

# Got's Like Come On Thru

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah yeah (come on)  
Ahahahhhahaha  
Minds Start to freeze at ease  
(ah na Nigga) Its the Wu-Tang Killa Bees  
Brooklyn Zu  
(yeah) Mad Twos  
Coming at your avenue  
36 Chambers at a theater Near you  
You don't know what can happen  
We are gonna take it to a new level in hip-hop

Wu gots like come on through, Sooooh is the call for the Wu  
Zu gots like come on through, Sooooooh is the call for the Zu  
If your from the east coast and your down with Brooklyn Zu  
Soooh thats the call for your crew  
If your from the west coast and your down with Brooklyn Zu  
Soooh thats the call for your crew

They call me heatmizer  
Blowing my top your not wiser  
The lyrical robber  
I burn ya ass like Lava  
Magma  
Plus you can bust my crust  
They call me road runner I leave ya ass in the dust  
I drink the heat beneath the Earth's core  
6 Million and 50 degrees maybe more  
Over ground mounds, metallic minerals, enough flesh  
Leaving mother fuckers in a mess  
Myyyy crustal plate, you cant separate my colossal force  
BLAST!! your off course  
Drying molting rock, I can flow nonstop  
Condense with sea water watch me spin like a top  
For miles and miles deep  
You cant endure the heat  
Be the first to run or the last nigga sleep  
I sore with the glasses, Thick like molasses  
Now I breath exhale the poison gases

Now take this  
I hit you with the drunken dragon fist  
Got the funk for you mind leaving niggas in bliss  
I look deep in your eyes, digging into your soul  
Pulling out the inner thoughts, weak minds behold  
I know exactly what your thinking  
Wait for you to blink and hit you with a rhyme and make your ego sinking  
I send your wack ass back to class, learn something  
So you can peep the real shit and you can stop fronting  
On your phony block, with your phony glock  
And so you slip, when niggas burn the drama they put text on your lips  
Booka Blaww! Son I just about thought of that shit  
So you want to be a gansta rapper boy you get the dick  
The drunken dragon coming at you  
If I hear you say Brooklyn Zu then I say who you!

Now back the fuck up before I use my gat  
Spray two to your neck, and four to your back  
Its the hard-core warrior straight from Madena  
Look upon my face it shows no ameba  
Brooklyn Zu, Killa bees on the swarm  
I bee in your area so sound the alarm  
Monks in the front, not the fucking trunk  
Knocking down niggas, and girls see the lump  
Shit is real, yes im hitting hot like spiel  
Im coming through your town, so its best that your peel  
For real  
Yes I get dirty with my skills  
No slacks in my thoughts no time for me (cough)  
Niggas your crazy I leave no fucking traces  
When I leave it on your ass you be desinergrated  
Crazy lunatic, with the style thats sick  
Somebody in my click is bound to set up it, ya hit  
By the strikes shit that I fist, Im just like the devil I dont play no trick  
s

Yeah  
yeah, yeah  
1070 New York Ave  
All my niggas on New York Ave  
Drunken Dragon  
RR keep it real, (DONT FUCK WITH MEEEEEE!!)  
Texas yo  
We Love ya