

# Wu-Tang Clan, Concrete Jungle

[\*bees buzzing\*]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Ladies and gentlemen: Sunz of Man

Uhh, Jungle of Concrete

yo, yo

[Chorus x4]

In the jungle, we gotta rumble with the bees/wee

Ain't nothin sweet, we gotta eat

[Timbo King]

Yo, we come from starvin days, runnin up in Dr. J's

Rock away, so the mega trades, diggin, pockin days

Yo, the aids wasn't in, calm braids all trimmed

Army suits snatched and Timbs

You'se a friend, snatch a gem

[Prodigal Sunn]

I spent a lifetime of doin crime, hustlin dimes, guzzlin wine

Smugglin wives, one of a kind

Under the sunshine, movin as one mind, the genuine

Star child, Allah's style, many say their barber's wild

When I element the foul, prowl, upon the weekend of sweet

I gotta eat, generate with the heat, demolish beats

Collectin sheets, war with beast, Islamic warrior

Livin the mass hysteria, the bomb shell of America

Swell competors, explicit lyrics from the editor

Realistic predator, the rhyme writer, climb heights

Rhymes ignite, MC's reputation, blown out of sight

On the mic device, my crew get nice, shoot dice

Doin callistetics, young diplomatics with automatics

The asiatic, fuck a fanatic, I split his attic

You don't want no static, I make you carriage for the rabbits

[Chorus x2]

[Hell Razah]

We've got to take what we want, let these others rappers front

Yo, take that, you ain't goin get it laid back

Best record what I say, ain't no time to playback

That's right platinum hits, yo, before the age at

Gather millions, acapella in the streets, today crack

Fuck opinions, I'm hittin to the nights endin

A new beginin, takin over men and women

Thoughts used for sinnin, neighborhood no grinin

Thug religions, expeditions, startin for a mil

Stick the student for his intuition

Beyond college, street knowledge, got to eat knowledge

Off the tree of life, while seek wallets

Credit cards, some trust for their gods

In the Wizard of Oz, you get it all to get robbed

Price is on the food and the Earth's precious jewels

Ain't the golden rules from the golden black jewels

Steppin out the furnace, only run with fast learners

Burn cash and we stash burners

We be the underground childs, mainstream now

Sort of like Apocalypse, bloaw, blaow

Take what you own, must return to your home

Claim back your throne, we're on a higher zone

Black Lazurus, plus we're not havin it

Pass the diamonds on the wrist, we're on some take the earth shit

Demolish every tool, that y'all niggaz work with

The barcode, bio chips be short circuited

[62nd Assassin]

Here in this jungle, jungle, jungle ?

I'm livin through, your crew on the subject

The loot, I'm new improved

Plus my time piece is bullet proof

I need a bulldozer or crane, that stains like in vain

You be the blood and I be the drainin on  
Forgot to burn your proper on, with the tool stone  
Written, founded dead on this spot  
You emergin, believe I'm the surgeon  
Rhymes leave your brain on all right, double scenes  
Back hand, slap you, clap thoughts, like evil raps  
Play that, what it slap right back  
You was seen, soak the zeen  
Self esteem, so common, even suckers die  
Major League, total assassinator, rhyme complicator  
The devil and the sword bring death, feed Jamaica  
Rain or hurricane, step on my house  
Into the house on severe pain, strong like a pyramid  
Nothin but various parts of the house that Jack built  
The little house on the praire, I huff and I puff  
And I blow your brain to a seisure  
Before you step to me, you should of called off  
Ceaser's father, mercy words, I'm no joke  
I cancer smoke, I reply, "your brain and told"  
I live for my tech 9, uzi, grenade, all cause of one rhyme  
Better believe, sleeves, I buck you chicken  
Make you love us, my mic around your neck to bug it  
[Chorus x4]  
[various talk to fade]