

## Insomnium

### "Rec Room"

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[inspectah deck]

Oh, killah hill, killah killa hill  
Killah hill, killah killah hill  
Killah hill, killah killah hill  
10304 style, kid, yea  
For all my d.m.d. rec posse niggaz  
You out there? is you out there?

I throw your brain in the cobra clutch, behold the hold  
rush  
A dazzlin display if you could get close enough  
Cold crush like the 4 stinger anaconda  
Fierce darts that'll pierce through solid armor  
Lounge in the barracks with blue and cappadonna  
Spiderman identity peter parker  
Crowd pleaser register off the meter  
Vocal street sweeper bucks shots through the speaker  
Pleasure seekers, 50 thou' in the stands  
True fans get it hot like jamaica sands  
Conquer land, wide like a eagle wingspan  
Clansman stabbin the track with both hands  
Not a lost soul who falls for fool's gold  
I shine like a diamond in the true state of cold  
Too hot to handle, too cold to hold  
Rap with a road block, I might lose control  
Hold the globe in my iron palm  
One hand holds the firearm on a mission that's life  
long  
Strike calm through the fire like chaka khan  
World wide on the web without the dot com

[chorus]

Killa bees live in the place be  
Burn third degree on the m-i-c  
So deadly goes the catastrophe  
And this is the way we crash the party  
Say  
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec  
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec

[inspectah deck]

Yo, killa bees swarmin  
Protect ya neck! what's the warnin?  
So, procede with caution, I walk with my swordsmen  
We all in together, wu-tang forever gon' win  
>from puerto rico 'cross the caves of berlin  
Echoin through cell blocks and federal pens  
It be the wu-tang, you came in when  
They left the game mentally and physically bent  
What I invent, sharp as bardwire fence  
I represent, sure to make a grand entrance  
With the deadly lecture, contents under pressure  
Inspectah, put your rep in the stretcher  
Feather weight contenders surrender  
T.k.o., first round knockout, vets to big spenders  
Journey on the mic like marco polo  
Internal bleedin occurs to your photo  
Thoughts brought forth as wild as up north  
It's bloodsport, get rushed for tough talk  
But I hold my ground like it's high noon  
While police tapes surround the mic room  
I jump on a live tune, provide the boom  
Those who consume become faint from the fumes

[chorus]

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