

Wu-tang: 7th Chamber

Wu-tang Clan

Yo what I'm sayin', come on man?
Yo Meth, hold up, hold up
Yo Meth, where my Killer tape at ya?
First of all, where my, where the fuck is my tape at?
Yo son I ain't got that peace son
How you ain't go my shit, when I let you hold it man
Yo niggas came over to have 40 and blunts kid
The shit just came up missin' man
Come on man
That don't got nothin' to do with my shit man
Come on, go head with that shit
Come on man, I'll buy you for more fuckin' Killah tapes man
Open the door man, what the fuck, man, yo what
What's up
Yo yo, God, word is bond, yo, Shymeek just got bust in his head
Two times God, word to mother
Real life God, you know Shymeek from fuckin' 212, yeah yeah yea
The nigga just got bust, niggas in the Black Land, god
Word is bond, came thru god from out of nowhere, god
Word is bond, I'm comin' to get my Culture Cypher, god
And it just, word is bond, crazy shots just went the fuck off god
The nigga layin' there like a fuckin' new born fuckin' baby god
Is he dead? Word up
Is he fuckin' dead, what the fuck you mean is he fuckin' dead god
What kind of question is that B, what the fuck you think?
The nigga layin' there with this fuckin' all types of fuckin' blood
Comin' out of his
Easy, easy, easy, easy, kid
Yo God, whats up God, it's the God, God, word is bond
I'm waitin' to fuckin' late, I'm ready to get busy
Let's go do, let's go do what we gotta do right fuck it
What's up yo, yo we out or what?
It's the god ya, fuck that
We out, got a problem man
What the fuck
Nigga still sweatin'
What the fuck is you talkin' about man, get the fuck outta here
Corn
Good morning Vietnam

Yeah, good morning to all you motherfuckin' notty-headed niggaz
Word to the Camouflage Large niggaz
Niggaz fuckin' my body
Bring that fuckin' Meth in here
Now we gonna drink some good Nightrain
And yo, set it off
Champion gear that I rock, you get your boots knocked
Then attack you like a pit that lock shit down
As I come and freaks the sound, hardcore
But giving you more and more, like ding
Nah shorty, get you open like six packs
Killer Bees attack, flippin' what, murder one, phat tracks
Aight? I kick it like a Night Flight
Word life, I get that ass while I'm fulla spite
Check the method from Bedrock, 'cause I rock ya head to bed
Just like rockin' what? Twin glocks
Shake the ground while my beats just break you down
Raw sound, we going to war right now
So, yo, bombin'
We usually take all niggaz garments
Save ya breath before I bomb it
I be that insane nigga from the psycho ward
I'm on the trigger, plus I got the Wu-Tang sword
So how you figure that you can even fuck with mine?
Hey, yo, RZA, hit me with that shit one time
And pull a foul, niggaz save the beef on the cow
I'm milkin' this ho, this is my show, Tical
The fuck you wanna do? For this micpiece du'
I'm like a sniper, hyper off the Ginseng root
PLO style, Buddha monks with the owls
So who's the fuckin man? Meth-Tical
On the chess box
Yo, yeah, yo, I leave the mic in body bags, my rap style has
The force to leave you lost, like the tribe of Shabazz
Murderous material, made by a madman
It's the mic wrecker, Inspectah, bad man
From the bad lands of the killer, rap fanatic
Representing with the skill that's iller
Dare to compare, get pierced just like an ear
The Scooby Doo, I pop strictly hardware
Armed and geared 'cause I just broke out the prison
Charged by the system for murderin' the rhythm
Now, lo and behold, another deadly episode
Bound to catch another fuckin' charge when I explode
Slammin' a hype-ass verse 'til ya head burst

I ramshack dead in the track, and that's that
Rap assassin', fastin', quick to blast and hard rock
I ran up in spots like Fort Knox
I'm hot, top notch, Ghost thinks with logic
Flashback's how I attacked your whole project
I'm raw, I'm rugged and raw, I repeat, if I die
My seed'll be ill like me
Approachin' me, you out of respect, chops ya neck
I get vexed, like crashing up a phat-ass Lex'
So clear the way, make way, yo, open the cage
Peace, I'm out, jettin' like a runaway slave
Yo, ya gettin' stripped from ya garments, boy, run ya jewels
While the Meth got me open like fallopian tubes
I bring death to a snake when he least expect
Ain't a damn thing changed, boy, protect ya neck
Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, jam is fatal
Quick to stick my Wu-Tang sword right through ya navel
Suspenseful, plus bein' bought through my utensil
The pencil, I break strong winds up against your
Abbott, that run up through your county like the Maverick
Caps through the tablets, I gots to make the fabrics
Are you, are you a warrior? Killer? Slicin' shit like a samurai
The Ol' Dirty Bastard Vundabah
Ol' Dirty clan of terrorists
Comin' atcha ass like a sorceress, shootin' that piss
Niggaz be gettin' on my fuckin' nerves
Rhymes they be kickin' make me wanna kick
They fuckin' ass to the curb
I
got funky fresh, like the old specialist
A carrier, messenger, bury ya
This experience is for the whole experience
Let it be applied, and then drop that science
My my my, my Clan is thick like plaster bust ya, slash ya
Slit a nigga back like a Dutch Masta Killa
Style jumped off and Killa, Hiller
I was the thriller in the Ali-Frazier Manila
I came down with phat tracks that combine and interlock
Like getting smashed by a cinder block
Blaow, now it's all over
Niggaz seein' pink hearts, yellow moons orange stars and green clovers