

# Wu-Tang: 7th Chamber - Part II

## Wu-Tang Clan

Intro:

[The Genius/GZA]

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 camoflounge 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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