

## Clan Wu-Tang

### "Wu Tang 7th Chamber"

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Intro:]

\*sounds of fighting\*

[M]- Method Man

[R]- Raekwon

[G]- Ghostface Killah

[U]- U-God

[M] Yo what I'm sayin, come on man?

[R] Yo Meth, hold up, hold up

Yo Meth, where my Killah tape at ya?

First of all, where my--

Where the fuck is my tape at?

[M] Yo son I ain't got that peace son

[R] How you ain't go my shit,

When I let you hold it man

[M] Yo niggas came over to have 40 and blunts kid

The shit just came on motion man

[R] Come on man, that don't got nothin to do with my  
shit man

Come on, go head with that shit

[M] Come on man, I'll buy you 4 more fuckin Killah  
tapes man

\*knock knock\*

[R] Open the door man, what the fuck, man, yo what

What's up

[G] Yo yo, God, word is bond, yo, Shymeek just go 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 coat to Cypher, god

And it just--, word is bond, crazy shots just went the  
fuck off

The nigga layin there like a fuckin new born fuckin baby  
God

[M] Is he dead? [word up]

[G] 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--

[U] Easy, easy, easy, easy, kid

[G] 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

[R] Let's go do- let's go do what we gotta do right fuck  
it

[U] What's up yo, yo we out or what?

[G] It's the god ya, fuck that

We out, got a problem man

What the fuck

[U] Nigga still sweatin

[G] What the fuck is you talkin about man, get the fuck outta here

[R] Corn

[Intro: Raekwon (Method Man)]

(Take that motherfucker)

{WHAT? WHAT?

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

(Yo yo yo yo

Now we gonna drink some good Nightrain

and yo, set it off)

[Raekwon]

Champion gear that I rock, you get your boots knocked

Then attack you like a pit that lock shit DOWN (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

[Method Man]

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 chessbox

[Kung Fu sample]

\*sounds of fighting\*

"Wu-Tang style"

[Inspectah Deck]

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  
[Ghostface Killah]  
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 hardrock  
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

[RZA]

Yo

Ya gettin stripped from ya garments, boy, run ya jewels

While the meth got me open like falopian 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

[Kung Fu sample]

\*sounds of fighting\*

"Wu-Tang style"

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Are you, uh, ah, uh

Are you a warrior? Killer? Slicin shit like a samurah

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

[Kung Fu sample]

\*sounds of fighting\*

"Wu-Tang style"

[GZA]

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, Hill-er

I was the thriller in the Ali-Frazier Manilla

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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