# R.E.C. Room

## Inspectah Deck

Oh, Killah Hill, Killah Killah Hill
Killah Hill, Killah Killah Hill
Killah Hill, Killah Killah HillOne-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 armorLounge in the barracks with Blue and Cappadonna
Spiderman identity, Peter Parker
Crowd pleaser register off the meter
Vocal street, sweeper bucks shots through the speakerPleasure 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 handsNot 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 controlHold 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-comKilla 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, recYo, 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' winFrom 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 bentWhat 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 stretcherFeather weight contenders surrender
TKO, first round knockout, vets to big spenders
Journey on the mic like Marco Polo
Internal bleedin' occurs to your photoThoughts 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 roomI jump on a live tune

Provide the boom
Those who consume become faint from the fumesKilla 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

Songwriters
DIGGS, ROBERT F. / HUNTER, JASONPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/