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Die Padauer "Woodchuck"

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{*beez buzzing*}

[Warcloud] West Coast, West Coast Killa Beez

Antlers, hammers and hacksaw, the wizard
Poetry of a man with no name, America
Cement mixed walled and born in ice cream
Holocaust the Minnie, greet with bloody handshake
Wu Empire and colleagues, luxurious
You torn like tape off football helmets, chip
Four cups of crushed bricks, half cup of roses
Smoke a green and yellow candycane
Zombies still move through the college with orange
teeth

Pistols still pointed at the floor, spinal crumbs Blood hits snow and hard, scooped up in hand fulls Bathe in the river, the waterfall runs red Sasquatch, Yeti, battallion with one head In a lonely place, dollars, razors and marbles We break open forearms, Earth the last hour Out in the tea house playing a hand of spades Fist full of grenades, blow out the watch light Convicts rally at moon set, the last Flow stay smoggy, old carnival wind chime Sideshow freaks, belly dancers and gypsies One of the wood cutters, village Architect Eighty-eight sandwiches, Thurmos in a lunch box In a harsh realm, during the end of butterflies Flutter diamond moths, both with dusty wings Bodies lay soaked in a desert, throats gouged out Tongues spit out of their heads, I had a purpose Will you still love me tomorrow? Architect Will you still love me tomorrow? Holocaust

[Timbo King] Royal Famous, blame us Yo

My first whip be a Chrysler

So when you see me you say, "Chrys' is comin"
Ice numbin ya neck, throw one of those
Strong notes, Indian pose, flat footed
Yo my back hearts, feel like them crumbled wings
Bless by the Heaven kings, my crown piece seven rings
Money to earn, money to burn
Give some, lend some, take it, fuck it
Be stingy off a stash if you have to
Nigga, what? Flip a pack of if you have to
Passion, pawn the shit, ya highest bidder
Buy from the streets, cop at wholesale price
Motel models, go tell five-oh
Five-oh follow the black El Dorado

[Crisis]

Who got that real shit niggaz blast to, bitches shake they ass to?
Hit you up with the hood when we pass through Black Knights, Royal Fam got that hot shit (yo)
Topless in the cockpit of my drop six
.. in the cockpit of the drop six

[Meko the Pharaoh] Yeah, yo

Give me beats like this I start burnin Wack MC's, ya still learnin Just like punk cops that rotate on ya block Millions of people was gonna hear the North Stars shot While the worlds rock mental, I hold presidential Bare essentials, Wu-Tang credentials Makin niggaz catch wind chills when my N.S. wind build Niggaz better get real Even though I stay pissy drunk, run with Kurupt In a red mini van fed tinted, smokin on that spinach All funny niggaz get planted I got that Long Beach shit like J. Bennett The rest of y'all niggaz sound like women Scared of my sword when it's given Y'all niggaz better stop pretendin Cuz the words like I'll speak, we'll keep 'em printed Kill or be killed is what I'm representin .. representin

[Cilvaringz] Yo, yo, check it, yo

As 7 clouds form the storm, I baffle Gabriel the archangel with death, death to his first born, Earth mourns Wu Killa Beez on the swarm From the battleship throw darts that be acrid We ninjas, we backflip with tactics of antrax
Arise like the novice from earth under canvas
Of the Clan, fist to fist, kamikaze shock this
Like Nazi documents Apache Helicopters strike down
near the bunker of the Glocksmiths
Shop the Dirty Weaponry, Tecs from the 70's
Gone With the Wind, I slung mines within
My men tackle dikes with the 7 deadly dicks
Neglect my covenant, my government enslaves you to
my
Hall o Double Justice and bloodstains your judgement
so prepare to be slain by the truth
It's Blood for Blood When All Hell Breaks Loose son

Wu-Tang Killa Beez from Shaolin Europe Black Knights, Royal Fam It's Cilvaringz, one

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