

## **Wu-Tang Clan**

### **"Wu-Tang: 7Th Chamber"**

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Yo what I'm sayin', come on man?  
Yo Meth, hold up, hold up  
Yo Meth, where my Killer tape at ya?  
First of all, where my, where the fuck is my tape at?

Yo son I ain't got that peace son  
How you ain't go my shit, when I let you hold it man  
Yo niggas came over to have 40 and blunts kid  
The shit just came up missin' man

Come on man  
That don't got nothin' to do with my shit man  
Come on, go head with that shit  
Come on man, I'll buy you for more fuckin' Killah tapes  
man

Open the door man, what the fuck, man, yo what  
What's up  
Yo yo, God, word is bond, yo, Shymeek just got bust in  
his head  
Two times God, word to mother

Real life God, you know Shymeek from fuckin' 212,  
yeah yeah yea  
The nigga just got bust, niggas in the Black Land, god  
Word is bond, came thru god from out of nowhere, god  
Word is bond, I'm comin' to get my Culture Cypher, god

And it just, word is bond, crazy shots just went the fuck  
off god  
The nigga layin' there like a fuckin' new born fuckin'  
baby god  
Is he dead? Word up  
Is he fuckin' dead, what the fuck you mean is he fuckin'  
dead god

What kind of question is that B, what the fuck you  
think?  
The nigga layin' there with this fuckin' all types of  
fuckin' blood  
Comin' out of his  
Easy, easy, easy, easy, kid

Yo God, whats up God, it's the God, God, word is bond  
I'm waitin' to fuckin' late, I'm ready to get busy  
Let's go do, let's go do what we gotta do right fuck it  
What's up yo, yo we out or what?

It's the god ya, fuck that  
We out, got a problem man  
What the fuck  
Nigga still sweatin'  
What the fuck is you talkin' about man, get the fuck  
outta here  
Corn

Good morning Vietnam  
Yeah, good morning to all you motherfuckin' notty-  
headed niggaz  
Word to the Camouflage Large niggaz  
Niggaz fuckin' my body

Bring that fuckin' Meth in here  
Now we gonna drink some good Nightrain  
And yo, set it off

Champion gear that I rock, you get your boots knocked  
Then attack you like a pit that lock shit down  
As I come and freaks the sound, hardcore  
But giving you more and more, like ding

Nah shorty, get you open like six packs  
Killer Bees attack, flippin' what, murder one, phat  
tracks  
Aight? I kick it like a Night Flight  
Word life, I get that ass while I'm fulla spite

Check the method from Bedrock, 'cause I rock ya head  
to bed  
Just like rockin' what? Twin glocks  
Shake the ground while my beats just break you down  
Raw sound, we going to war right now

So, yo, bombin'  
We usually take all niggaz garments  
Save ya breath before I bomb it

I be that insane nigga from the psycho ward  
I'm on the trigger, plus I got the Wu-Tang sword  
So how you figure that you can even fuck with mine?  
Hey, yo, RZA, hit me with that shit one time

And pull a foul, niggaz save the beef on the cow

I'm milkin' this ho, this is my show, Tical  
The fuck you wanna do? For this micpiece du'  
I'm like a sniper, hyper off the Ginseng root

PLO style, Buddha monks with the owls  
So who's the fuckin man? Meth-Tical  
On the chess box

Yo, yeah, yo, I leave the mic in body bags, my rap style  
has  
The force to leave you lost, like the tribe of Shabazz  
Murderous material, made by a madman  
It's the mic wrecker, Inspectah, bad man

From the bad lands of the killer, rap fanatic  
Representing with the skill that's iller  
Dare to compare, get pierced just like an ear  
The Scooby Doo, I pop strictly hardware

Armed and geared 'cause I just broke out the prison  
Charged by the system for murderin' the rhythm  
Now, lo and behold, another deadly episode  
Bound to catch another fuckin' charge when I explode

Slammin' a hype-ass verse 'til ya head burst  
I ramshack dead in the track, and that's that  
Rap assassin', fastin', quick to blast and hard rock  
I ran up in spots like Fort Knox

I'm hot, top notch, Ghost thinks with logic  
Flashback's how I attacked your whole project  
I'm raw, I'm rugged and raw, I repeat, if I die  
My seed'll be ill like me

Approachin' me, you out of respect, chops ya neck  
I get vexed, like crashing up a phat-ass Lex'  
So clear the way, make way, yo, open the cage  
Peace, I'm out, jettin' like a runaway slave

Yo, ya gettin' stripped from ya garments, boy, run ya  
jewels  
While the Meth got me open like fallopian tubes  
I bring death to a snake when he least expect  
Ain't a damn thing changed, boy, protect ya neck

Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, jam is fatal  
Quick to stick my Wu-Tang sword right through ya  
navel  
Suspenseful, plus bein' bought through my utensil  
The pencil, I break strong winds up against your  
Abbott, that run up through your county like the

Maverick

Caps through the tablets, I gots to make the fabrics

Are you, are you a warrior? Killer? Slicin' shit like a samurai

The Ol' Dirty Bastard Vundabah

Ol' Dirty clan of terrorists

Comin' atcha ass like a sorceress, shootin' that piss

Niggaz be gettin' on my fuckin' nerves

Rhymes they be kickin' make me wanna kick

They fuckin' ass to the curb

I

got funky fresh, like the old specialist

A carrier, messenger, bury ya

This experience is for the whole experience

Let it be applied, and then drop that science

My my my, my Clan is thick like plaster bust ya, slash ya

Slit a nigga back like a Dutch Masta Killa

Style jumped off and Killa, Hiller

I was the thriller in the Ali-Frazier Manila

I came down with phat tracks that combine and interlock

Like getting smashed by a cinder block

Blaow, now it's all over

Niggaz seein' pink hearts, yellow moons orange stars  
and green clovers

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