

Deadly Melody?

Wu-Tang Clan

As we return, to the 36 Chambers
The RZA, the GZA
The Ol Dirty BZA
U-God, Chef, the Ghostface Killah
And Meth, Rebel I soldier for the foreclosure
Don't forget about the Masta, yo

Motherfuckers halt, when my Colt, start stompin
Thunder, strikes your land with a jolt
Your stamina level is low, like currents from
the volts of relentless punishment that multiplies
At a speed that the naked eye can't die-tect
the infantry, peep the weapon-try as I bomb atomically
Stagnant they stood surrounded and astounded
by this total square mileage of violence that I brung
I've not yet begun to stung
It's the ethics, the rigorous training methods
of the Abbott, incite overseas to opposition
Penetrates then infiltrates
Breakin down your resistance
Leavin competition defenseless, Masta
Hip-hop antagonist, dumb deaf and blind civilizer
with the silencer

Psssh, yo
Pile-driver Tut boulder face blow Hulk
Anger rap book causin chess blade smoke
Minds the trunk, punk, elephant gun poke
Jaw-breaker humanoid vice-grip, choke
Face the inferno, maestro, pull it
Pipe hard slang, bite the golden bullet
Never, sold my soul Golden Arm cold stinger
See me on the streets address me stone bringer
Ease away, freeze back, feedback, play out in
sweet action packed rap
Bite it, stomp on a beat
Possess hollow head battle teeth Tony Atlas
Wu status, now, wisdom to the masses

Cock back my tongue like a hammer, my head is like
a nickel-plated bammer, spit forty-five caliber grammar
At the speed of wind makes you bleed within
Crack your skull, without penetratin your skin
Reign of champ official, Wu scamp with black pistols
Spent the weekend programmin fat tracks at Camp Cristal

Home on the range, rebel with a pen
writin critically acclaimed scriptures that do you in
Mista, Meth, Hot Nickels
Say my shit holding my Sex Pistol, deal me in

The bewilderin killa bee quickly sting ya
I ain't gotta life one fuckin finga
Make sure to God I reef turns on the ringer
We duckin the subpeona
Fatal Flying Guillotine machine from Medina

Check the 150 millimeter, heater as it blows holes
Through your fuckin speaker
Makin you weaker creepin inches centimeters
Fifty caliber street sweeper
Shots from Shaolin that go to Masapeaqua

Things'll never be the same, after this one
Ghostrider spit flame, lay back and twist one
Recognize the Gods came, for one accord
For one mind and one cause, that's the shit Son
Play them crows out position
You might hear me but you don't listen
Competition come and get some on
Red marker still bleedin, through the paper
of his sick premeditated, murder caper

I walk with the Shaolin strut, burn a dutch
Watch Street eat em up, cold crush, bumrush
Spot rusher get touched backed up handcuffed
Y'all niggaz can't FUCK with us

Pass me the black velvet embassy suite killin me
Spell it Maxi Priest caught me in the days up on Delancy Street
Stand solar, deadly vengeance with a crowbar
It's like the dreads worshipin Jah, so ha-lo-ha
Pineapple crushed 850 swerve it with a rush
Plush the Canola Range spittin off the roof, holdin my change
Yo it's ragtime, universal 12 Monkey mind
It's like, stalkin through your airport [*BZZZZZZT*] with a chunky nine

The undervolt Staten New York
Blood sport gun talk holdin fort back, take em to court (Method: One time)
It's the burner Shaolin bound facedown you gets murdered
Roadblock shell shocked, stretched on a back block
Yo it's warfare when you ring here, slugs fly through midair
Landin thugs in wheelchairs from the slugfest
Keeps the iron, where the head rest, for the conquest
Subway, wordplay ricochet through your projects, crime pays
Matched up in a staircase, in a dark place embraced
by the trey-eight, I'm in so deep I can't escape
These crime situations, I stay in man formation
And shot echoes through the ghetto locations y'all remain
P.L.O., slam cats like Bam Bam, Bigolo
Throw a flow like Nomo relate like Fidel Castro
I be the great all pro, hangin MC's by they logos
My street journal reacts and blaze like an inferno