

225 Rounds

Wu-Tang Clan

At 3:47, more than one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition
Were fired into your apartment
Which was about two hundred yards away
A few moments later,
Another fifty to seventy five rounds
Were fired in the street
And you're gonna stand here
And tell me you didn't see a god damn thing?

I live life lavish, and my chain is carats
The last flame on the train to Paris
Used to be lame, then I changed to maverick
So many clothes, can't name the fabrics
Dynamics, I want the fame
And my name engraved in granites
This the lane, and I came to grab it
Yeah, you moving sideways, change your habits
Yeah, used to rock minks, then I changed to rabbit
From out the garbage, I came from Abbott's
Used to be righteous, then changed to savage
Bang my record like Bangkok Dangerous
36 Chamber Fists, trianglist
Watch me mangle this, star spangle this
Rock cowboy wrangle it, create mega hits
I'm from the grain, game at my finger tips

Yeah, Killah Hill lay it down
Killa Beez on the swarm
Nigga

Aiyo, I plow down tracks like I'm out for revenge
Fuck it, it seems like the drama never ends
Be in the projects, like I never left out
Might be on odds goods, see a nigga stressed out
I can't take it, seems like my hood is cursed
Bad niggas, I thought that the good was first
My old hawk she march with a foul parade
Don't learn shit, til another child is sprayed
I'm out here, fuck it, like I live on Targhee
And Rico, keep a low cut like laundry
I don't give a fuck, y'all made me bitter
I'mma whip your kids out like a babysitter
I'm a grown man, but I'm young in the mindstate
Live in every borough but New York my tri state
Test me, you nothing but a bitch on the tour bus
Pour piss on you, leave you stuck with four months
My head fucked up, I'm off my clean streak
Don't make me pick the nines up, I come from mean streets
My unit snitched on me, ratted me out
They all ganged up on me, try to take my mouth
However the cause, I'mma chill and get bent
That cut from dirty cloth who cut from cement
Original Tazeen got the crazy glow
Them devils try to jump me, I'm crazy though
Absolut Vodka rap, crushing that goose
O.G. all day, like I be on the deuce
Pop off with it, get your army in order

Staten Africa, Islam, across that water

Yeah, what you talking about, nigga?
Word up, you think it can't happen?
Nigga, I smack all y'all niggas
This Big Don from the group-iz
Nigga I be where the stoupe is

Yeah, told 'em, have gun will travel
Blowing herb metals, black son still gravel
Bronzeman, oblong javelins in my cabinet
Detroit submit seeds, salutation from the missile plant
Quick to the hollow point, it ain't no olive branch
My low cal, four oh cal in the cardigan
Tempted by Satan, put a bullet in his diaphragm
Walk around black clouds and quiet violins
Italian fire blends, poet and violent pens
Illest ill, scotch deal, plots and iron winds
Up hill near the ghetto spill, the sirens sing
Street dreams, black seed and the inspired kings
From fire water veins, still rain mystery
And chains due to my roots, no doubt in the ring
On the road to riches and diamond speech
I might turn a bag of white sand into mountain peaks

Yo, I don't text to sent messages
My testosterone stimulate her estrogen
Whether black, Caucasian or the Mexican
Asians, she get the message and she coming back for sex again
Organic drugs, my natural persuasion
You under the influence of 36 invasion
Spider-Man amazing, but I'm darker than Parker
Skin got abrasions from Maria and Tasha
Sliding down a street pole, pull up to your party
Stimulated with a jeep full of cherry gap honeys and bottles of Vodka
Plus the weed bowls, here we go
Meditating, never jealous, over zealous
Wu-Tang Clan's my fellowship, fans massive acapellas
Of our lyrics, would be with tracks embellishes
The idea clearer that Wu-Tang Forever
This, way of life is art, rhymes and cleverness
Enjoying by God, no man could sever this
I complete jobs, free and effortless
Use Tiger Crane, Snake Style plus the Leopard Fist