

# Sound The Horns

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeah, yeah...  
Yeah, yeah...  
Let's go...  
Yeah, listen...

The sound of the horns says it's on  
We storm through like C. Thomas, Red Dawn  
Step like a don through the city, Deck bonds  
I get my hands dirty, Nikes scuffed, sweat pouring  
Still I stay fresh with the fly white linen  
Duece times 5, that's my type women  
Sonny, I live it, O-10, S5 tinted  
Brother Deck, what I rep, S.I., dig it?  
Fifty cal' flow, get low  
Intro to outro, bout it tho, whoa  
Steady, heavy like the 5-2 Chevy  
Niggas ain't ready, I turn out your lights like Teddy  
Roll like dice in the casino  
Known to spit lava, Heat like DeNiro and Pacino  
Manny Festo, Wu-Tang Gambino  
Lay it down, then I fly off like the hero

"Wu-Tang!"  
"Wu-Tang!"

The Wild Cowboy number one  
G-O-D, how you gonna block out the son?  
Read my jacket, my achievements stretch like a warning track catch  
The in-crazable voice box, I throw you boys rocks  
Diamonds and jewels, a holiday, pros that fuck in schools  
I'm a tank, I stop panthers, take down stanzas  
Sixteen bars, keep the car running  
Broads stunting, feed ya self, kill ya self, take the pill  
Punks jump up to get beat down  
New York the sweet town I sorta, who's on tour?  
Who the vile, truth can say, you ain't a slouch  
Now Rule local, now I'm B.K. vocal  
Right out the X, you can work out your pecs and your back  
Can beat the death with bats, need to tune up, NJ'll turn the tune up  
I'mma tell you who's soon enough to got  
And I ain't down with getting crossed, and I never been the boss

"Wu-Tang!"

Yo, you're hog-tied, I'm roping them, bitches, I'm gropping them  
Open up your veins, cop three bags of Dopium  
Super soak these niggas, stroke with the magnum force  
Leak it in the streets quick, peep my secret sauce  
I keep it gloss, I'm suited up for my franchise  
Your coins is tossed, man-handle bad guys  
Scramble for my damn prize, crack cans of cold Guinness  
I'm like Seabiscuit, I'mma win by a photo finish  
Nigga, this ain't tennis, yeah, I ain't bluffing shit  
I be the street menace on my David Ruffin shit  
Police ain't cuffing shit, claiming I'm a crook  
Throw up my middle finger, I'm a hall of famer in my book  
Right hook, death jooks, great with my footwork

Bubble through, got the W on my hood shirt  
Sneak through the wood works like poisonous high fumes  
I'm that superhero with the brand new costume

"Wu-Tang!"

"Wu-Tang!"

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"Wu-Tang!"