

# For Heavens Sake (feat. CappaDonna)

## Wu-Tang Clan

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang  
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Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, Wu, WuYo, aiyyo my rap style swing like Willie Mays  
My eyes Purple Haze, my solar razor burn through shades  
My grenades raid the airwaves, catch this rap page  
I glide like, hover crafts on the Everglades Boom master, with the faster blade, track slasher  
Manufacture poems to microphones, bones fracture  
Limited edition composition spark friction  
Non-fiction, the calm bomb keep your arm distant Zero tolerance, dominant intelligence  
Wu original, true colors step from the melanin  
The most high, most try, to get close by  
And overthrow I, but choke, with they hopes up high I circulate the tri-state and vibrate beyond the Richter  
Flies sense to flock when they spot this live nigga  
The crowd seducer black your third eye before I lose ya  
Verbal high I leave stars in the eyes of Medusa Top ten, parley like Cochran, it's often  
Narrow margin, of your odds to dodge the marksman  
Murder rap, kill you soft like Roberta Flack  
Words attack like a British bulldog, observe the stacks

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