

Wu-Tang Clan "Winter Warz"

Visit "[Winter Warz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Winter Warz
Wu-Tang Clan

Winter Warz
It's on..
[Cappa] Where your sparkle at kid?
Ryzarector..

[Break: Raekwon the Chef]
Yes the shit is raw, comin at your door
Start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for more
Yes the hour's four, I told you before
Prepare for mic fights (and plus the cold war)

[Verse One: U-God]
This rhyme you digest through the RZA console
Ask why I slam nine diagram pole
Raekwon dropped the bomb, Hunchback, Norte Dame
Golden Arms is bronze, buddah palm hit Qu'ran
It blows extreme, mean stream be the theme
Supreme team, America's Cream Team, redeemed
Vidal Sassoon, chrome tones hear the moans of Al
Capone
Gun POW to the dome
And split the bone, wig blown off the ledge
By the alledged, full-fledged, sledge RZA edge
One dose of my feroc(ious) handheld trigga cuts
Acapella spittin shell paralyzed when you get touched
And critical mic cords, hangin like umbilical
Cords, dope swords, five star general
Raw be the quote rap style sore throat
Through the fully operational, hand held tote mm-hmm

[Break: (first two lines)]

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah]
More than a thousand times one, snatch up my styles
get done
I hold a title, enhanced how my belt was won, check it
Slick majestic, broke mics are left infected
Germs start to spread through your crew, drew like an
epic

You asked for it, shot up the jams like syringes
My technique alone blows doors straight off the hinges
Masked Avenger, I appear to blow your ear like wind
With a freestyle, sharper than the Indian spear
So sit back and let the king explore
Describe me, the kid's nice and he holds swords
And his name, black attack's the nerve like migraines
With more games than beggars on trains, livid sharp
pains
Poisonous Rebel like Deck, you can't destroy this
You get ambushed, skate, try to avoid this
Side effects of, hot raps and hot tracks
A duffle bag full of guns son, dipped in black
My culture, glides and attacks just like a vulture
Ghostface in Madison Square is on your poster

[Break]

[Verse Three: Masta Killa]

Be on the lookout for this mass murderous suspect
That fills more body bags than apartments in projects
And as far as the coroners know
The autopsy show, it was a Shaolin blow
Put on by my family brought to the academy
of the Wu and learned how to
fuck up yo' anatomy, steadily, calm and deadly
Spatter-head lyrics I lick through your transmit
MC's submit to the will as I kill your
juvenile freestyle, civilize the men-tal
Devils worship this like an icon
Bear-huggin mics with the grips of a python

[Break]

[Verse Four: Cappadonna]

You heard of the rasp before but kept waitin
for the sun of song, I keep dancehalls strong
Beats never worthy of my cause, I prolong
Extravangza, time sits still
No propoganda, be wary of the skill
As I bring forth the music, make love to your eardrum
Dedicated to rap nigga beware of the fearsome
Lebanon Don, Malcolm X beat threat
CD massacre, murder to cassette
I blow the shop up, you ain't seen nuttin yet
One man ran, tryin to get away from it
Put your bifocal on, watch me a-cometh
into your chamber like Freddy enter dream
Discombumberate your technique and your scheme
Four course applause, like a black dat to dat
You're stuck on stupid like I'm stuck on the map

Nowhere to go except next show bro
Entertainin motherfuckers can't stop O
in battlin, you don't want me to start tattlin
All upon the stage cause y'all snakes keep rattlin
Bitch, you ain't got nothin on the rich
Every other day my whole dress code switch
So just in case you want to clock me like Sherry
All y'all crab bitches ain't got to worry
Can't get a nigga like Don dime a dozen
Even if I'm smoked out I can't be scoped out
I'm too ill, I represent Park Hill
See my face on the twenty dollar bill
Cash it in, and get ten dollars back
The fat LP with Cappachino on the wax
Pass it in your think, put valve up to twelve
Put all the other LP's back on the shelf
And smoke a blunt, and dial 9-1-7
1-6-0-4-9-3-11
And you could get long dick hip-hop affection
I damage any MC who step in my direction
I'm Staten Island's best son fuck what you heard
Niggaz still talkin that shit is absurd
My repotoire, is U.S.S.R.
P.L.O. style got thrown out the car
and ran over, by the Method Man jeep
Divine can't define my style is so deep
like pussy, my low cut fade stay bushy
like a porcupine, I part backs like a spine
Cut you like a blunt and reconstruct your design
I know you want to diss me, but I can read your mind
Cuz you weak in the knees, like SWV
Tryin to get a title like Wu Killa Bee
Kid change your habit, you know I'm friends with the
Abbott
Me and RZA ridin name printed in the tablet
under vets, we paid our debts for mad years
Hibernate the sound, and now we out like beers
and blunt power, born physically power speakin
The truth in the song be the pro-black teachin

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