

Wu-tang: 7th Chamber - Part 2

Wu-tang Clan

Intro: The Genius/GZA (from "Clan in Da Front")

Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to what
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death
Hoods on the right, wild for the night
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to what

This goes back to nineteen..

Ahem, check it, yo

GOOD MORNING VIETNAM!!

Yeah, good morning to all you motherfuckin notty-headed niggaz

Word to the camouflouge large niggaz

Bitch niggaz fuckin my body

Bring that fuckin meth in here

Yo yo yo yo

Now we gonna drink some good Nightrain

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

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

A'ight? 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 Niggaz Garments

Save ya breath before I bomb it

Verse Two: Method Man

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, niggaz save the beef on the cow
I'm milkin this ho, this is MY show, tical
The FUCK you wanna 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 chessbox

Verse Three: Inspector Deck

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 explode

Verse Four: Ghostface Killer

Slammin a hype-ass verse til ya head burst
I ramshack dead in the track, and that's that
Rap assassin, fastin, quick to blast and hardrock
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 slave

Verse Five: Prince Rakeem/RZA

Yo

Ya gettin stripped from ya garments, boy, run ya jewels
While the meth got me open like falopian 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 fabrics

Verse Six: Ol Dirty Bastard

Are you, uh, ah, uh

Are you a warrior? Killer? Slicin shit like a samurah

The Ol' Dirty Bastard VUNDABAH

Ol' Dirty clan of terrorists

Comin atcha ass like a sorceress, shootin' that PISS!

Niggaz be gettin on my fuckin nerves

Rhymes they be kickin make me wanna 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 SCIENCE

Verse Seven: Genius/GZA

My 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

Niggaz seeing pink hearts, yellow moons

orange stars and green clovers

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