Reunited

Wu-Tang Clan

[Intro: Roxanne]It's Wu motherfuckers, ah Wu-Tang motherfuckers [3X]
It's Wu, ah goin on[Verse One: The Genius/GZA]Reunited, double LP, we're all excited
Struck a match to the underground, industry ignited
from metaphorical parables to fertilize the Earth
Wicked niggaz come, try to burglarize the turf
Scattin off soft-ass beats them niggaz rap happily
Tragically, that style, deter-iate, rapidly
Uncompleted missions, throwin your best known compositions
You couldn't add it up, if you mastered addition
Where I come from, gettin visual is habitual
De-mon-strate walkin on hot coal, in rituals
I splash the paint on the wall, it formed the mural
He took a look, saw the manifestation of it, was plural
Rhymin while impaired, dart hit your garment
Pierced your internal, streamlined compartments
Just consider the unparallel advantage
Of a natural disaster that's impossible to manage
[Verse Two: Ol Dirty Bastard/Osirus]Bitch ass niggaz counterfeit the funk
I smoke the bead and the skunk, tree top of the trunk
Moonshine drunken monk, YaHEAD, get shrunk
The touch of skunk, I be fuckin bitches by the chunk
my name black, do words wanna play in my dirt?
Bitch stop my momma serve, free lunch from the church
I come like a thousand doves
Bitch you quiet at the bus, makin the fuss, I gots tough love
Unglove the news, watch a nigga transfuse
Dirty add to the fuse, heavy at the booze
I don't walk, I get carried
Gold and platinum frisbees on my wall, lookin properly
but come-ly, I U.F.O. you Wright Brothers
The Indian that sold Manhattan to the white man
my grandfather, step up and get knocked right the fuck out
Come to the cook-out, Dirty bitch at the mouth
You scared? Run around like a plane about to crash
[*sound of a plane crashing and explosion*][Roxanne] Wu-Tang motherfuckers [2X]
Yeah... and RZA[Verse Three: RZA]Yo, yo, The Riddler, funny bone tickler, freak Caligula
Bigger dick sex enigma pistol fertilize your stigma
Stinkbox, order from pink dot
MC's get stuck on ink blots as I plug to the sinkbox
Wu-Tang Incorp. take your brain on spacewalk
Talk strange like B-jork, great hero Jim Thorpe
How can I put it? Life is like video footage

Hard to edit, directors, that never understood it
I'm too impulsive, my deadly corrosive dosage
attack when you least notice through explosive postage
I don't play, the rap souflee sautee for the day
Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig A, Leg Leg Arm Head
Spread like plague, we drink Hennessee by the jig
I got the golden egg plus the goose
Eighty proof, Absolut, mixed with cranberry fruit juice
Ginseng boost, I got yo' neck in a noose
Keep my money wrinkled, the rap star twinkle killer instinct
sixteen bar nickle sell more copies than Kinko
Grow like a fetus with no hands and feet to complete us
and we return like Jesus, when the whole world need us[Verse Four: Method Man/Iron Lung]Is it appetite for destruction
Slap a murder rap on this production, I touch somethin trust nuttin
Iron Lung/Twisted Metal
I see em duckin my dart gun, bustin, from every angle
Worldwide total carnage, the sickest flow
that be code named Agent Orange, killin you slow
It's only right you pay homage
to those that's bout to blow like that shit up your nose, solid
as a rock when I strike target, ver-bal
Be screamin on you like a drill sargeant, her-bals
got me where I wanna be right now, don't know the time
Check the hour on your sundial, watch me shine
Drunk off of cheap wine
Each line be on point when I speak mine
On behalf of my crew, SUUUUUUUUUUU, Enter the Wu
Thirty-Six more deadly Chambers, to take you through[Outro: Roxanne]It's Wu motherfuckers, Wu-Tang motherfuckers [6X][*violins play on for a while*]It's Wu motherfuckers, Wu-Tang motherfuckers [5X]
Yeahhh, Wu-Tannnnnng
Wu-Tannnnnnnng[Ol Dirty] Oh yeahhhh, ahhh, aiyy yeahh yeahhhahh aiii
[Roxanne] And RZA...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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