

# Hellz Wind Staff

## Wu-tang Clan

["The Wu-Tang Clan will rise again

There are many of us, working for the good of the Wu] Tang""Die!" \*sounds of fighting are heard\*Verse One:

Street LifeSo get your egg crashed, by my Hellz Wind Staff

While the feature broadcast is splashed to tell the news

like Kaity Chung, how the bullet collapsed his lung

His father watched the horror as he swallowed his tongue

Another youth dead, before the age of twenty-one

Left his son to grow, in the ghettos of the slums

Where the shots echo, for twisted metal for cash flow

React slow nigga and get, P.L.O.

By the lone gunner, who took revenge for his brother

who got slain last summer by a cocaine runner

A new year is dawning, new crews is forming

Rival gangs is warring blood steadily pouring

The streets are deep Son every day is like a rerun

So I reach out and try to teach one

But eighty-five percent uncivilized content

No tolerance so a lifetime is spent

behind a cage bent smoked out on a park bench

Killer instinct slave rap niggaz get lynched\*sounds of fighting\*Verse Two: Ghostface KillahSo yo break that

nigga arm fast as a fuck

Tell Ra, Goldie left my beige jacket in his truck

To all you slow footed penguins, duckin from these

hot rocks that's flamin, charcoal broiled rap Damian's

Spraying cards ex-pionage, dodgeball sweat hard

Strip bars, no bras, wet leotards

in the making, next album Blood On Chef's Apron

Keep a Gambino PlayStation in your playpen

Discovery Channel, catch the book of Daniel

Coke blunts hot as a FUCK swatted bamboo

high school dropouts, baseheads get knocked the fuck out

on the regular for robbin a good nigga house

Rough cut raw doseage, the unexplainable

Hot rock lava, gringo throw the flows iglasa\*sounds of fighting\*Verse Three: Inspectah DeckHa ha ha ha, yo

What you know about this, specialist armed dangerous

Hit you close range with this madness

Unique design shine like a deep dish

The beat kick technique spit on your weak shit

Yes, the rhythm, the Rebel

Alone in my level heated up past the boiling point of metal  
 Living legend, veteran known to set trend  
 Lethal weapon, step through your section  
 with the Force like Luke Skywalker  
 Rhyme author, orchestrate mind torture  
 Live performer, bid the mic sayanora  
 Borderline to insane, I rain firewater  
 Tape recorder, can't be saved by a court order  
 I got my sword cross your throat you joke  
 Verse Four: Method Man  
 We on the run with the golden guns, get you  
 numb  
 when it reach out and teach someone, blaze they buns  
 Now I'm guilty by association  
 Times of blackness eclipsin the sun, target practice  
 commence when I throw these darts at these rappers  
 Ricochet, hit the charts, bloody your mattress  
 Hold me down, Wu bloodkin, I'm goin in  
 Shootin bullets at the top ten, rhyme concoction  
 blend like chameleon  
 All these niggaz want cheese, is we mice or men, word up  
 We can go platinum but then, still can't get no satisfaction  
 Once again, back on the block crumb snatchin  
 Blowin backs in  
 Cold-Blooded nine assassins, time for action, Johnny Unidas  
 Handle that like arthritis  
 Still, hold a golden touch like King Midas\*swords clash\*  
 Verse Five: RZA  
 Drowning problems in Heineken's  
 imported from Holland  
 Gettin boosted off a killer bee pollen, stone columns  
 get cracked by drum tracks smack loud as gun claps  
 Pin a crab to death with a thousand thumbtacks  
 The Wu centerfold, it be's the Wind Ninja scroll  
 Soul edged blade controls your inner pole  
 The thick loop, fruit from the forbidden tree root  
 I stay secluded in the Chamber trainin new recruits  
 with Fatal Guillotine, the black hooded team what it means  
 when bullets scream from the hot glock like rock from a sling  
 ("Sometimes...") Pushed through like George Bush Operation PUSH  
 Shots get popped on the block causing blood to gush  
 From digital to analog, the Wu-Wear camoflogue  
 My entourage squad we stompin through Zanzibar  
 like herds of cattle, RZA plays the wall like a shadow  
 Connect from Brook To Shao like the Verrazano Narrows  
 Verse Six: Raekwon the Chef  
 Stashin cream though,  
 Iceatollah ice style gleamo  
 Lex graffiti name Remo, hold em we rollin  
 askin me though, raps is hotter than, hot tamales in Toledo  
 Pussy that shit she passin off to me though

We wax Ajax niggaz with a axe, Maxamill  
You could crash a mil, got you back still  
scold em and fold em like they thousand dollar bills  
sit back iron y'all niggaz out  
Fakes that delegate we spittin fire out  
Verb burgular, designer Wally shoe store reserver  
Jet status, Guyanese bird up on my mattress  
Watch me mack this, Ralph Lauren goose inside a fashion  
Yo, these hands is flooded and they mad quick  
Strong approach like magnets, custom wood crane name  
Stylin rich, RZA made the waves in one cham'  
Feelin mics like, wheelin a bike, slide like  
up on his Klondike, get your dart right  
We movin on it like, wind breaker niggaz get they face broke  
Jury get snatched, magazine right on the low, fuck y'all cats("Sometimes...")  
\*sounds of fighting\*"May you rot in hell!"  
"Ahahahahah, ahahahahaha, ahahahahaha!"

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