

# Wu-Tang: 7th Chamber Part II

## Wu-Tang Clan

Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death  
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night  
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to what  
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp  
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death  
Hoods on the right, wild for the night  
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to what This goes back to nineteen  
Ahem, check it, yo  
GOOD MORNING VIETNAM!  
Yeah, good morning to all you motherfuckin notty-headed niggaz  
Word to the camoflounge large niggaz  
Bitch niggaz fuckin my body  
Bring that fuckin meth in here  
Yo yo yo yo  
Now we gonna drink some good Nightrain 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  
A'ight? I kick it like a Night Flite!  
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? More than Spike Lee's Do  
I'm like a sniper, hyper off the ginseng root  
PLO style, buddha monks with the owls  
So who's the fucking man? Meth-Tical  
On the chessbox 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, Inspector, 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 zoo-we-do-wop-bop strictly hardware  
 Armed and geared cause I just broke out the prison  
 Charged by the system - for murdering 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 hardrock  
 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 slaveYo  
 Ya gettin stripped from ya garments, boy, run ya jewels  
 While the meth got me open like falopian 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  
 Abbot, that run up through your county like the Maverick  
 Caps through the tablets, I gots to make the fabrics  
 Are you, uh, ah, uh  
 Are you a warrior? Killer? Slicin shit like a samurah  
 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 Master Killer  
Style jumped off and Killa, Hill-er  
I was the thriller in the Ali-Frazier Manilla  
I came down with phat tracks that combine and interlock  
Like getting smashed by a cinder block  
Blaow! Now it's all over  
Niggaz seeing pink hearts, yellow moons  
orange stars and green clovers

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