

## Hellz Wind Staff?

## Wu-Tang Clan

"The Wu-Tang Clan will rise again  
There are many of us, working for the good of the Wu Tang"

"Die!"

So get your egg crashed, by my Hellz Wind Staff  
While the feature broadcast is splashed to tell the news  
like Kaity Chung, how the bullet collapsed his lung  
His father watched the horror as he swallowed his tongue  
Another youth dead, before the age of twenty-one  
Left his son to grow, in the ghettos of the slums  
With a shot that go, for twisted metal for cash flow  
React slow nigga and get, P.L.O.  
By the lone gunner, who took revenge for his brother  
who got slain last summer by a cocaine runner  
A new year is dawning, new crews is forming  
Rival gangs warring blood steadily pouring  
The streets are deep Son every day is like a rerun  
So I reach out and try to teach one  
But eighty-five percent uncivilized content  
No tolerance so a lifetime is spent  
behind a cage bent smoked out on a park bench  
Killer instinct slave rap niggaz get lynched

So yo break that nigga arm fast as a fuck  
Tell Ra, Goldie left my beige jacket in his truck  
To all you slow footed penguins, ducking from these  
hot rocks that's flaming, chocolate for all you rap Damian's  
Spraying cards espionage, dodgeball square hard  
Strip bars, no bras, wet leotards  
and a mink in, next album 'Blood On Chef's Apron'  
Keep a Gambino PlayStation in your playpen  
Discovery Channel, cats that book at Daniel  
Coke blunts hot as a FUCK swatted bamboo  
high school dropouts, baseheads get knocked the fuck out  
on the regular for robbin a good nigga house  
Rough cut raw doses, the unexplainable  
Hot rock lava, gringo throw the flows iglasa

Ha ha ha ha, yo  
What you know about this, specialist armed dangerous  
Hit you close range with this madness  
Unique design shine like a deep dish  
The beat kick technique split all your weak shit  
Yes, the rhythm, the Rebel  
Alone in my level heat it up past the boiling point of metal  
Living legend, veteran known to set trend  
Lethal weapon, step through your section  
with the Force like Luke Skywalker  
Rhyme author, orchestrate mind torture  
Live performer, bit the mic sayanora  
Borderline to insane, I rain firewater  
Tape recorder, can't be saved by a court order  
I got my sword cross your throat you joke

We on the run with the golden guns, get you none  
when it reach out and teach someone, blaze they buns

Now I'm guilty by association  
Times of blackness eclipsing the sun, target practice  
commence when I throw these darts at these rappers  
Ricochet, hit the charts, bloody your mattress  
Hold me down, Wu bloodkin, I'm going in  
Shootin bullets at the top ten, rhyme concoction  
blend like a chameleon  
All these niggaz want cheese, is we mice or men, word up  
We can go platinum but then, still can't get no satisfaction  
Once again, back on the block crumb snatching  
Blowing backs in cold  
Blunted non-assassin, time for action, Johnny Unidas  
Handle that like arthritis  
Still, hold a golden touch like King Midas

Drownin' problems in Heinekens imported from Holland  
Gettin boosted off a killer bee pollen,  
Stone columns get cracked by drum tracks  
smack loud as gun loud as gun claps  
pin a crab to death with a thousand thumb tacs  
The Wu Sensai fold, it beez the Wind Ninja scroll  
Sole edged blade controls your inner pole  
The fig loot, fruit from the forbidden tree root  
I stay secluded in the Chamber training new recruits  
with Fatal Guillotine, the black hooded team what it means  
when bullets scream from the hot glock like rock from a sling  
("Sometimes...") Pushed through like George Bush Operation Whoops  
Shots get popped on the block causing blood to gush.  
From digital to analog, the Wu-Wear camouflage  
The entourage squad we stomping through Zanzibar  
like herds of cattle, RZA plays the wall like a shadow  
Connect the Brook to Shaol like the Varrazano Narrow.

Stash the cream though, Iceatollah ice style gleama  
Lex graffiti name reamer, hold em we rolling  
asking me though, raps is hotter than, hot tamales in Toledo  
Pussy that shit she passin off to me though  
We wax Ajax niggaz with a axe, Maxamill  
You could crash a meal, got you back steel  
scold em and fold em like the thousand dollar bills  
sit back eyeing y'all niggaz out  
Fakes that delegate we spittin fire out  
Verb burglar, design the Wally shoe store reserve  
a jet status, Guyanese all up on my mattress  
Watch me mack this, Ralph Lauren goose inside a fashion  
Yo, these hands is flooded and they mad quick  
Strong approach like magnets, custom wood crane name  
Style enriched, resonate the waves with one change  
Feelin mics like, wheeling a bike, slide like  
step on his Klondike, get your dart right  
We moving on it like, wind breaker niggaz get they face broke  
Jewelry get snatched, magazine right on the low, fuck ya'll gats!

("Sometimes...")

"May you rot in hell!"

"Ahahahahaha, ahahahahaha, ahahahahaha!"