

## 2Pac F/ Outlawz, Eminem "Hellz Wind Staff"

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(conversation continued from the end of "Duck Season")

"The Wu-Tang Clan will rise again.  
There are many of us, working for the good of the Wu-Tang."

"Die!" \*sounds of fighting are heard\*

[Verse One: Street Life]

So get your egg crashed, by my Hellz Wind Staff  
While the feature broadcast is splashed to tell the news  
like Kaity Chung, how the bullet collapsed his lung  
His father watched the horror as he swallowed his  
tongue

Another youth dead, before the age of twenty-one  
Left his son to grow, in the ghettos of the slums  
With a shot that go, for twisted metal for cash flow  
React slow nigga and get, P.L.O.

By the lone gunner, who took revenge for his brother  
who got slain last summer by a cocaine runner  
A new year is dawning, new crews is forming  
Rival gangs warring blood steadily pouring  
The streets are deep Son every day is like a rerun  
So I reach out and try to teach one  
But eighty-five percent uncivilized content  
No tolerance so a lifetime is spent  
behind a cage bent smoked out on a park bench  
Killer instinct slave rap niggaz get lynched

{\*sounds of fighting\*}

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah]

So yo break that nigga arm fast as a fuck  
Tell Ra, Goldie left my beige jacket in his truck  
To all you slow footed penguins, duckin from these  
hot rocks that's flamin, chocolate for all you rap  
Damian's  
Spraying cards ex-pionage, dodgeball square hard  
Strip bars, no bras, wet leotards  
and a mink in, next album blood on Seth Abram

Keep a Gambino PlayStation in your playpen  
Discovery Channel, cats that book at Daniel  
Coke blunts hot as a FUCK swatted bamboo  
high school dropouts, baseheads get knocked the fuck  
out  
on the regular for robbin a good nigga house  
Rough cut raw doses, the unexplainable  
Hot rock lava, gringo throw the flows iglasa

{\*sounds of fighting\*}

[Verse Three: Inspectah Deck]

Ha ha ha ha, yo  
What you know about this, specialist armed dangerous  
Hit you close range with this madness  
Unique design shine like a deep dish  
The beat kick technique split all your weak shit  
Yes, the rhythm, the Rebel  
Alone in my level heat it up past the boiling point of  
metal  
Living legend, veteran known to set trend  
Lethal weapon, step through your section  
with the Force like Luke Skywalker  
Rhyme author, orchestrate mind torture  
Live performer, bit the mic sayanora  
Borderline to insane, I rain firewater  
Tape recorder, can't be saved by a court order  
I got my sword cross your throat you joke

[Verse Four: Method Man]

We on the run with the golden guns, get you none  
when it reach out and teach someone, blaze they buns  
Now I'm guilty by association  
Times of blackness eclipsin the sun, target practice  
commence when I throw these darts at these rappers  
Ricochet, hit the charts, bloody your mattress  
Hold me down, Wu bloodkin, I'm goin in  
Shootin bullets at the top ten, rhyme concoction  
blend like a million  
All these niggaz want cheese, is we mice or men, word  
up  
We can go platinum but then, still can't get no  
satisfaction  
Once again, back on the block crumb snatchin  
Blowin backs in cold  
Blunted non-assassin, time for action, Johnny Unidas  
Handle that like arthritis  
Still, hold a golden touch like King Midas

{\*swords clash\*}

[Verse Five: RZA]

Drown in problems the Heineken's imported from  
Holland  
Gettin boosted off a killer bee pollen, stone columns  
get trapped by drum tracks mac loud as gun claps  
Pen'll grab the death of a thousand dumb tacks  
The Wu Sensai fold, it beez the Wind Ninja scroll  
Soul edged blade controls your inner pole  
The thick loop, fruit from the forbidden tree root  
I stay secluded in the Chamber trainin new recruits  
with Fatal Guillotine, the black hooded team what it  
means  
when bullets scream from the hot glock like rock from a  
sling  
("Sometimes...") Pushed through like George Bush  
Operation Whoops  
Shots get popped on the block cause them blood to  
gush  
From digital to analog, the Wu-Wear camoflogue  
The entourage squad we stompin through Zanzibar  
like herds of cattle, RZA plays the wall like a shadow  
Connectin Brooklyn/ShaoI like the Verrazanno-Narrows

[Verse Six: Raekwon the Chef]

Stash the cream though, Iceatollah ice style gleama  
Lex graffiti name reamer, hold em we rollin  
askin me though, raps is hotter than, hot tamales in  
Toledo  
Pussy that shit she passin off to me though  
We wax Ajax niggaz with a axe, Maxamill  
You could crash a meal, got you back steel  
scold em and fold em like the thousand dollar bills  
sit back eyein y'all niggaz out  
Fakes that delegate we spittin fire out  
Verb burgular, design the Wally shoe store reserve  
a jet status, guidin these vert up on my matress  
Watch me mack this, Ralph Lauren goose inside a  
fashion  
Yo, these hands is flooded and they mad quick  
Strong approach like magnets, custom wood crane  
name  
Stylin rich, RZA made the waves in one chain  
Feelin mics like, wheelin a bike, slide like  
step on his Klondike, get your dart right  
We movin on it like, wind breaker niggaz get they face  
broke  
Jury get snatched, magazine right on the low, fuck y'all  
cats

("Sometimes...")

{\*sounds of fighting\*}

"May you rot in hell!"

"Ahahahahah, ahahahahaha, ahahahahaha!"

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