

Brandy F/ Tamia, Gladys Night, Chaka Khan

"Chamber Music"

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[Kung Fu sample]

I must tell you that the Clan is a danger to the public
but still for many men just to hear of the name

fills them with hate and loathing

But why? They've never harmed anyone

I'm afraid they did

beat drops

In the past there's something that they would like to
forgive

First, I'll tell you about their style, planned techniques

The main style

"Shaolin Finger Jab!"

[RZA (Method Man)]

Yo..

sounds of fighting

(Uh-huh)

[Kung Fu Sample]

We are watchin your whole group

You been busy here

Around the clock, all we need is your orders to move

Met a lot of crosses last night

Young and old!

You been busy here

I respect that!

[Method Man (Raekwon)]

Yeah, (Eh yo), yeah

Chamber Music fuckin the party up-in (Yo)

Come on! You know what it is

(Thou must part seis all the time, kids)

(Eh yo, eh yo, eh yo) We're back!

[Raekwon]

Peep The Jump Off, ain't nothin sweet, get dumped off

Frontin like you won't get deaded and bumped off

Drastic son, master guns that'll run up in plastic ones

and then go, crash in the slums

One tight army, Few Good Men that'll rep

Invade your strongarm', Prince of Wales swimmin on

feet
Props in sales, all yellow L's, cops sleepin on nails
Niggaz get realer than real, yo
Flash the brown, last time was crowned
All navy Woolridge, Wu kicks, movin them pounds, yo
Last on niggaz, great adventures of my niggaz
and cast out pictures, sendin a rash out the kitchens
Like the wind, invite the grin, watch niggaz rewrite the
trend
Wu niggaz did it again, yo
Unhighly, octane, die cast metal frame
Lame, let another man heat handle beef

[Chorus: Method Man]
Chamber Music fuckin the party up-in
Chamber Music fuckin the party up-in

[GZA]
Yo, spark the intro, relevant info
Load up the keyboard, 105 tempo
Most heated battles, I've blasted MC's
Some said that the bullets flew by like angry bees
Wu entered on the level, then we would wait and listen
While one flashed metal, eight calculate position
The world snapped, once we combined our rap
Drastic measures, priceless treasures on Nap'
Our swords swing, windchill Mount Aerie
Native plant standin' on the tall-grass prairie
Snares and kicks, off the project bricks
It's no act the producer played the role with drumsticks
The warning came unnoticed, it's like the shot "On the
Dock of the Bay"
that slayed Otis, the Nine-Lotus
Each one adjust to his own environment
Formulate this great LP, a hundred rounds spent
Niggas bent on a fruitless search for nourishment
They long for this proper guidance encouragement

[Chorus 2X]

[Method Man]
It be The Lost Tribe, 7 Days locked in the dungeon
Foamin at the mouth, mad dog in this production
The Uncontrolled Substance got me spittin up nuff
bars, disgustin
The last temptation of the son of David Ruffin
Hold my mic sideways when bustin
On Judgement Day runnin thru Hell, yellin and cussin
at MC's in my circumfrance, y'all niggaz hand-cuffin
these hoes and ain't read them they rights or nothin
Keep lustin, yea, and I'ma a keep hustlin

with Chamber Music fuckin the party up-in
You know me, everytime you kiss that hoe you blow me
You blow trial trin to walk a mile in my Sauconys

[Chorus 2X]

[Masta Killa (Method Man)]

(AHHHHH!!!!)

We just touched down, Wu shuttle, private jet
Stepped off the plane, the world wept
Roll with the Witty Unpredictable
Talent All Natural, rock with the bangles of hip-hop
Mathematical imperial manifestation of greatness
Make wizes scream and shout at the top of their breath
essence
Captured on tape is precious, bless mic pure defness
Awaken from you sleep mistake
When the God bring rain, hail, snow to the earthquake!
echoes

[Chorus 2X]

[Kung Fu sample]

You've been busy
Are you mastered?
{*Repeat 3x*}
You've been busy here..

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