

## Radioactive (Four Assassins)

Wu-Tang Clan

"You will be punished (Wu-Tang style)  
for all your evil deeds. (Wu-Tang style)  
Be warned - you will suffer.. (Wu-Tang style)  
.. justice!" (Wu-Tang style)

Slept on this hazardous enterprise  
Hit from the back, from a long range attack in disguise  
Week self-captivity became months  
Those who were holdin it down they hold a pump  
Do we delay the conflict and prolong the suffer?  
Got a mass of starvin niggaz wanna eat supper  
Unfair corruptions lead to abductions  
Creatin wider circles of destructions  
So we attack, with the pen and blaze in  
From the terrifyin to the fascinating  
Quick to slay a narrow minded nigga that's hasty to give credit  
Full of hostile overtones mixed with wack edits  
They heavily defended airfields  
But they bodies rot behind punctured steels  
When I greeted you, you didn't hear a piece of my voice?  
Oh that water was my liquid of choice  
Forensic couldn't tell it, it was nine tons of steel pellet  
Powerful projection, noise is deafening  
Carrier battle groups, that's threatening  
Higher level bombing, plus  
The shipment in hand known as alarming, bells ring loud  
In the same crucial manner but different style

(Wu-Tang style, Wu-Tang style!)

Yeah..  
Aiyyo once again, all blunts again  
Yo the real remain silent, any type of violence I'm in  
Allah's helpful most, innovative raps  
that brought wealth through, shot out the belch too  
We holdin, automatic semis with sick lines  
Run up, body niggaz, break down shoddy niggaz  
Styles so sharp, state of the art  
Greater the mark, flyest creator sprayed layin darts  
Flowin like water, "Apocalypse Now"  
Gun out blaow, wow the shit's wild when you short us  
Runnin through parkin lots, don't get caught  
Let off, bark your shots, we outta here, off the blocks

It ain't all to the good, muh'fuckers hatin in the hood  
Gotta a hundred wolves waitin in the woods  
for the Clan's forthcomin  
I miss you in the game a court summons  
And fugitives of rap caught runnin, y'all get locked up  
E'rything was wack 'til we popped up  
And got it on and poppin like Orville Reddenbacher  
Potnah, you ain't got no wins in mi casa  
Wu-Tang got ya, like every ghetto got a Tasha  
Request lines are now open, you see these MC's chokin  
and thinkin, "What's that SHIT they be smokin?"  
I'm so focused, simple chronic halitosis  
Keep my shit funky when I spit this braggadocious

[hach, spit] Y'all niggaz got some fuckin nerve  
to critic what I write, that's my muh'fuckin word  
Blah blah blah, like N'Sync  
Kiss that ass "Bye Bye Bye" knahmsayin? I ain't playin

Many shall come, few chose to stay exact  
Track after track I'm fightin for survival  
Before me I see hills and mountains they sway  
The words gotta move and the crowd's like the ocean  
I walk water holdin y'all suspended with the vocal  
What's the total people that came to see the Gods?  
I gave thought talent, construct my best poetry  
Potentcy, high-level content  
Side effect may cause a tec to eject, many places  
All ages streets to cages, split faces  
Shoutin nuff love to the peeps from Miami  
We live from Pulaski and spread glassy