

# The Monument (feat. Busta Rhymes)

## Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, yeah yeah now, what the fuck now?  
Flipmode Wu-Tang shit, what the fuck now?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Historical and monumental shit  
What the fuck now? Yeah, yeah, yeah Straight smack a nigga right in the face like this was handball  
Or make a mural out his face up on a damn wall  
Niggaz play hard and shit  
If you know what's best for you y'all niggaz better safeguard your shit Even though we rep brass knuckle rap  
Fuck with street geniuses and bowlegged chicks who walk with a gap  
Street niggaz now the corporate boss  
Still go to y'all restaurant for steamed fish and Irish moss And y-yo, the way we do it and you see how my shit  
bomb  
Your whole show wack and I'm a cancel your sitcom  
Fuck a nigga broad 'til she tired and real calm  
You ain't knowin' my name tattooed on your bitch arm The way we blow shit is a shame  
Casually bust my gun and celebrate bustin' a cork on the champagne  
Wrote you with a whole new approach that lead a whole team of niggaz  
Y'all should know I only ball like a coach, now! Check out the light fixture, freak lines like white bitches  
Let the mic lines hang, that slang is ridiculous  
Emperor of warlords, big gun only fuck with sawed offs  
That's my specialty, more to bust Shot out my bed parrot keep it gangster Lord  
I analyze your work those that got merked were not established  
Texture look classy, arm baby 2000 Raspberry  
S-5, blowin through Asbury Soon to own steakhouses, glowin' like makeover thousand  
Them them niggaz, robbin' from Pinkhouse's  
Show and prove, knockin' off cab drivers  
God, sodomize money, ring two hundred thousand See the color of the carved out Wu emblem  
Baby, it's all designers, tailor-made Wu geese  
Limousine, automatic new Uzi's in 'em yo  
Relax, cousin just cruise through, jewels with him Move up the block, giant box blast my song  
Non-stop, strictly hip-hop, march on  
Doo rag hang long, metal tape is high bias  
Graphics, captured with the colorful iris I zoom in while the listeners tune in  
Some assumin' they paid dues and joined the union  
Lost nigga couldn't rumble in this wild jungle  
Quick to crumble, type to be on the stand and fumble Divine Master threw on the track that made 'em bleed  
He produce at unattainable rains of top speed  
This powerful magnet that left 'em stagnant  
Was unlikely in cameras in larger fragments Unfilled rifle, scout sniper, shots precise

Starlight scope with the night vision device  
Splendid marksman that'll shoot the one off the dice  
Split a grain of rice in one shot we kill 'em twice

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