

# 9 Milli Bros (feat. Wu-Tang Clan)

## Ghostface Killah

Bob Digi, U-G-O-D, Raekwon  
The Chef, the Inspektah Deck  
M-E-T-H-O-D the B-O-B-B  
(The Man)Straight up, Masta Killa, the GZA  
The Genius, it's the Ol' D-d-dirty Bastard  
One, two, one, two  
(Killer Beats)  
Turn it up, turn it up  
The headphones, turn it up  
Yo, you hear me?  
(Yeah, whut up Toney?)  
W'sup Don' Don'  
(All the way up)  
You know how we do  
(Let's get this paper together)  
You motherfuckin' right Pa, uh, huh  
(That's right, c'mon nigga)  
That's as far as it goes?Sound about to go off on some real live  
Wu shit, uh, huh  
(WTC, Ghost-face)  
Lemme give y'all the bullshit  
for y'all niggas, check it outThe burners in the stash, we about the cash  
We got females that got it like that  
The golden child's that bone the crowd  
See niggas in the place that bit my style  
Well I'm a singer, dancer, we bulletproof brothers  
Wu-Tang got the answer  
'Cuz if I had a chance to do it again  
I will still keep the heat in my pants, uhY'all be nice to the crack heads, everybody listen up  
I shot one of my bitches, the hoe ain't trick enough  
Word life to big screen Don, tapping dust-bones out  
With star-writers like I fucked Celine DionStuck everything that's the God's honest beyond  
We airin' niggas out that's the type shit that we on  
Official Wu-Tang head-banger  
Flood your space with big waves like you did in Sri LankaYo, I drink heavy gallons of Crew,  
play the big part  
Niggas got squid on the grill, selling kids Clarks  
Finesse notes, yo, the Guess on with the vest pose  
Yellow suede one matching hat with the gray gunNiggas be rhymin' for nothing, then my team  
pull up  
We all wore down y'all broke niggas stay frontin'  
Lines come digital stupid, plus ain't got no jury on

Bet I'm still live and I'm coopin'  
Two of my silver-backs fun through a pack of your wolves  
Front on react and sippin' Cognac so relax dude  
Know I'm with these cracks dude Yo, one, two  
Yo, Dirt McGirt, solid tone smith with fifth shots  
Lick shots, leave your head like a Shaolin monk with six dots  
Brooklyn, zoo, zoo  
Brooklyn, zoo, zoo It's the return of Bin Laden, grab your armor  
Smash pretty boy niggas, crush they karma  
Eat bones with alligators, roll deep with my entourage  
My whole crew's fresh out the bars Diggler, a.k.a The Cab Driver  
Drop him off in the middle of fire  
Dirty Island, drag bodies to the murder land  
Knock niggas out hurtin' my hand I remember in the elevator we was playin' corners  
Now we play the corners and the cops is stayin' on us  
Staten's where the war is  
Where the court system's running out of warrants  
Where TNT be jumping out the Taurus For real I can't call it  
You see I love Lucy 'cuz she Lawless  
She's exactly like that 10304 is  
Snitch niggas swallow your tongue  
Already know the island I'm from  
And y'all don't want no problems with them We got a history, full of lightning victories  
Conceptual breakthrough it ain't no mystery  
Long vision, from giants in every way  
Rap czars, magnificent flows for every day From the East to the Ville, from the West to the hills  
Incredible rhymes, encouraging skills  
From rat packs, the smallest crews were enormous  
They hit 'em fast, with an effortless performance MCs start fleeing in flocks  
Especially those that's more sensitive to heat and shock  
We grindin', down to the bone my name grounded in stone  
I'm Mr Violence we loungin' with Chrome  
Mr Violence we lounge in his home, hit the housing on Rome  
Shining like a hundred thousand in stones Move mountains with poems, got a jones for dinero  
160, my song, we throwin' elbows  
The hoes cling, sho thing, we know kings  
Only dime dikes, with minds right, we choose Queens Yeah we wild like rock stars who smash  
guitars  
Yo son split his face with the toast, he ain't Ghost  
It's no joke, iron coat, rifle with a scope  
One toke, brains float, shot to the throat Before the smoke hit, witness the killing  
Southern crime scene, body on the block  
Eyes open from the shock of being popped in the neck  
Yet he's still hella lit cigarette between his fingers  
Danger when you step into the chamber with the master  
Disaster, gotta blast ya, 'cuz I have ta The rat pack is back from the Island of Stat'  
Leave you cursed us 'cuz you worship the gat  
The first one to snap drunk off your Smirnoff  
Blow the bouncer's ear off, let him floss he the boss Handcuffed to the turntables like Wizard  
Theodore

See it's pure, let it rain pearly ounces  
Bang him with the thing that hang from the trousers  
You don't want no drama, I'm flaming fast  
That nigga jumped up and did the Damon Dash

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>