

Six Directions of Boxing

Wu-Tang Clan

When I'm locked down I use Tim's as my shower slippers
I'm in the background mingling with the powder flippers
In the basement, hard-body power lifters
I crush sour in the sifter
see how I lift her
Universal God, I stay scientific
The kid with the Golden Arms,
Iron Fisted
Stay Asiatic, so cinematic
Noise in the attic, bang out with the automatics
It's hood politics that bring the hunger back
I'm straight chopping wood, call me the lumberjack
Check the catalog, put out a hundred packs
Watch for drug sniffing dogs, they coming from the back
I'm straight thunder clap,
the funky drummer's back
It's pure Dopium,
give 'em a heart attack
I stay stacking plaques like ancient artifacts
Joe Namath in the game, I'm the quarterback
Eight balls of coke,
blunt to the greenery
Pounds in the trunk get you a concrete scenery
Handmade ox'll get you dumped in the mess hall
Snitch niggas run to C.O.'s to confess all
This is street knowledge, knowledge I screw college
Like a speech from the GZA, sharp like the RZA
Don't run with a scissor,
nigga the truth is the
Truth, now I'mma drop a few jewels in the booth
Used to boot crack, stuff 'em inside a tennis ball
Ans throw it when they rushing the block,
trust no cops
Driving around with two mitts in my socks
Cooked coke gon' get you in more trouble than money
Don't crawl through dust juice,
the pigs is hungry
You think they ain't watching? They watching while you uptown coppin'
Back home, while you're cooking and chopping

They scheming the block, waiting to get it popping
He had a sword and an axe with cuts
Under a road that was woven from silver and gold, waxed it up
His army was so great to quarantine
His crops and livestock boost the economy
Many would travel by boat to see him
His image don most schools and coliseums
A merchant, hustle those silk and velvets
Portrait illuminated when the torch was well-lit
Picture so beautifully painted that
One thought it would breathe or move cause it would leave a mood
Or energy
you see his wife practiced Yoga
Made herbal enhancers that had saved the soldiers
Guard the treasures in the chambers, halls and vaults
Well-prepared for all assaults
Heavy guarded village
Armed with the sharpest weapons designed to pierce and cause blood spillage
From a young teen, a murder team, inspired by crime
See Allah Just granted permission for my position
Sit down, write rhymes, escaping this repetitive cycle
Slinging dimes, losing time, doing hard time
Teaching y'all mathematically, come see
The epitomy of what you wanna be - emcee
My semi-auto gun ran 'em totally at the sound clash
The mic touched, dance mashed up, pounds of the best
Green glass bottles of don, I sip the liquor slow
Flow so devastating when I go solo
Even when I'm dolo, pretty gun I'm holding
Head swollen off the solid gold soul
Iron Mic pole beat your face like you stole something
Living life royalty, all wise and healthy
Welcome to the best of me, from knowledge to infinity
Never stopping my projectory, I'm galactic
Yo, peace to all of the gods and all of the earths
We been building like this ever since the first day of birth
The more I start to build, the better I feel
Keep ignorant niggas from me, use dummies for shield
You're not Godbody son, you're just garbage and real snotty
Cherry head gaylord still stuck in the lobby
This the first Now Born, son I'm blessed with mad lessons
Conquered crazy devils, my mind is a weapon
You can't fast with me and avoid the swine
You degenerate emcee, I'm the best of mankind
Allahu Akbar

jewels

I'm down with the RZA, got help for the Widow's Son
Pop off on you, you ain't nothing to me - DUN DUN

Original Tyzeem

Holy water, Visine

Designated wordplay,

God respect my deen

Shine on little stars and respect the Queen

New York Giant, call me Deck Umenyiora

Fresh with the water connect, two and a quarter

Deal with the dealer, don't trust the transporter

My job is done once I get it to the border

Perico, coke game is kilos of cocaine

Hypodermic needle to the groove, I dose veins

Overdoser, you know the product is raw, right?

Lines take you there like I wrote it with off-white

Got him bent up, hands looking like a tin cup

Sorry no consignment, get your ends up

Move from the gate now, he on his way straight to Jake now

I'm on the hush with my weight loud

Got the shakes now, how they want it bad

Five or six heads chipping in for a bag

I got the works like a burger deluxe

Get your fix while I'm serving it up, word to us

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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