

Hellz Wind Staff

Wu-Tang Clan

So get your egg crashed, by my Hellz Wind Staff
While the feature broadcast is splashed to tell the news
Like Katie Chung, how the bullet collapsed his lung
His father watched the horror as he swallowed his tongue
Another youth dead, before the age of twenty-one
Left his son to grow, in the ghettos of the slums
With a shot that go, for twisted metal for cash flow
React slow nigga and get, P.L.O
By the lone gunner, who took revenge for his brother
Who got slain last summer by a cocaine runner
A new year is dawning, new crews is forming
Rival gangs warring blood steadily pouring
The streets are deep Son every day is like a rerun
So I reach out and try to teach one
But eighty-five percent uncivilized content
No tolerance so a lifetime is spent
Behind a cage bent smoked out on a park bench
Killer instinct slave rap niggas get lynched So yo break that nigga arm fast as a fuck
Tell Ra, Goldie left my beige jacket in his truck
To all you slow footed penguins, duckin from these
Hot rocks that's flamin, chocolate for all you rap Damian's
Spraying cards ex-pionage, dodgeball square hard
Strip bars, no bras, wet leotards
And a mink in, next album "Blood on Chef Apron"
Keep a Gambino PlayStation in your playpen
Discovery Channel, cats the Book of Daniel
Coke blunts hot as a FUCK swatted bamboo
High school dropouts, baseheads get knocked the fuck out
On the regular for robbin a good nigga house
Rough cut raw doses, the unexplainable
Hot rock lava, gringo throw the Frusen GladjÃ©Ha ha ha ha, yo
What you know about this, specialist armed dangerous
Hit you close range with this madness
Unique design shine like a deep dish
The beat kick technique split all your weak shit
Yes, the rhythm, the Rebel
Alone in my level heat it up past the boiling point of metal
Living legend, veteran known to set trend
Lethal weapon, step through your section

With the Force like Luke Skywalker
 Rhyme author, orchestrate mind torture
 Live performer, bit the mic sayanora
 Borderline to insane, I rain firewater
 Tape recorder, can't be saved by a court order
 I got my sword cross your throat you joke
 We on the run with the golden guns, get you none
 When it reach out and teach someone, blaze they buns
 Now I'm guilty by association
 Times of blackness eclipsin the sun, target practice
 Commence when I throw these darts at these rappers
 Ricochet, hit the charts, bloody your mattress
 Hold me down, Wu bloodkin, I'm goin in
 Shootin bullets at the top ten, rhyme concoction
 Blend like chameleon
 All these niggas want cheese, is we mice or men, word up
 We can go platinum but then, still can't get no satisfaction
 Once again, back on the block crumb snatchin
 Blowin backs in cold
 Blunted non-assassin, time for action, Johnny Unitas
 Handle that like arthritis
 Still, hold a golden touch like King Midas
 Drownin problems in Heinekens imported from Holland
 Gettin boosted off of killer bee pollen
 Stone columns get trapped by drum tracks mac loud as gun claps
 Pin a crab nigga to death of a thousand thumbtacks
 The Wu Sensai fold, it bees the Wind Ninja scroll
 Soul edged blade controls your Interpol
 The fig newt', fruit from the forbidden tree root
 I stay secluded in the Chamber trainin new recruits
 With Fatal Guillotine, the black hooded team what it means
 When bullets scream from the hot Glock like rock from a sling
 ("Sometimes...") Pushed through like George Bush Operation Whoops
 Shots get popped on the block cause them blood to gush
 From digital to analog, the Wu-Wear camoflogue
 The entourage squad we stompin through Zanzibar
 Like herds of cattle, RZA plays the wall like a shadow
 Connectin Brooklyn/Shao like the Verrazanno-Narrows
 Stash the cream though, Iceatollah ice style gleama
 Lex graffiti name Ramo, hold em we rollin
 Askin me though, raps is hotter than, hot tamales in Toledo
 Pussy that shit she passin off to me though
 We wax Ajax niggas with a axe, Maxamill
 You could crash a meal, got you back steel
 Scold em and fold em like the thousand dollar bills
 Sit back eyein y'all niggas out
 Fakes that delegate we spittin fire out
 Verb burgular, design the Wally shoe store reserve

A jet status, Guyanese bird up on my mattress
Watch me mack this, Ralph Lauren goose inside a fashion
Yo, these hands is flooded and they mad quick
Strong approach like magnets, custom wood crane name
Stylin rich, RZA made the waves in one chain
Feelin mics like, wheelin a bike, slide like
Step on his Klondike, get your dart right
We movin on it like, wind breaker niggas get they face broke
Jury get snatched, magazine right on the low, fuck y'all cats

Songwriters

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