

## Wu-Tang "Evil Deeds"

Visit "[Evil Deeds](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

People have told me  
You have ways of killing without dealing a mob  
Well, so have I

Yeah, come on, what's the deal?  
Yo, pockets is fat like the Good Year blimp  
Hollow heads is sterilized in peroxide  
Waiting for you faggot niggas to jump off, your bullshit  
throne

So I can offer you a tummy tuck  
See your stomach is stapled, it's on  
It's dangerous down my alley, dog  
It's like the halls and I'm outy, dog

Hear the shanks scratching the gate?  
See the God Tone standing here for dolo  
Give you an '89 whooping  
Leave your body looking like you was raped

And don't ever come at me sideways, hands in your  
pocket  
'Cause I will turn to Steven Segal, rip your arm out your  
socket  
Ya'll little niggas watch it, I do this for free  
Knocking rappers out, trust me, over a clown  
I'm not here to make a profit

Nigga, if this was the arts, it be the best kung fu  
And I'm Tone Yao Chin serving ya'll wonton soup  
I do shit like disarm a group, drink a 40 with him  
And tell ya'll niggas stay the fuck out my loot

My Nina, my nine-ah, Medina, marauder  
Sabrina, discard her, redeem her for Allah  
Supreme architecture, the beat spark connector  
Inject in my serum, infiltrate in your sector

Bobby Steels keep steels concealed, be still  
Leave you fifty shot banana clips with free refills  
Guns bursting, one person is curtains for certain  
Most often fill coffins, no nursing or surgeons is

needed

Bloods depleted, your body deleted  
Like unsaved wave files, no way to retrieve it  
Best believe it, frosting the cat I remember  
That my mom's put gunpowder inside my Similac

My brain is untamed, some claim, that's stunning  
strangers  
'Cause of my basement I keep studios in gun ranges  
Plus I got more G's than Sicily, pizzeria rotisserie  
Burn MC's out they misery

My Nina, my nine-ah, Medina, marauder  
Sabrina, discard her, redeem her for Allah  
Supreme architecture, the beat spark connector  
Inject in my serum, infiltrate in your sector

Aiyo Ghost, these niggas pussy, mind that take mine  
I feel you, form on 'em, yeah I ain't sharpening nothing  
I put it in they mouth, I have a nigga kiss the nine  
I be mellow, next minute flip like I just sniffed a line

Ya'll never committed crimes, your rap line forgery  
Niggas want war, I invite all cordially  
They assed out morally, how they in skinny jeans  
And never fix they mouth to even fucking go to war with  
me

Oh, that's how you feel then handle that accordingly  
Lay 'em out, bounce before the jake is even on to me  
Lay back in the crib, your bitch give me orally  
I don't want beef, I'm like Pookie, this is calling me

I ain't with that Twitter shit, nigga try to follow me  
Watch you get hit like the Mega Million lottery  
I don't got time to be playing with you faggots  
I'ma show you motherfuckers why the call me Havoc, H

So these killings  
When are they gonna come to an end?  
Will he ever finish?  
Probably the next to see, he must find the Lizard

My Nina, my nine-ah, Medina, marauder  
Sabrina, discard her, redeem her for Allah  
Supreme architecture, the beat spark connector  
Inject in my serum, infiltrate in your sector

You just asked me, when will it end?  
Well, let me tell you

Once an evil deed is done then it never ends  
It goes on and it will go on forever

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.