

## Rec Room

## Inspectah Deck

Killa Killa Hill  
Killa Hill  
Killa Killa Hill  
Killa Hill  
Killa Killa Hill, 10304 style kid  
All my DNV recpostry niggas  
You out there?  
Is you out there?

I throw your brain in the cobra clutch  
Behold the rush attach and display  
If you can get close enough  
Cold Crush like the 4, sting of anaconda  
Fierce darts that'll pierce through solid armor  
Lounge in the parish wid Blue and Cappadonna  
Spiderman, identity be the sparker  
Crowd pleaser renders you off the meter  
Verbal street sweeper buck shots through the speaker  
Pleasure seekers fifty thou in the stands  
Two fans hit it hot like Jamaica stand  
Tumble land wide like an eagle wing span  
Trans Am stabbing the track wit' both hands  
Not a lost soul who fought for food gold  
I shine like a diamond in the true state of cold  
To hot to handle to cold to hold  
Rap play the role doc I might lose control  
Hold the throne in my iron palm  
One hand hold the firearm, on a mission I slice long  
Strike calm through the fire like Chaka Khan  
World wide on the web without the dot com  
Killa Bees live in the place to be  
Burn 3rd degree on the m-I-see  
So deadly cones a catastrophe  
And this is the way we crack the party  
Say  
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec  
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec  
Rec, rec, rec

Killa Bee swarming protect your neck  
Calls the warning so proceed with caution  
I walk wid my swordmen we all in together  
Wu-Tang Forever gon' win from Puerto Rico  
Cross the caves of Berlin  
Echo in the cell blocks of federal pens  
It be the WU-TANG, you came and went  
Enough to gain mentally and physically bent  
What I invent sharpened barb wire fence  
I represent sure to make a grand entrance  
Wid the deadly enter contents under pressure  
Inspector put you rep in the sector  
Feather weight contenders surrender T.K.O  
First round knockout bets to big spenders  
Dirty on the mic like Marco Polo  
Internal bleeding occurs to your phono  
Thoughts brought forth as wild as up north  
It's a bloodsport get rushed for tough talk

But I hold my ground like it's high noon  
Lock release tapes surround the mic room  
I jump on the live tune provide the boom  
Foes we consume become fake in the fumes  
Killa Bees live in the place to be  
Burn 3rd degree on the m-I-see  
So deadly cones a catastrophe  
And this is the way we crack the party  
Rec, rec, rec, rec, rec, rec  
Rec, rec,