

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# 196. Wu-Tang Clan - Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nothing To Fuck Wit'

Par Wu-Tang Clan

*Album : Top 250 of the Greatest Hip-Hop and Rap Songs Pt. 2*

Tiger style

Tiger style

Yo, huh, huh

Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit

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There's no place to hide once I step inside the room

Dr. Doom, prepare for the boom

Bam! Aw, man! I slam

Jam, now scream like Tarzan

I be tossin', enforcin', my style is awesome

I'm causin' more family feud's than Richard Dawson

And the survey said, ya dead

Fatal flying guillotine chops off your fuckin' head

RZA who was that? Aiyyo, the Wu is back

Makin' niggaz go bo bo!, Like on super cat

Me fear no-one, oh no, here come

The Wu-Tang shogun, killer to the eardrum

I puts the needle to the groove, I gets rude

And I'm forced to fuck it up my style carries like a pickup truck

Across the clear blue yonder

Seek the China sea, I slam tracks like quarterbacks sacks from L.T.

Now why try and test, the rebel INS?

Blessed since the birth, I earth-slam your best

'Cause I bake the cake, then take the cake

And eat it, too, with my crew while we head state to state

And if you want beef, then bring the ruckus

**Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit**

Straight from the motherfucking slums that's busted

**Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit**

Hyah

Step up, boy

Represent

Chop his head off, kid

The meth will come out tomorrow

Styles, is wild, berserk, bizarro

Flow, with more afro than rollo

Comin' to a fork in the road which way to go just follow

Method, the legend, niggaz is sleepy hollow

In fact I'm a hard act to follow

I dealt for dolo, Bogart comin' on through

Niggaz is like, "Oh, my God, not you"

Yes, I, come to get a slice of the punk and the pie

Rather do than die, check my

Flava, comin' from the RZA

Which is short for the razor

Who make me reminisce true like Deja, Vu

I'm rubber, niggaz is like glue

Whatever you say rubs off me sticks to you

**Tiger style**

**Tiger style**

**Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit**

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**Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit**

Ahh-hah! Yeah

Representin' Brooklyn queens

Long island, Manhattan Bronx

The rugged lands of Shaolin

Niggaz from Virginia, Atlanta

Our boys in Ohio

Comin' through with the crazy, why-oh why-oh

Yo, niggaz from the source

My man Kelly moon from the Gavin

Rod Strickland, Jason and yeah

True, true, my nigga it's goin' down boy

We ain't nuthing ta fuck wit

The whole Texas mob, the Chicago mob

Niggaz from Detroit, fuckin' California squadron

Comin' through knahmsayin' the whole fuckin' west coast

To the whole east, niggaz from D.C

Down in Maryland, all the way over there in Morgan state

### Wu-Tang Clan ain't nuthing ta fuck wit

All over the whole fuckin' globe, comin' through boy

Peace to the fuckin' Zulu nation

Peace to all the Gods and the earths, word is bond

Wu-Tang slang, choppin' heads boy

It ain't safe no more

Peace

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