

Raekwon f/ Ghostface Killah, GZA, Inspectah Deck, Method Man "House of Flying Daggers"

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[kung fu sample] Hehehehe, nobody is going to save you now [Chorus: GZA] Soldiers in the front, let the heat pump Troops on the left, fight to the death Fam on the right, infrared lights Wolves in the back, ready to attack, for what Soldiers in the front, let the heat pump [Inspectah Deck] I pop off like a mobster boss Angel hair with the lobster sauce, summertime can't top the scorch Check my hot broad, I dropped the Porsche FBI wanna watch the force, trying to lock my source Where I'm from, hear the macs, techs, glocks and fours Hide the safe, nigga, lock the doors No respect for the cops and laws In the land where your own blood brother still plot for yours Seen things that'll drop your jaw My soldiers got dropped in war, see the mural on the project wall? Won't stop til I copped them all Wanna block me? You gots to brawl, trade shots and all Cuz I ain't on the clock for talk The Spot Rusher, blow down the spot for sure Still break off the block with raw, my stock is more The General, watch your board [Raekwon] Deep pockets with the eight on me, sleep with the safe in the wall The cameras on with the make-up and all Swap six 45's, twist reefer in the flicks, papi whoadie ride Bolt his gun off, from know your horse, she lied Fly criteria, bury me in Africa With whips and spears, and rough diamonds out of Syria A true don, only I could do wrong Rock fitted hats, get crack money and drive a sick blue joint Retard-less, I'mma blow regardless Resume is straight up live, I shank niggas up for larger E's And speak with the youth in the spot, eat the fresh fruit in the crop All these hip hoppers eat cock You could see me in the street or the yacht I'd rather be promoting your block or buying fresh sneakers with gwops Yo, I'm an ill dude, always been a real dude Don't fuck around, I will spill on you and kill you in the field, boo [Chorus 2X: GZA] Soldiers in the front, let the heat pump Troops on the left, fight to the death Fam on the right, infrared lights Wolves in the back, ready to attack, for what [Ghostface Killah] Leather jackets on, rocked up rock stars Treacherous bank robbers, the plan go dub, we pop guards The team gotta eat, seeds is hungry, that's why we ain't

scared To dump on niggas, our guns is chunky Usually
we bust niggas down with bats, swell up they joints
Elbow, wrists, they shins get cracked We still humiliate,
brutalize, Ruger pop, pulverize Still got gear in the
closet, that's stupid live From Benetton rugby skullies,
Oshkosh conductor jumpers The train hats fit me lovely
Rae job is to make sure the coke is fluffy While I politic
his birthday bash with Puffy Bagged Nia soon as I
linked up, the kid ain't inked up I'm an old mummy, my
gold weigh as much as King Tut (yeah, yeah) Slippers,
robes is minked up, under the doorag, bro (uh, yo, yo)
My three dimensional fade is clean cut [Method Man]
Man, ya'll niggas ain't shit to us, still a pistol bust Split
your melon like I split the Dutch Got a lot of piff to puff,
and I ain't come for fisticuffs Or for the cop that wanna
clip the cuffs Man, is Staten in this bitch or what? Don't
get it twisted, we, twist it up and even mixed with dust
See these fans can't resist the rush, they Wu-Tang for
life Scarred for life, they can't forget the cuts Got a
whole line of classic joints, and while you at it Pass the
joint, let's push this music past the point Of no return,
til it crash and burn, down the ashes Then placed
inside Ol' Dirty Bastard's urn When it's my time to go,
for sure, ya nigga goes to war What you think I brought
these soldiers for? To send shot, like forget me not, at
any nigga Respect, bitch, that figure they gon' get me
got [kung fu sample] Hehe, your basic kung fu is no
good You can't move fast enough And you don't have
enough strength And your body movements are like a
street climber It's too easy for me to trip you up
fighting Hehehe, how's it feel, huh? It's no good, I'm
afraid my back is broken Hahaha, you've still got a lot
to learn

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