

# Bells of War

## Wu-Tang Clan

Cut it off...One: U-GodYeah, yo  
Give me the cue  
Skip the deduction, prosate the lip function  
The junction get rushed by some grimy people bustin' weed  
Splatter your belly like some Attica fellas  
Use a firearm good, bloods go for hard swelling  
Insert the spasm, yes the dirty hurt has them  
Thoroughbred thugs insert the fantasm  
Verbal smarts, spark the word, visit my scripture  
Exotic wine, holding nine, Picasso pictures  
When the rhyme pivot you now, limit your chance  
Bodyguard the lyric with unlimited stance  
Words seem to zing on down to Beijing  
When we touch down you crown renowned kings  
two: Method ManThere's no honor amongst thieves, street pharmaceutical  
Stack like Genovese, the four devil tempt madmen  
But not these, we profound hardcore sound  
To MC's thumbs down, prepare  
Killa bees it be warfare, this the year  
Niggas gotta take you off of here, hold the square  
If we go there we go gritty  
And spread fear through this rap city, call the mayor  
My razor sharp darts be like cold stares  
The smell of fear makes my nostrils -- flare, truth or dare  
Ask yourself can you compare  
to these niggas in the hood, Johnny B. Good  
or he be gone, yeah  
The struggle goes on, you've been warned  
P.L.O. from here to Lebanon, how many bombs  
Must we drop in the Ninety-Now  
Walk a mile in my shoes, get the street news, from Meth-Tical  
Three: RZAYou gotta be kidding, you gotta be kidding  
Aiiyo kid, you gotta be kidding, my glocks'll be spitting  
You gotta be kidding, yoIt's common sense how I master my circum-fer-ence, you dense  
I get locked the fuck up, released on my own recognizance  
Can't be judged, young bloods bust back like scuds  
Wu-Tang harvest one thousand notches above  
MC level, yo, I stay high as like treble  
Foes who oppose get plucked like rose pedals  
Arresting and holding, penetrate forbidden regions  
Wack MC's only lasted one season  
The morale was low at the corral

Adjective pronouns had no style, yo, we propose our  
aim the official, initial, is Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah  
All that other bullshit ain't permissable  
Annual increase of the Wu-Tang Manual  
Handles to a keyboard is true hip hop set tangible  
Illegible, every egg ain't edible  
My tracks remain Unforgettable, like Ol' Nat Cole  
Got to catch this paper to buy Shaquasia a glacier  
Throw chairs to deck a skyscraper  
Understand that the continents of Africa and Asia  
And free the black man from the enslaved labor, Wu-TangInterlude: Masta Killa, Method Man,  
RaekwonThe weight of the fam is on our back and we can't fall  
Victim to this long hall of fame, meaning nuttin'  
We came to punish the glutton with a substance  
That can't be contained, Wu-TangMotherfuckers  
We be seeing y'all asses when we walk up in the club  
Y'all all in the back  
Scared to speak the speak cause you scared  
Punk motherfucker, we know what time it is(Raekwon conversating with some people)  
All you been seeing is upsets in the boxing shit right  
It's like come on man  
This nigga fucked up motherfuckin Whittaker  
Dang, he caught Whittaker  
Mmmhmmmm  
He caught Whittaker a long time ago  
Mike got touched  
Then Mike got touched by Holyfield  
Holyfield  
Yeah, word up  
Hey, Mike's -- Mike's gonna forfeit this fight  
He ain't fighting McDermit  
He ain't fightin?  
Nope  
Whattup?  
You talkin bout he -- what he, what he, what he did?  
Told them he cut his eye, in sparringFive: Ghostface KillahStyle adoral rap pressing, David  
Berkowitz  
Einstein birth to hit, now nurture it  
M.G.M. front row seat tonight, no gens  
Purified cleanse, ran into some beef up in the men's  
Fix your sawed off, Wu-Tang throw me off the cross  
All you saw was white meat, skin hangin off  
These is words from the Arch Bishop, some call it six up  
The Betty Crocker, marvel cake stakes admissor  
Wax janitor, black Jack Mulligan from Canada  
Slam dance, tarantula style, youse a fan of the  
Monopoly king, Slavic poetry  
Carnegie Hall's off the hook, let's push through the armory  
Mack truck hitting soloist, soul controllers

Behold of the thousand teeth fist, swift and bonelessRZA  
You know, cause Wu-Tang is  
invincible, youknowwhatI'mean?  
It's Wu-Tang Forever God (invincible)  
Knahmsaying? We gonna get down with that W  
You gonna get down with that W  
That's that Wu, that's that Wisdom  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? That's the Wisdom of the Universe  
That's the truth, of Allah, for the Nation, of the Gods  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? We breakin egg through these days God  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? We got the fuckin' way  
We got the medicine for yo' sickness  
Out here, ya knowwhatI'mean?  
I was telling Shorty like --  
Yo Shorty, you don't even gotta go to summer school  
Pick up the Wu-Tang double CD  
And you'll get all the education you need this year  
YouknowwhatI'mean?  
(Their poisoned minds can't comprehend this shit)  
Word man, it's Wu-Tang Forever God  
Niggas can't fuck with these lyrics God  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Knahmean?  
(Oh hell no, none of this shit)  
C'mon man -- beats, lyrics man, y'all niggas  
(Niggas can't even understand half this shit)  
Nah (man, no)  
I think niggas ain't gonna figure it out til the year Two-G  
(Wax niggaz ass for free or fee) Word  
Yo, you know what? The next Wu-Tang album ain't even  
comin out until Two Thousand  
YaknowwhatI'mean? That's just gonna come back with a comet  
You hear, we gonna bring a comet  
(Check for that shit in the millenium)  
YouknowwhatI'mean? So, yo, y'all niggas man  
(Be the ressurection) The Gods is here man  
Born Gods is here  
(Born God)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>