

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 camoflouge large niggaz
 Bitch niggaz fuckin my body
 Bring that fuckin meth in here
 Yo yo yo yo

Now we gonna drink some good NightrainChampion 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 itI 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 chessboxYo, 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 explodeSlammin 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 fabricsAre 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 SCIENCEMy 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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