R.E.C. Room (Explicit Version)

Inspectah Deck

Killa Killa Hill
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Killa Hill
Killa Killa Hill, 10304 style kid
All my DNV recpostry niggas
You out there?
Is you out there?[Verse 1:]
I throw your brain in the cobra clutch
Behold the rush attach and display
If you can get close enough
Cold Crush like the 4, sting of anaconda
Fierce darts that'll pierce through solid armor
Lounge in the parish wid Blue and Cappadonna
Spiderman, identity be the sparker
Crowd pleaser renders you off the meter
Verbal street sweeper buck shots through the speaker
Pleasure seekers fifty thou in the stands
Two fans hit it hot like Jamaica stand
Tumble land wide like an eagle wing span
Trans Am stabbing the track wit' both hands
Not a lost soul who fought for food gold
I shine like a diamond in the true state of cold
To hot to handle to cold to hold
Rap play the role doc I might lose control
Hold the throne in my iron palm
One hand hold the firearm, on a mission I slice long
Strike calm through the fire like Chaka Khan
World wide on the web without the dot com
Killa Bees live in the place to be
Burn 3rd degree on the m-I-see
So deadly cones a catastrophe
And this is the way we crack the party
Say
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec
Rec, rec, rec[Verse 2:]
Killa Bee swarming protect your neck
Calls the warning so proceed with caution

I walk wid my swordmen we all in together
Wu-Tang Forever gon' win from Puerto Rico
Cross the caves of Berlin
Echo in the cell blocks of federal pens
It be the WU-TANG, you came and went
Enough to gain mentally and physically bent
What I invent sharpened barb wire fence
I represent sure to make a grand entrance
Wid the deadly enter contents under pressure
Inspector put you rep in the sector
Feather weight contenders surrender T.K.O
First round knockout bets to big spenders
Dirty on the mic like Marco Polo
Internal bleeding occurs to your phono
Thoughts brought forth as wild as up north
It's a bloodsport get rushed for tough talk
But I hold my ground like it's high noon
Lock release tapes surround the mic room
I jump on the live tune provide the boom
Foes we consume become fake in the fumes
Killa Bees live in the place to be
Burn 3rd degree on the m-I-see
So deadly cones a catastrophe
And this is the way we crack the party
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec
Rec, rec,

Songwriters
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