

## Wu-Tang Clan

### "16th Chamber"

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#### "16th Chamber (ODB Special)"

*[Intro: Method Man]*

16th Chamber, temple number five

*[Method Man]*

Somebody said it's on, if it is then I'll be set  
To blow a nigga up, with my Five Fingers of Death  
I bring it to his whole damn fam, understand  
If he frontin, on any man down with the Clan  
I be comin, for that headpiece you can't cope  
For my brother, I even kill a Pope, word to mother  
Serial, killa, style from the Isle of Stat  
My peoples are you with me where you at?  
Shit's gettin deep in here, I mean like thick  
Niggaz lookin all in my face like they want dick  
It's about to hit the fan, hit the flo'  
That's all I can stands, and I can't stands no mo'  
What is it? Niggaz think they bigga  
Because they got the finga on the trigga of a biscuit  
They don't know I'm wicked, when I start to kick it  
With the raw sound, wash it down with a Mystic  
Better yet a Snapple, nigga want the juice  
But he don't want the hassle  
Thought they trying to overthrow the castle  
Better yet the temple, I'm comin to your town  
Black down, the rental, car, the pistol  
YAH! If you don't want a burn from glock  
Then beware, I buck shots, meaning what, the buck  
stops  
Here, no more dough will be made  
Unless it's being made by who... the 1-6-Ooh

*[Interlude: Raekwon (Method Man)]*

Chamber four (1-6-Ooh) Chamber four  
Temple number nine, temple number nine

*[O! Dirty Bastard]*

I'm the original G-O-D  
Making young ladies scream is my specialty  
when I go ooh-wah, ooh-wah, ooh-wah, girls wanna get

hype

From the funky fresh music that was stereotyped  
When I kill, that ol' mad rugged flow  
Not sayin Ason, is like a duck of disco  
Or a disco duck, I'm strictly hip hop  
Yo, Ason, what's up? I can't stop...  
Wu-Tanging, flipping the script and  
You could test my skills, but niggaz must be trippin  
Coked up from sniffin, you're the one who's riffin  
I'm not Opie, save that old shit for Andy Griffith  
You start to flip, now ya slip, cuz you're slippin  
While you sleep I be the God on point, like Scottie  
Pippen  
As I, jump on stage, cold flip a rip a show  
Strip or rip a hoe, ready like Bo  
Jackson while I'm still taxin, I'm maxin  
Relaxin, sittin backs and, laying tracks and  
Again and again when I rock this jam  
I wanna see 'em up in the air, throw up your hand  
Introducin, the one-man band  
A child that's wild, now with the style, couldn't stand  
Niggaz wanna jump, then stepped, to the center  
Of the rhyme inventor, MC tormentor  
You get jacked and slapped, across the MC map  
I laugh at ya ass, on a horse shack  
Come on through I black and blue your whole crew  
Then I get rudie with the Hong Kong Phooey  
The Ol' Dirty Bastard, MC killer  
Money maker, Brooklyn, Shaolin style  
That I lay down like tile  
Gotta hit you up, one blaow, so you better come down...

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