

Wu-Syndicate "7th Chamber"

Visit "[7th Chamber](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro:]

sounds of fighting

[M]- Method Man

[R]- Raekwon

[G]- Ghostface Killah

[U]- U-God

[M] Yo what I'm sayin, come on man?

[R] Yo Meth, hold up, hold up

Yo Meth, where my Killer tape at ya?

First of all, where my--

Where the fuck is my tape at?

[M] Yo son I ain't got that peace son

[R] How you ain't go my shit,

When I let you hold it man

[M] Yo niggas came over to have 40 and blunts kid

The shit just came up missin' man

[R] Come on man, that don't got nothin to do with my
shit man

Come on, go head with that shit

[M] Come on man, I'll buy you 4 more fuckin Killah
tapes man

knock knock

[R] Open the door man, what the fuck, man, yo what
What's up

[G] Yo yo, God, word is bond, yo, Shymeek just got
bust in his head

Two times God [word to mother]

Real life God, you know Shymeek from fuckin 212

[yeah yeah yea]

The nigga just got bust, niggas in the Black Land, god

Word is bond, came thru God from out of nowhere,
God

Word is bond, I'm comin to get my Culture Cypher, god

And it just--, word is bond, crazy shots just went the
fuck off

The nigga layin there like a fuckin new born fuckin baby

God

[M] Is he dead? [word up]

[G] Is he fuckin dead, what the fuck you mean is he
fuckin dead god

What kind of question is that B, what the fuck you think?

The nigga layin there with this fuckin all types of fuckin blood

Comin out of his--

[U] Easy, easy, easy, easy, kid

[G] Yo God, whats up God, it's the God, god, word is bond

I'm waitin to fuckin late, i'm ready to get busy

[R] Let's go do- let's go do what we gotta do right fuck it

[U] What's up yo, yo we out or what?

[G] It's the god ya, fuck that

We out, got a problem man

What the fuck

[U] Nigga still sweatin

[G] What the fuck is you talkin about man, get the fuck outta here

[R] Corn

[Intro: Raekwon (Method Man)]

(Take that motherfucker)

{WHAT? WHAT?

GOOD MORNING VIETNAM!!}

{Yeah, good morning to all you motherfuckin notty-headed niggaz}

Word to the Camouflauge Large niggaz

(Niggaz fuckin my body)

Bring that fuckin meth in here

(Yo yo yo yo

Now we gonna drink some good Nightrain and yo, set it off)

[Raekwon]

Champion gear that I rock, you get your boots knocked

Then attack you like a pit that lock shit DOWN (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

Aight? I kick it like a Night Flight!

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

[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? For this micpiece du'
I'm like a sniper, hyper off the Ginseng root
PLO style, buddha monks with the owls
So who's the fuckin man? Meth-Tical
On the chessbox

[Kung Fu sample]

sounds of fighting

"Wu-Tang style"

[Inspectah 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, Inspectah, 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 Scooby Doo, I pop strictly hardware
Armed and geared cause I just broke out the prison
Charged by the system - for murderin the rhythm!
Now, lo and behold, another deadly episode
Bound to catch another fuckin charge when I explode

[Ghostface Killah]

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

[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
Abbott, that run up through your county like the
Maverick
Caps through the tablets, I gots to make the fabrics

[Kung Fu sample]
sounds of fighting
"Wu-Tang style"

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]
Are you, uh, ah, uh
Are you a warrior? Killer? Slicin shit like a samurah
The Ol' Dirty Bastard from the squad
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

[Kung Fu sample]
sounds of fighting
"Wu-Tang style"

[GZA]
My my my
My Clan is thick like plaster
Bust ya, slash ya
Slit a nigga back like a Dutch Masta Killa
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 seein pink hearts, yellow moons
Orange stars and green clovers

Visit [Wu-Syndicate](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.