

Wu-Tang Clan, Hellz Wind Staff

[conversation continued from the end of Duck Season]

"The Wu-Tang Clan will rise again

There are many of us, working for the good of the Wu Tang"

"Die!" [*sounds of fighting are heard*]

[Verse One: Street Life]

So get your egg crashed, by my Hellz Wind Staff

While the feature broadcast is splashed to tell the news

like Kaity Chung, how the bullet collapsed his lung

His father watched the horror as he swallowed his tongue

Another youth dead, before the age of twenty-one

Left his son to grow, in the ghettoes of the slums

With a shot that go, for twisted metal for cash flow

React slow nigga and get, P.L.O.

By the lone gunner, who took revenge for his brother

who got slain last summer by a cocaine runner

A new year is dawning, new crews is forming

Rival gangs warring blood steadily pouring

The streets are deep Son every day is like a rerun

So I reach out and try to teach one

But eighty-five percent uncivilized content

No tolerance so a lifetime is spent

behind a cage bent smoked out on a park bench

Killer instinct slave rap niggaz get lynched

[*sounds of fighting*]

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah]

So yo break that nigga arm fast as a fuck

Tell Ra, Goldie left my beige jacket in his truck

To all you slow footed penguins, duckin from these

hot rocks that's flamin, chocolate for all you rap Damian's

Spraying cards ex-pionage, dodgeball square hard

Strip bars, no bras, wet leotards

and a mink in, next album blood on Seth Abram

Keep a Gambino PlayStation in your playpen

Discovery Channel, cats that book at Daniel

Coke blunts hot as a FUCK swatted bamboo

high school dropouts, baseheads get knocked the fuck out

on the regular for robbin a good nigga house

Rough cut raw doses, the unexplainable

Hot rock lava, gringo throw the flows iglasa

[*sounds of fighting*]

[Verse Three: Inspectah Deck]

Ha ha ha ha, yo

What you know about this, specialist armed dangerous

Hit you close range with this madness

Unique design shine like a deep dish

The beat kick technique split all your weak shit

Yes, the rhythm, the Rebel

Alone in my level heat it up past the boiling point of metal

Living legend, veteran known to set trend

Lethal weapon, step through your section

with the Force like Luke Skywalker

Rhyme author, orchestrate mind torture

Live performer, bit the mic sayanora

Borderline to insane, I rain firewater

Tape recorder, can't be saved by a court order

I got my sword cross your throat you joke

[Verse Four: Method Man]

We on the run with the golden guns, get you none

when it reach out and teach someone, blaze they buns

Now I'm guilty by association

Times of blackness eclipsin the sun, target practice

commence when I throw these darts at these rappers

Ricochet, hit the charts, bloody your mattress

Hold me down, Wu bloodkin, I'm goin in

Shootin bullets at the top ten, rhyme concoction
 blend like a million
 All these niggaz want cheese, is we mice or men, word up
 We can go platinum but then, still can't get no satisfaction
 Once again, back on the block crumb snatchin
 Blowin backs in cold
 Blunted non-assassin, time for action, Johnny Unidas
 Handle that like arthritis
 Still, hold a golden touch like King Midas
 [*swords clash*]
 [Verse Five: RZA]
 Drown in problems the Heineken's imported from Holland
 Gettin boosted off a killer bee pollen, stone columns
 get trapped by drum tracks mac loud as gun claps
 Pen'll grab the death of a thousand dumb tacks
 The Wu Sensai fold, it beez the Wind Ninja scroll
 Soul edged blade controls your inner pole
 The thick loop, fruit from the forbidden tree root
 I stay secluded in the Chamber trainin new recruits
 with Fatal Guillotine, the black hooded team what it means
 when bullets scream from the hot glock like rock from a sling
 ("Sometimes...") Pushed through like George Bush Operation Whoops
 Shots get popped on the block cause them blood to gush
 >From digital to analog, the Wu-Wear camoflogue
 The entourage squad we stompin through Zanzibar
 like herds of cattle, RZA plays the wall like a shadow
 Connect the Book of Shaolin like the brothers I know Now Rule
 [Verse Six: Raekwon the Chef]
 Stash the cream though, Iceatollah ice style gleama
 Lex graffiti name reamer, hold em we rollin
 askin me though, raps is hotter than, hot tamales in Toledo
 Pussy that shit she passin off to me though
 We wax Ajax niggaz with a axe, Maxamill
 You could crash a meal, got you back steel
 scold em and fold em like the thousand dollar bills
 sit back eyein y'all niggaz out
 Fakes that delegate we spittin fire out
 Verb burgular, design the Wally shoe store reserve
 a jet status, guidin these vert up on my mattress
 Watch me mack this, Ralph Lauren goose inside a fashion
 Yo, these hands is flooded and they mad quick
 Strong approach like magnets, custom wood crane name
 Stylin rich, RZA made the waves in one chain
 Feelin mics like, wheelin a bike, slide like
 step on his Klondike, get your dart right
 We movin on it like, wind breaker niggaz get they face broke
 Jury get snatched, magazine right on the low, fuck y'all cats
 ("Sometimes...")
 [*sounds of fighting*]
 "May you rot in hell!"
 "Ahahahahah, ahahahahaha, ahahahahaha!"