

# Radioactive (Four Assassins)

## Wu-Tang Clan

"You will be punished  
(Wu-Tang style)  
For all your evil deeds  
(Wu-Tang style)  
Be warned, you will suffer  
(Wu-Tang style)  
Justice"  
(Wu-Tang style) Slept on this hazardous enterprise  
Hit from the back, from a long range attack in disguise  
Week self-captivity became months  
Those who were holdin' it down they hold a pump Do we delay the conflict and prolong the suffer?  
Got a mass of starvin' niggaz wanna eat supper  
Unfair corruptions lead to abductions  
Creatin' wider circles of destructions So we attack, with the pen and blaze in  
From the terrifyin' to the fascinating  
Quick to slay a narrow minded nigga that's hasty to give credit  
Full of hostile overtones mixed with wack edits They heavily defended airfields  
But they bodies rot behind punctured steels  
When I greeted you, you didn't hear a piece of my voice?  
Or that water was my liquid of choice Forensic couldn't tell it, it was nine tons of steel pellet  
Powerful projection, noise is deafening  
Carrier battle groups, that's threatening  
Higher level bombing Plus the shipment in hand  
Known as 'Alarming', bells ring loud  
In the same crucial manner  
But different style Wu-Tang style, Wu-Tang style Yeah, aiyyo once again, all blunts again  
Yo the real remain silent, any type of violence, I'm in  
Allah's helpful most, innovative raps  
That brought wealth through, shot out the belch too We holdin', automatic semis with sick lines  
Run up, body niggaz, break down shoddy niggaz  
Styles so sharp, state of the art  
Greater the mark, flyest creator sprayed layin' darts Flowin' like water, "Apocalypse Now"  
Gun out blaow, wow the shit's wild when you shot us  
Runnin' through parkin' lots, don't get caught  
Let off, bark your shots, we outta here, off the blocks It ain't all to the good, muh'fuckers hatin' in the hood  
Gotta a hundred wolves waitin' in the woods  
For the Clan's forthcomin'  
I miss you in the game a court summons And fugitives of rap caught runnin', y'all get locked up  
Everything was wack 'til we popped up

And got it on and poppin' like Orville Redenbacher  
Patnah, you ain't got no wins in Mi Casa Wu-Tang got ya, like every ghetto got a Tasha  
Request lines are now open, you see these MC's chokin'  
And thinkin', "What's that shit they be smokin'?"  
I'm so focused, simple chronic halitosis  
Keep my shit funky when I spit this braggadocious Y'all niggaz got some fuckin' nerve  
To critic what I write, that's my muh'fuckin' word  
Blah blah blah, like N'Sync  
Kiss that ass "Bye bye bye" know what I'm sayin'? I ain't playin' Many shall come, few chose to stay exact  
Track after track I'm fightin' for survival  
Before me I see hills and mountains they sway  
The word's gotta move and the crowd's like the ocean I walk water holdin' y'all suspended with the vocal  
What's the total people that came to see the gods?  
I gave thought talent, construct my best poetry  
Potency, high-level content Side effect may cause a tec to eject, many places  
All ages streets to cages, split faces  
Shoutin' nuff love to the peeps from Miami  
We live from Pulaski and spread glassy Wu-Tang style, Wu-Tang sytle  
Wu-Tang sytle, Wu-Tang sytle  
Wu-Tang sytle, Wu-Tang sytle  
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