this the year Niggaz gotta take you off of here, hold the square  
If we go there we go gritty  
And spread fear through this rap city, call the mayor  
My razor sharp darts be like cold stairs The smell of fear makes my nostrils, flair, truth or dare  
Ask yourself can you compare  
To these niggaz in the hood, Johnny B. Goode  
Or he be gone, yeah The struggle goes on, you've been warned  
P.L.O. from here to Lebanon, how many bombs  
Must we drop in the Ninety-Now  
Walk a mile in my shoes, get the street news  
From Meth-Tical You got to be kidding, you got to be kidding  
Ayyo kid, you got to be kidding, my glocks'll be spitting  
You got to be kidding, yo It's common sense how I master my circumference, you dense  
I get locked the fuck up, released on my own recognizance  
Can't be judged, young bloods bust back like scuds  
Wu-Tang harvest one thousand notches above MC level, yo, I stay high as like treble  
Foes who oppose get plucked like rose pedals  
Arresting and holding, penetrate for better regions  
Wack MC's only lasted one season The morale was low at the corral  
Adjective pronouns had no style, yo, we propose our  
Aim the official, initial, is Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah  
All that other bullshit ain't permissible Annual increase of the Wu-Tang Manual  
Handles to a keyboard is true hip-hop set tangible  
Illegible, every egg ain't edible  
My tracks remain Unforgettable like Ol' Nat Cole Got to catch this paper to buy Shaquasia a glacier

Throw chairs to deck a skyscraper  
Understand that the continents of Africa and Asia  
And free the black man from the enslaved labor, Wu-TangThe weight of the fam is on our back and we can't fall  
Victim to this long hall of fame, meaning nuttin'  
We came to punish the glutton with a substance  
That can't be contained, Wu-TangMotherfuckers  
We be seeing y'all asses when we walk up in the club  
Y'all all in the back  
Scared to speak the speak 'cause you scared  
Punk motherfucker, we know what time it isAll you been seeing is upsets in the box and shit right  
It's like come on man  
This nigga fucked up motherfuckin' Whittaker  
Dang, he caught WhittakerMmm hmm  
He caught Whittaker a long time ago  
Mike got touched  
Then Mike got touched by Holy field  
Holy field, yeah, word upHey, Mike's, Mike's gonna forfeit this fight  
He ain't fighting McDermit, he ain't fightin'?  
Nope, whattup?  
You talkin' 'bout he, what he, what he, what he did?  
Told them he cut his eye, in sparringStyle adoral rap pressing, David Berkowitz  
Einstein birth to hit, now nurture it  
M.G.M. front row seat tonight, no gens  
Purified cleanse, ran into some beef up in the men's  
Fix your sawed off, Wu-Tang throw me off the crossAll you saw was white meat, skin hangin' off  
These is words from the Arch Bishop, some call it six up  
The Betty Crocker, marvel cake stakes admissor  
Wax janitor, black Jack Mulligan from CanadaSlam dance, tarantula style, you'se a fan of the  
Monopoly king, Slavic poetry  
Carnegie Hall's off the hook, let's push through the armory  
Mack truck hitting soloist, soul controllers  
Behold of the thousand teeth fist, swift and bonelessYou know 'cause Wu-Tang is invincible, you know what I  
mean?  
It's Wu-Tang Forever God  
(Invincible)  
Knahmsaying? We gonna get down with that W  
You gonna get down with that WThat's that Wu, that's that Wisdom  
You know what I'm sayin'? That's the Wisdom of the Universe  
That's the truth of Allah for the Nation of the Gods  
You know what I'm sayin'? We breakin' egg through these days God  
You know what I'm sayin'? We got the fuckin' wayWe got the medicine for yo' sickness  
Out here, ya know what I mean?  
I was telling Shorty like  
Yo Shorty, you don't even gotta go to summer school  
Pick up the Wu-Tang double CDAnd you'll get all the education you need this year

You know what I mean?  
(Their poisoned minds can't comprehend this shit)  
Word man, it's Wu-Tang Forever God  
Niggaz can't fuck with these lyrics God You know what I'm sayin'? Knahmean?  
(Oh hell no, none of this shit)  
C'mon man, beats, lyrics man, y'all niggaz  
(Niggaz can't even understand half this shit)  
Nah  
(Man, no) I think niggaz ain't gonna figure it out till the year two-G  
(Wax niggaz ass for free or fee)  
Word, yo, you know what? The next Wu-Tang album ain't even  
Comin' out until Two Thousand  
You know what I mean? That's just gonna come back with a comet You hear, we gonna bring a comet  
(Check for that shit in the millennium)  
You know what I mean? So, yo, y'all niggaz man  
(Be the resurrection)  
The Gods is here man  
Born Gods is here  
(Born God)

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