## 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