

Wu-Tang Clan

"Six Directions Of Boxing"

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[Verse 1: U-God]

When I'm locked down I use Tim's as my shower
slippers
I'm in the background mingling with the powder
flippers
In the basement, hard-body power lifters
I crush sour in the sifter, see how I lift her
Universal God, I stay scientific
The kid with the Golden Arms, Iron Fisted
Stay Asiatic, so cinematic
Noise in the attic, bang out with the automatics
It's hood politics that bring the hunger back
I'm straight chopping wood, call me the lumberjack
Check the catalog, put out a hundred packs
Watch for drug sniffing dogs, they coming from the
back
I'm straight thunder clap, the funky drummer's back
It's pure Dopium, give 'em a heart attack
I stay stacking plaques like ancient artifacts
Joe Namath in the game, I'm the quarterback

[Verse 2: Ghostface Killah]

Eight balls of coke, blunt to the greenery
Pounds in the trunk get you a concrete scenery
Handmade ox'll get you dumped in the mess hall
Snitch niggas run to C.O.'s to confess all
This is street knowledge, knowledge I screw college
Like a speech from the GZA, sharp like the RZA
Don't run with a scissor, nigga the truth is the
Truth, now I'mma drop a few jewels in the booth
Used to boot crack, stuff 'em inside a tennis ball
Ans throw it when they rushing the block, trust no cops
Driving around with two mitts in my socks
Cooked coke gon' get you in more trouble than money
Don't crawl through dust juice, the pigs is hungry
You think they ain't watching? They watching while you
uptown coppin'
Back home, while you're cooking and chopping
They scheming the block, waiting to get it popping

[Verse 3: GZA]

He had a sword and an axe with cuts
Under a road that was woven from silver and gold,
waxed it up
His army was so great to quarantine
His crops and livestock boost the economy
Many would travel by boat to see him
His image don most schools and coliseums
A merchant, hustle those silk and velvets
Portrait illuminated when the torch was well-lit
Picture so beautifully painted that
One thought it would breathe or move cause it would
leave a mood
Or energy, you see his wife practiced Yoga
Made herbal enhancers that had saved the soldiers
Guard the treasures in the chambers, halls and vaults
Well-prepared for all assaults
Heavy guarded village
Armed with the sharpest weapons designed to pierce
and cause blood spillage

[Verse 4: Masta Killa]

From a young teen, a murder team, inspired by crime
See Allah Just granted permission for my position
Sit down, write rhymes, escaping this repetitive cycle
Slinging dimes, losing time, doing hard time
Teaching y'all mathematically, come see
The epitome of what you wanna be - emcee
My semi-auto gun ran 'em totally at the sound clash
The mic touched, dance mashed up, pounds of the
best
Green glass bottles of don, I sip the liquor slow
Flow so devastating when I go solo
Even when I'm dolo, pretty gun I'm holding
Head swollen off the solid gold soul
Iron Mic pole beat your face like you stole something,
trust me
Living life royalty, all wise and healthy
Welcome to the best of me, from knowledge to infinity
Never stopping my projectory, I'm galactic

[Verse 5: Cappadonna]

Yo, peace to all of the gods and all of the earths
We been building like this ever since the first day of
birth
The more I start to build, the better I feel
Keep ignorant niggas from me, use dummies for
shield
You're not Godbody son, you're just garbage and real
snotty
Cherry head gaylord still stuck in the lobby
This the first Now Born, son I'm blessed with mad

lessons

Conquered crazy devils, my mind is a weapon
You can't fast with me and avoid the swine
You degenerate emcee, I'm the best of mankind
Allahu Akbar straight jewels and real stars
I'm down with the RZA, got help for the Widow's Son
Pop off on you, you ain't nothing to me - DUN DUN
Original Tyzeem, Holy water, Visine
Designated wordplay, God respect my deen
Shine on little stars and respect the Queen

[Verse 6: Inspectah Deck]

New York Giant, call me Deck Umenyiora
Fresh with the water connect, two and a quarter
Deal with the dealer, don't trust the transporter
My job is done once I get it to the border
Perico, coke game is kilos of cocaine
Hypodermic needle to the groove, I dose veins
Overdoser, you know the product is raw, right?
Lines take you there like I wrote it with off-white
Got him bent up, hands looking like a tin cup
Sorry no consignment, get your ends up
Move from the gate now, he on his way straight to Jake
now
I'm on the hush with my weight loud
Got the shakes now, how they want it bad
Five or six heads chipping in for a bag
I got the works like a burger deluxe
Get your fix while I'm serving it up, word to us

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