

Woodchuck

Wu-Tang Clan

West Coast, West Coast
Killa Beez
Antlers, hammers and hacksaw, the wizard
Poetry of a man with no name, America
Cement mixed walled and born in ice cream
Holocaust the Minnie, greet with bloody handshake
Wu Empire and colleagues, luxurious
You torn like tape off football helmets, chip
Four cups of crushed bricks, half cup of roses
Smoke a green and yellow candycane
Zombies still move through the college with orange teeth
Pistols still pointed at the floor, spinal crumbs
Blood hits snow and hard, scooped up in hand fulls
Bathe in the river, the waterfall runs red
Sasquatch, Yeti, battallion with one head
In a lonely place, dollars, razors and marbles
We break open forearms, Earth the last hour
Out in the tea house playing a hand of spades
Fist full of grenades, blow out the watch light
Convicts rally at moon set, the last
Flow stay smoggy, old carnival wind chime
Sideshow freaks, belly dancers and gypsies
One of the wood cutters, village Architect
Eighty-eight sandwiches, Thurmos in a lunch box
In a harsh realm, during the end of butterflies
Flutter diamond moths, both with dusty wings
Bodies lay soaked in a desert, throats gouged out
Tongues spit out of their heads, I had a purpose
Will you still love me tomorrow? Architect
Will you still love me tomorrow? Holocaust

Royal Famous, blame us
Yo
My first whip be a Chrysler
So when you see me you say, "Chrys' is comin"
Ice numbin ya neck, throw one of those
Strong notes, Indian pose, flat footed
Yo my back hearts, feel like them crumbled wings
Bless by the Heaven kings, my crown piece seven rings
Money to earn, money to burn
Give some, lend some, take it, fuck it
Be stingy off a stash if you have to
Nigga, what? Flip a pack of if you have to
Passion, pawn the shit, ya highest bidder
Buy from the streets, cop at wholesale price
Motel models, go tell five-oh
Five-oh follow the black El Dorado

Who got that real shit niggaz blast to, bitches shake they ass to?
Hit you up with the hood when we pass through
Black Knights, Royal Fam got that hot shit (yo)
Topless in the cockpit of my drop six
.. in the cockpit of the drop six

Yeah, yo
Give me beats like this I start burnin
Wack MC's, ya still learnin

Just like punk cops that rotate on ya block
Millions of people was gonna hear the North Stars shot
While the worlds rock mental, I hold presidential
Bare essentials, Wu-Tang credentials
Makin niggaz catch wind chills when my N.S. wind build
Niggaz better get real
Even though I stay pissy drunk, run with Kurupt
In a red mini van fed tinted, smokin on that spinach
All funny niggaz get planted
I got that Long Beach shit like J. Bennett
The rest of y'all niggaz sound like women
Scared of my sword when it's given
Y'all niggaz better stop pretendin
Cuz the words like I'll speak, we'll keep 'em printed
Kill or be killed is what I'm representin
.. representin

Yo, yo, check it, yo
As 7 clouds form the storm,
I baffle Gabriel the archangel with death, death to
his first born, Earth mourns Wu Killa Beez on the swarm
From the battleship throw darts that be acrid
We ninjas, we backflip with tactics of antrax
Arise like the novice from earth under canvas
Of the Clan, fist to fist, kamikaze shock this
Like Nazi documents Apache Helicopters strike down
near the bunker of the Glocksmiths
Shop the Dirty Weaponry, Tecs from the 70's
Gone With the Wind, I slung mines within
My men tackle dikes with the 7 deadly dicks
Neglect my covenant, my government enslaves you to my
Hall o Double Justice and bloodstains your judgement
so prepare to be slain by the truth
It's Blood for Blood When All Hell Breaks Loose son

Wu-Tang Killa Beez from Shaolin Europe
Black Knights, Royal Fam
It's Cilvaringz, on