

Wu-Tang Clan

"Tang Clan F/ Street Life - Deadly Melody"

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[Masta Killa]

As we return, to the 36 Chambers

The RZA, the GZA

The Ol Dirty BZA

U-God, Chef, the Ghostface Killah

And Meth, Rebel I soldier for the foreclosure

Don't forget about the Masta, yo

Motherfuckers halt, when my Colt, start stompin

Thunder, strikes your land with a jolt

Your stamina level is low, like currents from

the volts of relentless punishment that multiplies

At a speed that the naked eye can't die-tect

the infantry, peep the weapon-try as I bomb atomically

Stagnant they stood surrounded and astounded

by this total square mileage of violence that I brung

I've not yet begun to stung

It's the ethics, the rigorous training methods

of the Abbott, incite overseas to opposition

Penetrates then infiltrates

Breakin down your resistance

Leavin competition defenseless, Masta

Hip-hop antagonist, dumb deaf and blind civilizer

with the silencer

[U-God]

Psssh, yo

Pile-driver Tut boulder face blow Hulk

Anger rap book causin chess blade smoke

Minds the trunk, punk, elephant gun poke

Jaw-breaker humanoid vice-grip, choke

Face the inferno, maestro, pull it

Pipe hard slang, bite the golden bullet

Never, sold my soul Golden Arm cold stinger

See me on the streets address me stone bringer

Ease away, freeze back, feedback, play out in

sweet action packed rap

Bite it, stomp on a beat

Posess hollow head battle teeth Tony Atlas

Wu status, now, wisdom to the masses

[RZA]

Cock back my tongue like a hammer, my head is like
a nickel-plated bammer, spit forty-five caliber
grammar

At the speed of wind makes you bleed within
Crack your skull, without penetratin your skin
Reign of champ official, Wu scamp with black pistols
Spent the weekend programmin fat tracks at Camp
Cristal

[Method]

Home on the range, rebel with a pen
writin critically acclaimed scriptures that do you in
Mista, Meth, Hot Nickels
Say my shit holding my Sex Pistol, deal me in

[RZA]

The bewilderin killa bee quickly sting ya
I ain't gotta life one fuckin finga
Make sure to God I reef turns on the ringer
We duckin the subpeona
Fatal Flying Guillotine machine from Medina

[INS] Check the 150 millimeter, heater as it blows holes
[duo] through your fuckin speaker
[U-God] Makin you weaker creepin inches centimeters
[GZA] Fifty caliber street sweeper
Shots from Shaolin that go to Masapeaqua

[Method]

Things'll never be the same, after this one
Ghostrider spit flame, lay back and twist one
Recognize the Gods came, for one accord
For one mind and one cause, that's the shit Son
Play them crows out position
You might hear me but you don't listen
Competition come and get some on
Red marker still bleedin, through the paper
of his sick premeditated, murder caper

[Street Life]

I walk with the Shaolin strut, burn a dutch
Watch Street eat em up, cold crush, bumrush
Spot rusher get touched backed up handcuffed
Y'all niggaz can't FUCK with us

[Ghostface]

Pass me the black velvet embassy suite killin me
Spell it Maxi Priest caught me in the days up on Delancy
Street

Stand solar, deadly vengeance with a crowbar
It's like the dreads worshipin Jah, so ha-lo-ha
Pineapple crushed 850 swerve it with a rush
Plush the Canola Range spittin off the roof, holdin my
change
Yo it's ragtime, universal 12 Monkey mind
It's like, stalkin through your airport *BZZZZZZT* with a
chunky nine

[Street Life]

The undervolt Staten New York
Blood sport gun talk holdin fort back, take em to court
(Method: One time)
It's the burner Shaolin bound facedown you gets
murdered
Roadblock shell shocked, stretched on a back block
Yo it's warfare when you ring here, slugs fly through
midair
Landin thugs in wheelchairs from the slugfest
Keeps the iron, where the head rest, for the conquest
Subway, wordplay ricochet through your projects,
crime pays
Matched up in a staircase, in a dark place embraced
by the Trey-eight, I'm in so deep I can't escape
These crime situations, I stay in man formation
And shot echoes through the ghetto locations y'all
remain
P.L.O., slam cats like Bam Bam, Bigolo
Throw a flow like Nomo relate like Fidel Castro
I be the great all pro, hangin MC's by they logos
My street journal reacts and blaze like an inferno

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