

# Black Knights, Woodchuck

Artist: Black Knights f/ Cilvaringz, Meko the Pharaoh, Timbo King

Album: Wu-Tang Killa Beez: The Sting

Song: Woodchuck

Typed by: Tha Masta, Cilvaringz

{\*beez buzzing\*}

[Intro: Holocaust]

West Coast, West Coast

Killa Beez..

[Holocaust]

Antlers, hammers and hacksaws

The withered poetry of a man with no name, America

Cement mixture fall upon an ice cream, Holocaust to many

Greet with bloody handshake, Wu Empire and colleagues luxuriant

You torn like tape off football helmet chip

Four cups of crushed bricks, half cups of roses

Smoke egg green and yellow candy cane

Zombie still cooped in a cottage with orange teeth

Pistol still pointed at the floor, spinal crunch

Blood hits snow and heart, scoop it up in hand falls

Bathe in the river, the waterfall runs red

Sasquatch Yeti battalion with one head

In the lonely place[[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/In\\_a\\_Lonely\\_Place](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/In_a_Lonely_Place)], dollars raises the marbles

We break open firearms, Earth, the last hour

Out in the D house, playing a hand of spades

Fist-full of grenades, blow out the watch light

Convicts rally at moonset, the last

Clothes stay smoggy, old carnival wind chump

Sideshow freaks, bellydancers and gypsies

One of the woodcutters, village Architect

Eighty eight sandwiches, thermos and a lunchbox

In the 'Harsh Realm', viewing the Indo butterflies

Fluttered, dined and mossed, off with dusty wings

Bodies lay soaked in the desert, throats gouged out

Chunks spittin' out of their hands, I had a purpose

Will you still love me tomorrow? Architect

Will you still love me tomorrow? Holocaust

[Timbo King]

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

[Crisis]

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

[Meko the Pharaoh]

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

[Cilvaringz]

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, one