

Wu-Tang Clan

"Tang Clan F/ Street Life - Hellz Wind Staff"

Visit "[Tang Clan F/ Street Life - Hellz Wind Staff](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

["The Wu-Tang Clan will rise again
There are many of us, working for the good of the Wu]
Tang"

"Die!" *sounds of fighting are heard*

Verse One: Street Life

So get your egg crashed, by my Hellz Wind Staff
While the feature broadcast is splashed to tell the news
like Kaity Chung, how the bullet collapsed his lung
His father watched the horror as he swallowed his
tongue
Another youth dead, before the age of twenty-one
Left his son to grow, in the ghettos of the slums
With a shot that go, for twisted metal for cash flow
React slow nigga and get, P.L.O.
By the lone gunner, who took revenge for his brother
who got slain last summer by a cocaine runner
A new year is dawning, new crews is forming
Rival gangs warring blood steadily pouring
The streets are deep Son every day is like a rerun
So I reach out and try to teach one
But eighty-five percent uncivilized content
No tolerance so a lifetime is spent
behind a cage bent smoked out on a park bench
Killer instinct slave rap niggaz get lynched

sounds of fighting

Verse Two: Ghostface Killah

So yo break that nigga arm fast as a fuck
Tell Ra, Goldie left my beige jacket in his truck
To all you slow footed penguins, duckin from these
hot rocks that's flamin, chocolate for all you rap
Damian's
Spraying cards ex-pionage, dodgeball square hard
Strip bars, no bras, wet leotards
and a mink in, next album blood on Seth Abram
Keep a Gambino PlayStation in your playpen

Discovery Channel, cats that book at Daniel
Coke blunts hot as a FUCK swatted bamboo
high school dropouts, baseheads get knocked the fuck
out
on the regular for robbin a good nigga house
Rough cut raw doses, the unexplainable
Hot rock lava, gringo throw the flows iglasa

sounds of fighting

Verse Three: Inspectah Deck

Ha ha ha ha, yo
What you know about this, specialist armed dangerous
Hit you close range with this madness
Unique design shine like a deep dish
The beat kick technique split all your weak shit
Yes, the rhythm, the Rebel
Alone in my level heat it up past the boiling point of
metal
Living legend, veteran known to set trend
Lethal weapon, step through your section
with the Force like Luke Skywalker
Rhyme author, orchestrate mind torture
Live performer, bit the mic sayanora
Borderline to insane, I rain firewater
Tape recorder, can't be saved by a court order
I got my sword cross your throat you joke

Verse Four: Method Man

We on the run with the golden guns, get you none
when it reach out and teach someone, blaze they buns
Now I'm guilty by association
Times of blackness eclipsin the sun, target practice
commence when I throw these darts at these rappers
Ricochet, hit the charts, bloody your matress
Hold me down, Wu bloodkin, I'm goin in
Shootin bullets at the top ten, rhyme concoction
blend like a million
All these niggaz want cheese, is we mice or men, word
up
We can go platinum but then, still can't get no
satisfaction
Once again, back on the block crumb snatchin
Blowin backs in cold
Blunted non-assassin, time for action, Johnny Unidas
Handle that like arthritis
Still, hold a golden touch like King Midas

swords clash

Verse Five: RZA

Drown in problems the Heineken's imported from
Holland
Gettin boosted off a killer bee pollen, stone columns
get trapped by drum tracks mac loud as gun claps
Pen'll grab the death of a thousand dumb tacks
The Wu Sensai fold, it beez the Wind Ninja scroll
Soul edged blade controls your inner pole
The thick loop, fruit from the forbidden tree root
I stay secluded in the Chamber trainin new recruits
with Fatal Guillotine, the black hooded team what it
means
when bullets scream from the hot glock like rock from a
sling
("Sometimes...") Pushed through like George Bush
Operation Whoops
Shots get popped on the block cause them blood to
gush
From digital to analog, the Wu-Wear camoflogue
The entourage squad we stompin through Zanzibar
like herds of cattle, RZA plays the wall like a shadow
Connect the Book of Shaolin like the brothers I know
Now Rule

Verse Six: Raekwon the Chef

Stash the cream though, Iceatollah ice style gleama
Lex graffiti name reamer, hold em we rollin
askin me though, raps is hotter than, hot tamales in
Toledo
Pussy that shit she passin off to me though
We wax Ajax niggaz with a axe, Maxamill
You could crash a meal, got you back steel
scold em and fold em like the thousand dollar bills
sit back eyein y'all niggaz out
Fakes that delegate we spittin fire out
Verb burgular, design the Wally shoe store reserve
a jet status, guidin these vert up on my mattress
Watch me mack this, Ralph Lauren goose inside a
fashion
Yo, these hands is flooded and they mad quick
Strong approach like magnets, custom wood crane
name
Stylin rich, RZA made the waves in one chain
Feelin mics like, wheelin a bike, slide like
step on his Klondike, get your dart right
We movin on it like, wind breaker niggaz get they face
broke
Jury get snatched, magazine right on the low, fuck y'all

cats

("Sometimes...")

sounds of fighting

"May you rot in hell!"

"Ahahahahah, ahahahahaha, ahahahahaha!"

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

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