

Doe Rae Wu

Wu-Tang Clan

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques
Do Rae Wu, Do Rae Wu
Digi lematina, Digi lematina
Ding dong ding, ding dong ding

Yo
The wick is lit, the bombs start to tick, tick, tick
Countdown, BZA Bobby 'bout to spit
Explode every MC in a four mile radius
Still mad with stout like I'm Doctor Octavius
Place to brace, I could push on a rival plate
The pulse of a Digi stare, make a spiral break
Mouth the rhyme, blow his man outside the orbit
Who ever thought this thug hip-hop wasn't goin' corporate
And gain weight like Chinese put on eight dragon
And 'W' on the Flag and and everybody's braggin'
Neighborhood wiggin' out cuz the God's livin' out
Without biggin' out, Wu-Tang Clan biggin' out
Hollywood political wished off, It is Yourz
Ready for the next LP to hit stores
I got more serious, my smoke be furious
My night time walk should be named to Nigerious
It crucified you upside down on a wooden cross
Shouldn't have doubted the trojan, threw you in a wooden horse
Ol' Dirty break these niggaz off
You be bitches dumb soft

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BOODOODOODOO!!! Yo, yo, yo

Who want me to show the reels? I do magic spells
Children love shootin' guns on devils kill
I want a girl that's only too meak to squeal
And Wu-Tang keep that shit concealed
Roll with me in the drug mobile
Fuck my bitches, take it on the wheel
Played it all over the world until
Wu-Tang secret now revealed
O's is killin' all people for head over heals
I'm not a 'ciple with +Little Rascals+
Villians, all attracted to my shit for man silk repellent
I'm not the well-in, white boys can't get with melon
I'm sayin' Wu-Tang is supreme to my wife and ho bitches on tour
To make sure, insure, that my wife got paid while I was ditch poor

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Ol' Dirty Bastard squashin' shit
Comin' at ya.