# Wu-Tang Clan, Gun Will Go

(Intro: Method Man w/ sample (Sunny valentine)) We got butter (8X) (The gun'll go, the gun'll go...
The gun'll go...)

## (Raekwon)

Aiyo, one thing for sure, keep you of all Keep a nice crib, fly away, keep to the point Keep niggaz outta ya face, who snakes Keep bitches in they place, keep the mac in a special place, Keep moving for papes, keep cool, keep doing what you doing Keep it fly, keep me in the crates Cuz I will erase shit, on the real, note, you'se a waste It's right here for you, I will lace you Rip you and brace you, put a nice W up on ya face Word to mother, you could get chased It's nothing to taste, blood on a thug if he gotta go All I know is, we be giving grace This is a place, from where we make tapes We make 'em everywhere, still in all, we be making base Y'all be making paste, these little niggaz, they be making shapes Our shit is art, yours is traced

### (Chorus: Sunny Valentine)

This is the way that we rolling in the streets You know when we roll we be packing that heat The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go the gun'll go, the gun'll go The gun'll go, the gun'll go...

#### (Method Man)

This is, Poverty Island, man, these animals don't run Slums where the ambulance don't come Who got the best base? Fiends waiting to smoke some Approach something, ask him where he getting that coke from My dudes hug blocks like, samurai shogun Cuz no V and no ones, equalling no fun Who want a treat they know, huh? Body to go numb My woman need funds, plus her hair and her toes done It is what it is though, you fuck with the kid flow That make it hard to get dough, the harder to get gold Harder the piff blow, harder when it snow The pinky and the wrist glow, this here, what we live for Get gwop, then get low, but first thought We gotta get the work off, the gift and the curse, boss Yeah, see I'm the shit yo, the dirt in the fit, no Hustling from the get-go, the motto is get more

#### (Chorus)

#### (Masta Killa)

We was quiet flashy brothers, strapped all along With the dirty .38 long, twelve hour shift gate Took case, state to state, you think he won't hold his weight? Put ya money on the plate and watch it get scrapped We get ape up in that club, off that juice and Henn And it's a no win situation fucking with them You mean like Ewing at the front at the rim, finger roll a Dutch Million dollar stages touched, techs, gauges bust Trust no one, the lone shogun, rugged Timb boot stomper Damaging lyrical mass destruction launcher Nothing can calm the quakeage when I break, kid Peace to my brothers up north, doing state bids

# (Chorus)

(Chorus 2: Sunny Valentine)
Whoa... this is the way we be rolling in the club
You know when we roll we be packing .32 snubs
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, the gun'll go

(Outro: sample to fade) We got butter...