

# REC Room

## Inspectah Deck

Oh, Killah Hill, Killah Killah Hill  
Killah Hill, Killah Killah Hill  
Killah Hill, Killah Killah Hill One-oh-three-oh-four style, kid, yea  
For all my D.M.D. rec posse, niggaz  
You out there? Is you out there? I throw your brain in the cobra clutch, behold the rush  
A dazzlin' display if you could get close enough  
Cold Crush like the four-stinger anaconda  
Fierce darts that'll pierce through solid armor Lounge in the barracks with Blue and Cappadonna  
Spiderman identity, Peter Parker  
Crowd pleaser register off the meter  
Vocal street, sweeper bucks shots through the speaker Pleasure seekers, fifty thou' in the stands  
True fans get it hot like Jamaica sands  
Conquer land, wide like a eagle wingspan  
Clansman stabbin' the track with both hands Not a lost soul who falls for fool's gold  
I shine like a diamond in the true state of cold  
Too hot to handle, too cold to hold  
Rap with a road block, I might lose control Hold the globe in my iron palm  
One hand holds the firearm on a mission that's life long  
Strike calm through the fire like Chaka Khan  
World wide on the web without the dot-com Killa Bees live in the place to be  
Burn third degree on the M I C  
So deadly goes the catastrophe  
And this is the way we crash the party  
Say, rec, rec, rec Yo, Killa Bees swarmin'  
Protect ya neck, what's the warnin'?  
So, proceed with caution, I walk with my swordsmen  
We all in together, Wu-Tang forever gon' win From Puerto Rico 'cross the caves of Berlin  
Echoin' through cell blocks and federal pens  
It be the Wu-Tang, you came in when  
They left the game mentally and physically bent What I invent, sharp as barbwire fence  
I represent, sure to make a grand entrance  
With the deadly lecture, contents under pressure  
Inspectah, put your rep in the stretcher Feather weight contenders surrender  
TKO, first round knockout, vets to big spenders  
Journey on the mic like Marco Polo  
Internal bleedin' occurs to your photo Thoughts brought forth as wild as up north  
It's bloodsport, get rushed for tough talk  
But I hold my ground like it's high noon  
While police tapes surround the mic room I jump on a live tune

Provide the boom  
Those who consume become faint from the fumes  
Killa Bees live in the place to be  
Burn third degree on the M I C  
So deadly goes the catastrophe  
And this is the way we crash the party  
Rec, rec, rec

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