

Wu-Tang Clan, Y'all Been Warned

[Method Man]

Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up (one)

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up

(That's what's up)

Eh, eh, eh,

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up

Wu-Tang, nigga, that's what's up

Wu-Tang, nigga, Crash Ya Crew, laugh at you

You bastard, you, pass through, slap an ass or two

Hear me ROAR, Timbaland tree, weed galore

MC's with gusto y'all ain't neva seen befo'

EI-Producto, pass that, ya puff too slow

That's what's up, yo, the kid with the buck-toothed flow

Oh, that's Meth Man, south paw, I throw my left hand

To that hardcore shit that even make the Tec jam

Oh my goodness! Trust me, ain't nuttin like some hood shit

Gotta love my dogs but ain't nuttin like a good bitch

Strictly, if I'm goin down, she comin wit me

Whole time screamin, "Oh my God!", ain't no mystery

[Chorus: Method Man]

Y'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Y'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon

Correct me if I'm wrong but fake thugs never last long

Can't wait until ya fake ass gone

Y'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Y'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon

Nigga, uh-oh! I think they're playin our song

Lit blunts, Clan in Da Front, sayin "It's on!"

[RZA]

Try to Wu hate, duck, you could suck my

Watch the block get clear when I buck my

Boomerang darts, you can't duck my

No tellin which Clan man you got struck by

Chains get tucked when he walk by, hawk eye

Arrows bein fired from crossbow, I talk fly

You can't Etcha-sketch all my rhyme threat

Try to bite my flow, you catch ya throat strep

Soaked in cess, dope, you eat the cold Tec's

Bold flex, W crown, the ice O-X

Up in the oolie, yo, who you know?

John Bizzi, Ghost Deini, Rollie Finger and them toolies yo

Stainless Bobby, boy, you have an English folly

To try to detain the slang that we can to polly

Plus you didn't peep Arief, kid, you sleep

I seen this heap of shit, you in steep

[Chorus: Method Man]

Y'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Y'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon

Correct me if I'm wrong but fake thugs never last long

Can't wait until ya fake ass gone

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, Amist the gravel, play the words of the Big Apple

Broadcastin live from the pits of the battle

Wigs split and rattled, get shook out ya saddle

You ever hear me losin, one of y'all fix the panel

Ask who? Wu, that's true, known piranhas

Who knows drama, fathers of your whole persona

The mad doctor, stay locked in the O-R

In too deep, beyond reach of the sonar

Still a vet, say my name next to hall of fame

Hurtin third string players, first day in the game

It's on, son, the Killa Bee swarm come

Make the world shake with one continuous drum

[Chorus: Method Man]

Y'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Y'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon

Correct me if I'm wrong but fake thugs never last long

Can't wait until ya fake ass gone

[Raekwon & (Masta Killa)]

Wave ya gun, Killa (I got you)

Shoot this nigga in his face fast, mumblin (I heard y'all forgot Wu)

Wear ya crown, black down (Watch the block too)

Blow at y'all niggas (Blowin at the cops too)

Eh-yo, my Wallets stay Bulletproofs racin in Coups, yea we the realest

Ultraviolet leathers on, pealin this, love lookin the illest

Gorilla things, monster background with a history

You're pumpin crack, yap clowns, we all real in here

Strap a bomb on a family member, let y'all niggas know we here

Blasted, it's like cheeba when I splashed it

Real reefer heads'll know the meanin of hittin glass

I told y'alls, against y'all, Ginsengs, avenge Gods

Picture me stabbin you in the yard for R's

Kid saw Staten, nine Bin Ladens

Valors on, colorful draws, lookin all relaxed in

[Chorus: Method Man]

Y'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Y'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon

Correct me if I'm wrong but fake thugs never last long

Can't wait until ya fake ass gone

Y'all Been Warned, about them Killa Bees on the swarm

Y'all Been Warned, You either step or get stepped upon

Nigga, uh-oh! I think they're playin our song

Lit blunts, Clan in Da Front, sayin "It's on!"