

Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthing Ta F' Wit

Wu-Tang Clan

Tiger style
Tiger style
Yo, huh, huh
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
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There's no place to hide once I step inside the room
Dr. Doom, prepare for the boom
Bam! Aw, man! I slam
Jam, now scream like Tarzan I be tossin', enforcin', my style is awesome
I'm causin' more family feud's than Richard Dawson
And the survey said, ya dead
Fatal flying guillotine chops off your fuckin' head
RZA who was that? Aiyyo, the Wu is back
Makin' niggaz go bo bo!, Like on super cat
Me fear no-one, oh no, here come
The Wu-Tang shogun, killer to the eardrum I puts the needle to the groove, I gets rude
And I'm forced to fuck it up my style carries like a pickup truck
Across the clear blue yonder
Seek the China sea, I slam tracks like quarterbacks sacks from L.T.
Now why try and test, the rebel INS?
Blessed since the birth, I earth-slam your best
'Cause I bake the cake, then take the cake
And eat it, too, with my crew while we head state to state And if you want beef, then bring the ruckus
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
Straight from the motherfucking slums that's busted
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit Hyah
Step up, boy
Represent
Chop his head off, kid The meth will come out tomorrow
Styles, is wild, berserk, bizarro
Flow, with more afro than rollo
Comin' to a fork in the road which way to go just follow
Method, the legend, niggaz is sleepy hollow
In fact I'm a hard act to follow
I dealt for dolo, Bogart comin' on through
Niggaz is like, "Oh, my God, not you" Yes, I, come to get a slice of the punk and the pie
Rather do than die, check my
Flava, comin' from the RZA

Which is short for the razor
 Who make me reminisce true like Deja, Vu
 I'm rubber, niggaz is like glue
 Whatever you say rubs off me sticks to you Tiger style
 Tiger style
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 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit Ahh-hah! Yeah
 Representin' Brooklyn queens
 Long island, Manhattan Bronx
 The rugged lands of Shaolin
 Niggaz from Virginia, Atlanta
 Our boys in Ohio
 Comin' through with the crazy, why-oh why-oh Yo, niggaz from the source
 My man Kelly moon from the Gavin
 Rod Strickland, Jason and yeah
 True, true, my nigga it's goin' down boy
 We ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
 The whole Texas mob, the Chicago mob
 Niggaz from Detroit, fuckin' California squadron
 Comin' through knahmsayin' the whole fuckin' west coast To the whole east, niggaz from D.C
 Down in Maryland, all the way over there in Morgan state
 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit
 All over the whole fuckin' globe, comin' through boy
 Peace to the fuckin' Zulu nation
 Peace to all the Gods and the earths, word is bond
 Wu-Tang slang, choppin' heads boy
 It ain't safe no more
 Peace Tiger style
 Tiger style
 Tiger style
 Tiger style
 Tiger style
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 Tiger style
 Tiger style

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