

Wu-Tang: 7th Chamber

Wu-Tang Clan

Take that motherfucker
Good morning Vietnam!
Yeah, good morning to all you motherfuckin' notty-headed niggas
Word to the camouflage large niggas
Bitch niggas fuckin' my body
Bring that fuckin' meth in here
Yo yo yo yo
Now we gonna drink some good night train
And yo, set it off Champion gear that I rock, you get your boots knocked
Then attack you like a pit that lock shit down
As I come and freaks the sound, hardcore
But giving you more and more, like ding!
Nah shorty, get you open like six packs
Killer bees attack, flippin' what, murder one, phat tracks
Aight? I kick it like a night flite!
Word life, I get that ass while I'm fulla spite!
Check the method from bedrock, cause I rock ya head to bed
Just like rockin' what? twin glocks!
Shake the ground while my beats just break you down
Raw sound, we going to war right now So, yo, bombin'
We usually take all niggas garments
Save ya breath before I bomb it I be that insane nigga from the psycho ward
I'm on the trigger, plus I got the wu-tang sword
So how you figure that you can even fuck with mine?
Hey, yo, Rza! hit me with that shit one time!
And pull a foul, niggas save the beef on the cow
I'm milkin' this ho, this is my show, tical
The fuck you want to do? more than spike lee's do
I'm like a sniper, hyper off the ginseng root
Plo style, buddha monks with the owls
So who's the fucking man? meth-tical
On the chess box Yo, yeah, yo
I leave the mic in body bags, my rap style has
The force to leave you lost, like the tribe of shabazz
Murderous material, made by a madman
It's the mic wrecker, inspector, bad man
From the bad lands of the killer, rap fanatic
Representing with the skill that's iller
Dare to compare, get pierced just like an ear

The zoo-we-do-wop-bop strictly hardware
Armed and geared cause I just broke out the prison
Charged by the system, for murdering the rhythm!
Now, lo and behold, another deadly episode
Bound to catch another fuckin' charge when I explodeSlammin' a hype-ass verse til ya head burst
I ram shack dead in the track, and that's that
Rap assassin, fastin', quick to blast and hard rock
I ran up in spots like fort knox!
I'm hot, top notch, ghost thinks with logic
Flashback's how I attacked your whole project
I'm raw, I'm rugged and raw! I repeat, if I die
My seed'll be ill like me
Approachin' me, you out of respect, chops ya neck
I get vexed, like crashing up a phat-ass lex'
So clear the way, make way, yo! open the cage
Peace, I'm out, jettin' like a runaway slaveYo
Ya gettin' stripped from ya garments, boy, run ya jewels
While the meth got me open like fallopian tubes
I bring death to a snake when he least expect
Ain't a damn thing changed, boy, protect ya neck
Ruler zig zag, zig-allah jam is fatal
Quick to stick my wu-tang sword right through ya navel
Suspenseful, plus bein' bought through my utensil
The pencil, I break strong winds up against your
Abbot, that run up through your county like the maverick
Caps through the tablets, I gots to make the fabricsAre you, uh, ah, uh
Are you a warrior? killer? slicin' shit like a samurai
The ol' dirty bastard vundabah
Ol' dirty clan of terrorists
Comin' atcha ass like a sorceress, shootin' that piss!
Niggas be gettin' on my fuckin' nerves
Rhymes they be kickin' make me want to kick they fuckin' ass to the curb
I got funky fresh, like the old specialist
A carrier, messenger, bury ya
This experience is for the whole experience
Let it be applied, and then drop that scienceMy my my
My clan is thick like plaster
Bust ya, slash ya
Slit a nigga back like a dutch master killer
Style jumped off and killa, hill-er
I was the thriller in the ali-frazier manilla
I came down with phat tracks that combine and interlock
Like getting smashed by a cinder block
Blaow! now it's all over
Niggas seeing pink hearts, yellow moons

Orange stars and green clovers

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