

# Wu-Tang Clan Aint Nuthing ta F' Wit

## Wu-Tang Clan

Tiger style  
Tiger style  
Yo, huh, huh  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
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Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
There's no place to hide once I step inside the room  
Dr. Doom, prepare for the boom  
Bam! Aw, man! I slam  
Jam, now scream like Tarzan  
I be tossin', enforcin', my style is awesome  
I'm causin' more family feud's than Richard Dawson  
And the survey said, ya dead  
Fatal flying guillotine chops off your fuckin' head  
RZA who was that? Aiyyo, the Wu is back  
Makin' niggaz go bo bo!, Like on super cat  
Me fear no-one, oh no, here come  
The Wu-Tang shogun, killer to the eardrum I puts the needle to the groove, I gets rude  
And I'm forced to fuck it up my style carries like a pickup truck  
Across the clear blue yonder  
Seek the China sea, I slam tracks like quarterbacks sacks from L.T.  
Now why try and test, the rebel INS?  
Blessed since the birth, I earth-slam your best  
'Cause I bake the cake, then take the cake  
And eat it, too, with my crew while we head state to state  
And if you want beef, then bring the ruckus  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
Straight from the motherfucking slums that's busted  
Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck withHyah  
Step up, boy  
Represent  
Chop his head off, kidThe meth will come out tomorrow  
Styles, is wild, berserk, bizarro  
Flow, with more afro than rollo  
Comin' to a fork in the road which way to go just follow  
Method, the legend, niggaz is sleepy hollow  
In fact I'm a hard act to follow  
I dealt for dolo, Bogart comin' on through  
Niggaz is like, "Oh, my God, not you" Yes, I, come to get a slice of the punk and the pie  
Rather do than die, check my  
Flava, comin' from the RZA  
Which is short for the razor

Who make me reminisce true like Deja, Vu  
 I'm rubber, niggaz is like glue  
 Whatever you say rubs off me sticks to you Tiger style  
 Tiger style  
 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit Ahh-hah! Yeah  
 Representin' Brooklyn queens  
 Long island, Manhattan Bronx  
 The rugged lands of Shaolin  
 Niggaz from Virginia, Atlanta  
 Our boys in Ohio  
 Comin' through with the crazy, why-oh why-oh Yo, niggaz from the source  
 My man Kelly moon from the Gavin  
 Rod Strickland, Jason and yeah  
 True, true, my nigga it's goin' down boy  
 We ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
 The whole Texas mob, the Chicago mob  
 Niggaz from Detroit, fuckin' California squadron  
 Comin' through knahmsayin' the whole fuckin' west coast To the whole east, niggaz from D.C  
 Down in Maryland, all the way over there in Morgan state  
 Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit  
 All over the whole fuckin' globe, comin' through boy  
 Peace to the fuckin' Zulu nation  
 Peace to all the Gods and the earths, word is bond  
 Wu-Tang slang, choppin' heads boy  
 It ain't safe no more  
 Peace Tiger style  
 Tiger style  
 Tiger style  
 Tiger style  
 Tiger style  
 Tiger style  
 Tiger style  
 Tiger style

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