

Wu-Tang Clan "6th Chamber"

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[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

[Ol' 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

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