

Da Mystery Of Chessboxin

"Wu Tang Clan"

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The game of chess, is like a swordfight
You must think first, before you move
Wu style is immensely strong, and immune to nearly
any weapon
When it's properly used, it's almost invincible

Verse One: U-God

Raw imma give it to ya, with no trivia
raw like cocaine straight from Bolivia
my hip hop will rock and shock the nation
like the Emancipation Proclamation
Weak MC's approach with slang that's dead
you might as well run into the wall and bang your head
I'm pushin' force, my force your doubtin'
I'm makin' devils cower to the Caucus Mountains

Verse Two: Inspector Deck

Well I'm a sire, I set the microphone on fire
rap styles vary, and carry like Mariah
I come from the shaolin slum, and the isle I'm from
is comin through with nuff niggaz, and nuff guns
so if you wanna come sweatin, stressin contesting
you'll catch a sharp sword to the midsection
don't talk the talk, if you can't walk the walk
phony niggaz are outlined in chalk
a man vexed, is what the projects made me
rebel to the grain there's no way to barricade me
steamrollin niggas with the eighteen wheeler
with the drunk driver drivin, there's no survivin

Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef

Ruff like Timberland wear, yeah
me and the Clan, and yo the Landcruisers out there
peace to all the crooks, all the niggaz with bad looks
bald heads, braids, blow this hook
we got chrome tecs, nickel plated macs
black axe, drug dealin' styles in phat stacks
I only been a good nigga for a minute though

cuz I got to get my props, and win it yo
I got beef wit commercial-ass niggas with gold teeth
lampin in a Lexus eatin beef
straight up and down don't even bother
I got forty niggaz up in here now, who kill niggaz
fathers

Chorus: Method Man

My peoples are you with me where you at?
In the front, in the back killa-bees on attack
my peoples are you with me where you at?
Smokin meth hittin caps on the block with the gats

Verse Four: Ol Dirty Bastard

Here I go, deep type flow
Jacque Cousteau could never get this low..I'm
Cherry bombin' shits...BOOM
just warmin up a little bit, vroom vroom
rappinin is what's happenin
keep the pockets stacked and then, hands clappin and
at the party when I move my body
gotta get up, and be somebody
grab the microphone put strength to the bone
DUH-DUH-DUH...enter the Wu-Tang zone
sure enough when I rock that stuff
huff puff?? I'm gonna catch your bluff tuff
rough, kickin rhymes like Jim Kelly
or Alex Haley im a Mi-..Beetle Bailey rhymes
comin raw style, hardcore
niggas be comin to the hip-hop store
comin to buy grocery from me
tryin to be a hip-hop MC
the law, in order to enter the Wu-Tang
you must bring the Ol Dirty Bastard type slang
represent the Gza, Abbot, RZA, Shaquan, Inspecta
Deck
dirty hoe gettin low wit his flow
introduc'in' the Ghostface Killer
no one could get illa

Chorus

Verse Five: Ghost Face Killer

Speakin of the devil psych, no it's the God, get the shit
right
mega trife, and yo I killed you in a past life
on the mic while you was kickin that fast shit
you renegged tried again, and got blasted

half mastered ass style mad ruff task
when I struck I had on Tims and a black mask
Remember that shit? I know you don't remember jack
That night yo I wuz hittin like a spiked bat
and then you thought I was bugged out, and crazy
strapped for nonsense, after me became lazy
yo, nobody budge while I shot slugs
Never shot thugs, I'm runnin with thugs that flood
mugs
so grab your eight plus one, start flippin and trippin
niggas is jettin I'm lickin off son

[Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang!!!!]

Verse Six: Master Killer

Homicide's illegal and death is the penalty
What justifies the homicide, when he dies?
In his own iniquity it's the
Master of the Mantis Rapture comin at cha
we have an APB on an MC Killer
look like the work of a Master
evidence indicates that's it's stature
merciless like a terrorist hard to capture
the flow changes like a chameleon
plays like a friend, and stabs you like a dagger
this technique attacks the immune system
Disguised like a lie paralyzin the victim
you scream, as it enters your bloodstream
erupts your brain from the pain these thoughts contain
movin on a nigga with the speed of a centipede
and injure ANY MOTHAFUCKIN CONTENDER

Chorus

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