

## The Platters

### "4th Chamber"

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[Intro: LP version only]

Choose the sword, and you will join me  
Choose the ball, and you join your mother... in death  
You don't understand my words, but you must choose  
{\*baby gurgling\*}  
So... come boy, choose life or death

[Verse One: Ghostface Killah]

The only man a hoe wait for  
is the sky-blue Bally kid, in eighty-three, rocked  
Taylor's  
My Memorex performed tape decks, my own phone sex  
Watch out for Haiti bitches, I heard they throw hex  
Yo, Wu whole platoon is filled with rac-coons  
Corner sittin wine niggaz sippin Apple Boone,  
this ain't no white cartoon  
Cuz I be duckin crazy spades  
The kid hold white shit, like blacks rock ashy legs  
Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?  
Why did Judas, rat to Romans while Jesus slept? Stand  
up  
You're out of luck like two dogs stuck  
Iron Man be sippin rum, out of Stanley Cups,  
unflammable  
Noriega, aimin knives which stay windy in Chicago  
spine-tingle, mind boggles  
Kangols in rainbow colors, promoters try to hold dough  
Give me mine before Po, wrap you up in so-and-so  
I ran the Dark Ages, Constantine and great Henry the  
Eighth  
Built with Ghengis Khan, the wreck suede Wally Don

[Verse Two: Killah Priest]

I judge wisely, as if nothin ever surprise me  
Loungin, between two pillars of ivory  
I'm lively, my dome piece, is like buildin stones in  
Greece  
my poems are deep from ancient thrones I speak  
I'm overwhelmed, as my mind, roams the realm  
My eye's the vision, memory is the film  
Others act sub-tile, but they fragile above clouds

They act wild and couldn't budge a crowd  
No matter how loud they get, though they growl and spit  
Clutch they fists, and throw up signs like a Crip  
And throw all types of fits  
I leave 'em split, like ass cheeks and ragged pussy lips

[Verse Three: The RZA]

Aiyyo, camoflounge chameleon, ninjas scalin your  
buildin  
No time to grab the gun they already got your wife and  
children  
A hit was sent, from the President, to rage your  
residence  
Because you had secret evidence, and documents  
on how they raped the continents, and it's the  
prominent  
dominant Islamic, Asiatic black hebrew  
The year two thousand and two, the battle's filled with  
the Wu  
Six million devils just died from the Bubonic Flu  
Or the Ebola Virus, under the reign of King Cyrus  
You can see the weakness of a man right through his  
iris  
Un-loyal snakes get thrown in boilin lakes  
of hot oil, it boils your skin, chickenheads gettin slim  
like Olive Oyl, only plant the seed deep inside fertile  
soil  
Fortified with essential, vitamin and minerals  
Use the sky for a blanket, stuffin clouds inside my  
pillow  
Rollin with the lambs  
Twelve tribes a hundred and forty four thousand  
chosen  
Protons Electrons Always Cause Explosions

[Verse Four: The Genius/GZA]

The banks of G, all CREAM downs a bet  
Money feed good, opposites off the set  
It ain't hard to see, my seeds need God-degree  
I got mouths to feed, unnecessary beef is more cows to  
breed  
I'm on some tax free shit by any means  
Whether bound to hit scheme or some counterfeit  
CREAM  
I learned much from such with cons who run scams  
Veterans got the game spiced like ham  
And from that, sons are born and guns are drawn  
Clips are fully loaded, and then blood floods the lawn  
Disciplinary action was a fraction of strength  
that made me truncate the length one-tenth

With his thump, tweaters hits like air pumps  
RZA shaped the track, niggaz caught razor bumps  
Scarred tryin to figure who invented  
this unprecented, opium-scented, dark-tinted  
Now watch me blow him out his shoes without clues  
Cuz I won't hesitate to detonate, I'm short fuse

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