

Deadly Melody

Wu-Tang Clan

As we return, to the 36 Chambers
The RZA, the GZA
The Ol Dirty BZA
You-God, Chef, the Ghostface Killah
And Meth, Rebel I soldier for the foreclosure
Don't forget about the Masta, yoMotherfuckers halt, when my Colt, start stompin
Thunder, strikes your land with a jolt
Your stamina level is low, like currents from
The volts of relentless punishment that multiplies
At a speed that the naked eye can't die-tect
The infantry, peep the weapon-try as I bomb atomically
Stagnant they stood surrounded and astounded
By this total square mileage of violence that I brung
I've not yet begun to stung
It's the ethics, the rigorous training methods
Of the Abbott, incite overseas to opposition
Penetrates then infiltrates
Breakin down your resistance
Leavin competition defenseless, Masta
Hip-hop antagonist, dumb deaf and blind civilizer
With the silencerPssh, yo
Pile-driver Tut boulder face blow Hulk
Anger rap book causin chess blade smoke
Minds the trunk, punk, elephant gun poke
Jaw-breaker humanoid vice-grip, choke
Face the inferno, maestro, pull it
Pipe hard slang, bite the golden bullet
Never, sold my soul Golden Arm cold stinger
See me on the streets address me stone bringer
Ease away, freeze back, feedback, play out in
Sweet action packed rap
Bite it, stomp on a beat
Possess hollow head battle teeth Tony Atlas
Wu status, now, wisdom to the massesCock back my tongue like a hammer, my head is like
A nickel-plated bammer, spit forty-five caliber grammar
At the speed of wind makes you bleed within
Crack your skull, without penetratin your skin
Reign of champ official, Wu scamp with black pistols
Spent the weekend programmin fat tracks at Camp CristalHome on the range, rebel with a pen

Writin critically acclaimed scriptures that do you in
 Mista, Meth, Hot Nickels
 Say my shit holding my Sex Pistol, deal me in
 The bewilderin killa bee quickly sting ya
 I ain't gotta life one fuckin finga
 Make sure to God I reef turns on the ringer
 We duckin the subpeona
 Fatal Flying Guillotine machine from Medina
 Check the 150 millimeter, heater as it blows holes
 Through your fuckin speaker
 Makin you weaker creepin inches centimeters
 Fifty caliber street sweeper
 Shots from Shaolin that go to Masapeaqua
 Things'll never be the same, after this one
 Ghost rider spit flame, lay back and twist one
 Recognize the Gods came, for one accord
 For one mind and one cause, that's the shit Son
 Play them crows out position
 You might hear me but you don't listen
 Competition come and get some on
 Red marker still bleedin, through the paper
 Of his sick premeditated, murder caper
 I walk with the Shaolin strut, burn a dutch
 Watch Street eat em up, cold crush, bumrush
 Spot rusher get touched backed up handcuffed
 Y'all niggaz can't FUCK with us
 Pass me the black velvet embassy suite killin me
 Spell it Maxi Priest caught me in the days up on Delancy Street
 Stand solar, deadly vengeance with a crowbar
 It's like the dreads worshipin Jah, so ha-lo-ha
 Pineapple crushed 850 swerve it with a rush
 Plush the Canola Range spittin off the roof, holdin my change
 Yo it's ragtime, universal 12 Monkey mind
 It's like, stalkin through your airport with a chunky nine
 The undervolt Staten New York
 Blood sport gun talk holdin fort back, take em to court
 It's the burner Shaolin bound facedown you gets murdered
 Roadblock shell shocked, stretched on a back block
 Yo it's warfare when you ring here, slugs fly through midair
 Landin thugs in wheelchairs from the slugfest
 Keeps the iron, where the head rest, for the conquest
 Subway, wordplay ricochet through your projects, crime pays
 Matched up in a staircase, in a dark place embraced
 By the trey-eight, I'm in so deep I can't escape
 These crime situations, I stay in man formation
 And shot echoes through the ghetto locations y'all remain
 P.L.O., slam cats like Bam Bam, Bigolo
 Throw a flow like Nomo relate like Fidel Castro
 I be the great all pro, hangin MC's by they logos
 My street journal reacts and blaze like an inferno

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