

Clan Wu-Tang

"Da Mystery Of Chessboxin"

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"The game of chess, is like a swordfight

You must think first, before you move.

Toad 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 teks, nickel plated macs

black axe, drug dealin'styles 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 n'
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 renegged 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
the styles like alive 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 motha fuckin' contender.

Chorus

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