Fatal Sting

Wu-tang Clan

[Verse 1:] In the battle fields mics collide like sword fights Get stabbed up by the swift technique of a Black Knight Who pierce strikes like vicious snakes, rhymes elevate Niggaz get sniped watch me annihilate The Gods got me eating off a fine dinner plates With this rap shit told me don't procrastinate West Coast lyricist, Killa Bee clique we swarm thick Spit the written like scripts No but fully loaded throw darts and make it hit, the target Pardon, me as I keep on starting, mo' shit Feel the wrath with these raw hits from Math You don't stand a chance, you can't top it we too advance [Verse 2:] Sharp shooter with the greatest accuracy Blast it rapidly, If those attacking me are after me You never capture me, it's sad to see niggaz testing me You meet your destiny can't get next to me The best of me you know the recipe The cut-throat making blood soak from the gun-smoke Have you gasping for oxygen Then pops you with the glocks again Street fights transform into wars with firearms We snipe, artificial niggaz under street lights Drop 'em in with the street life, the street type Bullets storm niggaz start to swarm like rise on Dying on the same blocks when they exchange rocks And hand cops flamed rocks Year after year up in the same spot Total madness synergy in city streets Battle many fleets as they walk by the gates of the darkside Black Knights Yo,yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo [Verse 3:] The microphone magnificent Burning hot like syphilis Hit your dish drink from distances Bombin' leave no witnesses The street division kid from the, Home of the wasteland Styles bionic, sounds blow holes through your basement Face it for the Black Knights there's no replacement These ancient rhymes are lethal You're basic, kid put this in your mouth so you can taste it When manifested bring wrath of bloody vengeance to suckers that second guessed it Confess it I got the type flows that'll make you stagger Came out my mother's womb with a blunt and bloody dagger Do or die shit, ready to ride slug slide shit From day one I knew that I'll be on some ol' lye shit [Verse 4:] The audity prodigy, A whiff while I myth and a sniff off a E&J fifth The cosmos commodity, knowledge guides equality Sally with the crouton dipping in the Yucon, and a spliff, the proton neutron, like no one else, the code of yoba Supernova yoga, dosia, ambrosia crane and cobra The yolk for help and the stealth with the knowledge of self From the noble none of my niggaz local

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