

## Wu-Tang Clan "Da Mystery Of Chessboxin'"

Visit "[Da Mystery Of Chessboxin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{The game of chess, is like a swordfight  
You must think first, before you move  
Toad style is immensely strong  
And immune to nearly any weapon  
When it's properly used, it's almost invincible}

Raw Imma give it to ya, with no trivia  
Raw like cocaine straight from Bolivia  
My hip hop will rock and shock the nation  
Like the emancipation proclamation  
Weak MC's approach with slang that's dead  
You might as well run into the wall  
And bang your head  
I'm pushin' force, my force your doubtin'  
I'm makin' devils cower  
To the caucus mountains

Well I'm a sire, I set the microphone on fire  
Rap styles vary, and carry like Mariah  
I come from the Shaolin slum  
And the isle I'm from  
Is comin' through with nuff niggaz  
And nuff guns  
So if you wanna come sweatin'  
Stressin' contestin'  
You'll catch a sharp sword to the midsection  
Don't talk the talk, if you can't walk the walk  
Phony niggaz are outlined in chalk  
A man vexed  
Is what the projects made me  
Rebel to the grain there's no way to barricade me  
Steamrollin' niggas like a eighteen wheeler  
With the drunk driver drivin'  
There's no survivin'

Ruff like Timberland wear, yea  
Me and the clan  
And, yo, the landcruisers out there  
Peace to all the crooks  
All the niggaz with bad looks  
Bald heads, braids, blow this hook  
We got chrome teks, nickel plated macs

Black ac's, drug dealin' styles in phat stacks  
I only been a good nigga for a minute though  
'Cuz I got to get my props, and win it, yo  
I got beef wit commercial ass niggaz with gold teeth  
Lampin' in a Lexus eatin' beef  
Straight up and down don't even bother  
I got forty niggaz up in here now  
Who kill niggaz fathers

My peoples, are you with me?  
Where you at?  
(In the front, in the back killa bees on attack)  
My peoples, are you with me?  
Where you at?  
(Yeah yeah)  
(Smokin' meth hittin' cats on the block with the gats)

Here I go, deep type flow  
Jacques Cousteau could never get this low  
I'm cherry bombin' shits, boom  
Just warmin' up a little bit, umm hmm  
Rappinin' is what's happenin'  
Keep the pockets stacked and then  
Gands clappin' and  
At the party when I move my body  
Gotta get up, and be somebody  
Grab the microphone put strength to the bone  
Duh, duh, duh, enter the Wutang zone  
Sure enough when I rock that stuff  
Huff puff, I'm gonna catch your bluff tuff  
Rough, kickin' rhymes like Jim Kelly  
Or Alex Haley I'm a m' Beetle Bailey rhymes  
Comin' raw style, hardcore  
Niggaz be comin' to the hip hop store  
Comin' to buy grocery from me  
Tryin to be a hip hop MC  
The law, in order to enter the Wutang  
You must bring the old dirty bastard type slang  
Represent the GZA, Abbot, RZA, Shaquan, Inspecta  
Deck  
Dirty hoe gettin' low wit' his flow  
Introducin' the ghostface killer  
No one could get illa

My peoples, are you with me?  
Where you at?  
(In the front, in the back killa bees on attack)  
My peoples, are you with me?  
Where you at?  
(Smokin' meth hittin' cats on the block with the gats)

Speakin' of the Devil psych  
No it's the God, get the shit right  
Mega Trife and, yo, I killed you in a past life  
On the mic while you was kickin' that fast shit  
You renegged tried again, and got blasted  
Half mastered ass style mad ruff task  
When I struck I had on Tims and a black mask  
Remember that shit? I know you don't remember Jack  
That night yo I wuz hittin like a spiked bat  
And then you thought I was bugged out, and crazy  
Strapped for nonsense, after me became lazy  
Yo, nobody budge while I shot slugs  
Never shot thugs, I'm runnin' with thugs that flood  
mugs  
So grab your eight plus one, start flippin' and trippin'  
Niggaz is jettin' I'm lickin' off son  
(Wutang, Wutang, Wutang, Wutang)

{Wutang is immensely struck}

Homicide's illegal and death is the penalty  
What justifies the homicide, when he dies?  
In his own iniquity it's the  
Master of the mantis rapture comin' at cha?  
We have an APB on an MC killer  
Look like the work of a master  
Evidence indicates that's it's stature  
Merciless like a terrorist hard to capture  
The flow changes like a chameleon  
Plays like a friend, and stabs you like a dagger  
This technique attacks the immune system  
The styles like alive paralyzin' the victim  
You scream, as it enters your bloodstream  
Erupts your brain from the pain these thoughts contain  
Movin' on a nigga with the speed of a centipede  
Or ninja any motha fuckin' contender

My peoples, are you with me?  
Where you at?  
(In the front, in the back killa bees on attack)  
My peoples, are you with me?  
Where you at?  
(Smokin' meth hittin' cats on the block with the gats)

{Immune to nearly any weapon  
When it's properly used, it's almost invincible  
Toad style is immensely strong  
And immune to nearly any weapon  
When it's properly used, it's almost invincible  
It's properly used}

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

---

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