

# Wu-Tang Clan, Deadly Melody

[Masta Killa]

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

[U-God]

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

[RZA]

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

[Method]

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

[RZA]

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

[INS] Check the 150 millimeter, heater as it blows holes  
[duo] through your fuckin speaker

[U-God] Makin you weaker creepin inches centimeters

[GZA] Fifty caliber street sweeper

Shots from Shaolin that go to Masapeaqua

[Method]

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  
[Street Life]  
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  
[Ghostface]  
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  
[Street Life]  
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-Aight, 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