

# 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, "Chryst' 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