

Da Mystery Of Chessboxin'

Wu-tang Clan

{ The game of chess, is like a swordfight
You must think first, before you move
Toad style is immensely strong
And immune to nearly any weapon
When it's properly used, it's almost invincible }
Raw Imma give it to ya, with no trivia
Raw like cocaine straight from Bolivia
My hip hop will rock and shock the nation
Like the emancipation proclamation
Weak MC's approach with slang that's dead
You might as well run into the wall
And bang your head
I'm pushin' force, my force your doubtin'
I'm makin' devils cower
To the caucus mountains
Well I'm a sire, I set the microphone on fire
Rap styles vary, and carry like Mariah
I come from the Shaolin slum
And the isle I'm from
Is comin' through with nuff niggaz
And nuff guns
So if you wanna come sweatin'
Stressin' contestin'
You'll catch a sharp sword to the midsection
Don't talk the talk, if you can't walk the walk
Phony niggaz are outlined in chalk
A man vexed
Is what the projects made me
Rebel to the grain there's no way to barricade me
Steamrollin' niggas like a eighteen wheeler
With the drunk driver drivin'
There's no survivin'
Ruff like Timberland wear, yea
Me and the clan
And, yo, the landcruisers out there
Peace to all the crooks
All the niggaz with bad looks
Bald heads, braids, blow this hook
We got chrome teks, nickel plated macs

Black ac's, drug dealin' styles in phat stacks
I only been a good nigga for a minute though
'Cuz I got to get my props, and win it, yo
I got beef wit commercial ass niggaz with gold teeth
Lampin' in a Lexus eatin' beef
Straight up and down don't even bother
I got forty niggaz up in here now
Who kill niggaz fathers
My peoples, are you with me?
Where you at?
(In the front, in the back killa bees on attack)
My peoples, are you with me?
Where you at?
(Yeah yeah)
(Smokin' meth hittin' cats on the block with the gats)
Here I go, deep type flow
Jacques Cousteau could never get this low
I'm cherry bombin' shits, boom
Just warmin' up a little bit, umm hmm
Rappinin' is what's happenin'
Keep the pockets stacked and then
Gands clappin' and
At the party when I move my body
Gotta get up, and be somebody
Grab the microphone put strength to the bone
Duh, duh, duh, enter the Wutang zone
Sure enough when I rock that stuff
Huff puff, I'm gonna catch your bluff tuff
Rough, kickin' rhymes like Jim Kelly
Or Alex Haley I'm a m' Beetle Bailey rhymes
Comin' raw style, hardcore
Niggaz be comin' to the hip hop store
Comin' to buy grocery from me
Tryin to be a hip hop MC
The law, in order to enter the Wutang
You must bring the old dirty bastard type slang
Represent the GZA, Abbot, RZA, Shaquan, Inspecta Deck
Dirty hoe gettin' low wit' his flow
Introduc'in the ghostface killer
No one could get illa
My peoples, are you with me?
Where you at?
(In the front, in the back killa bees on attack)
My peoples, are you with me?
Where you at?

(Smokin' meth hittin' cats on the block with the gats)
 Speakin' of the Devil psych
 No it's the God, get the shit right
 Mega Trife and, yo, I killed you in a past life
 On the mic while you was kickin' that fast shit
 You renegged tried again, and got blasted
 Half mastered ass style mad ruff task
 When I struck I had on Tims and a black mask
Remember that shit? I know you don't remember Jack
 That night yo I wuz hittin like a spiked bat
 And then you thought I was bugged out, and crazy
 Strapped for nonsense, after me became lazy
 Yo, nobody budge while I shot slugs
Never shot thugs, I'm runnin' with thugs that flood mugs
 So grab your eight plus one, start flippin' and trippin'
 Niggaz is jettin' I'm lickin' off son
 (Wutang, Wutang, Wutang, Wutang)
 {Wutang is immensely struck}
 Homicide's illegal and death is the penalty
 What justifies the homicide, when he dies?
 In his own iniquity it's the
 Master of the mantis rapture comin' at cha?
 We have an APB on an MC killer
 Look like the work of a master
 Evidence indicates that's it's stature
 Merciless like a terrorist hard to capture
 The flow changes like a chameleon
 Plays like a friend, and stabs you like a dagger
 This technique attacks the immune system
 The styles like alive paralyzin' the victim
 You scream, as it enters your bloodstream
Erupts your brain from the pain these thoughts contain
 Movin' on a nigga with the speed of a centipede
 Or ninja any motha fuckin' contender
 My peoples, are you with me?
 Where you at?
 (In the front, in the back killa bees on attack)
 My peoples, are you with me?
 Where you at?
(Smokin' meth hittin' cats on the block with the gats)
 {Immune to nearly any weapon
 When it's properly used, it's almost invincible
 Toad style is immensely strong
 And immune to nearly any weapon
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It's properly used}

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