

Wu-Tang Clan, Do You Really (Thang Thang)

Yo, this is a Wu-Banger two thousand and one noise maker
off the hook guerilla anthem

This is DJ Kay Slay, from around the way
And I'll smack the shit outta any of you DJ's
that front on this shit.. think I'm playin'?

[Hook x2 (Method Man)]

I heard you ladies got them Thang Thangs
Do you really?

I heard you niggas like to bang bang
Do you really?

[StreetLife]

I never been a fan of the fame

I got love for the game

Never lust for the dames

I got dust in my veins

Hit 'em off in the brain

Kid talks but its lame

Sniffed a little blow with the rap Eddie Kane

Spent a lot of dough, its so hard to explain

And i fucked a lot of bitches off the strength of the name

Wu Tang see me in the next Lex with the game

Snowboarding down a ski range, its a blue and grey frame

Keep, pointing the finger, I'm that nigga to blame

The main reson why you duck the chain

Self proclaimed, got a lotta profit to gain

And I'm leaving the rap game the same way I came

[Method Man]

Now creep with me, as I roll through the Stat

Little Meth got my back, little pinky fat-fat

Let me hit that (draws), contact, learn how to act

Before you bring that drama the end; I'll fade to black

Positive, I hate kids who tell me lies

Despise guys that wanna get high but never buy

Got 9 lives, 9 wives that dont listen

Bitchin' their biological clocks is tickin'

Wu limited edition hot off the presses

I guess its, curtains for competition

Method, runnin' 'em out, gun in my mouth

The kid your momma warned you about, tear down the house

After midnight eatin' emcees chase through suburbia

You tremblin', behind a crumblin' wall, surrenderin'

Thats what you get, for rushin' in the direction I was bustin'

Polish your sword, your shit is rustin'

[Hook x2]

[Masta Killa]

1,2, testin', testin', mic check wreckin'

Step into the session

Automatic weapon off safety

Dont play me

Butt brings all them things with silencers

My clans liver than your average '85er

Strive to stay alive

I play for keeps in the streets

Cos its real on the battlefield

Shells hit the ground from the steel

Bullets travel, sun set fire to your mind

Words combine when I rhyme to feed the blind

Prepare my queen for battle and walk down

I drink from the wine of violence, no tolerance

Game word bond, sword silenced

Me in military fatigues bulletproof underneath

Buy enough ammunition,go round and sweep the streets

Of Brooklyn, Central, sugar-whipped the rental

While I'm lickin out the window at y'all

Fuck y'all
[Hook x2]
[Inspectah Deck]
Yo,
We thrive on street life
We strive to eat right
They blindin' these sight
We tried to be nice
They talk the small talk
We walk the long walk
We lost, they all thought
They forced to fall short
We rock for hard rock
Rocked the hot blocks
Shop and cop rocks
Watch the top notch in action
Begin to make your head spin
Wu Tang my bredren
We bang like veterans
They came for record spins, taste the medicine
Or face the double M, we came to trouble them
Hustle them for their 20 mill then buckle them
Enough to spin out the blue, bitches lovin' them
Dozen men with force of a hundred-ten
Stumblin' thug passions, it must've been
[Hook x4]