

## Wu-Tang Clan

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

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

Verse One: U-God

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

Verse Two: Inspector Deck

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 contesting  
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 with the eighteen wheeler  
with the drunk driver drivin, there's no survivin

Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef

Ruff like Timberland wear, yeah  
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 tecs, nickel plated macs  
black axe, drug dealin'style 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 niggas with gold teeth  
lampin in a Lexus eatin beef  
straight up and down don't even bother  
I got fourty niggaz up in here now, who kill niggaz  
fathers

Chorus: Method Man

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 caps on the block with the gats

Verse Four: Ol Dirty Bastard

Here I go, deep type flow  
Jacque Cousteau could never get this low..I'm  
Cherry bombin' shits...BOOM  
just warmin up a little bit, vroom vroom  
rappinin is what's happenin  
keep the pockets stacked and then, hands 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 Wu-Tang 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 im a Mi-..Beetle Bailey rhymes  
comin raw style, hardcore  
niggas 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 Wu-Tang  
you must bring the Ol Dirty Bastard type slang  
represent the Gza, Abbot, RZA, Shaquan, Inspecta  
Deck  
dirty hoe gettin low wit his flow  
introduc'in' the Ghostface Killer  
no one could get illa

Chorus

Verse Five: Ghost Face Killer

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 reneged 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  
niggas is jettin I'm lickin off son

[Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang!!!!]

Verse Six: Master Killer

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  
Disguised like a lie 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  
and injure ANY MOTHAFUCKIN CONTENDER

Chorus

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