

# Wu-Tang Clan, Wu Tang: 7th Chamber Part 2

[Intro: The Genius/GZA (from "Clan in Da Front")]

Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death  
Now hoods on the right, wild for the night  
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to what  
Clan in da front, let your feet stomp  
Niggaz on the left, brag shit to death  
Hoods on the right, wild for the night  
Punks in the back, c'mon and attract to what  
This goes back to nineteen..

Ahem, check it, yo

GOOD MORNING VIETNAM!!

Yeah, good morning to all you motherfuckin notty-headed niggaz

Word to the camoflounge large niggaz

Bitch niggaz fuckin my body

Bring that fuckin meth in here

Yo yo yo yo

Now we gonna drink some good Nightrain

[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef]

Champion gear that I rock, you get your boots knocked

Then attack you like a pit that lock shit DOWN

As I come and freaks the sound, hardcore

but giving you more and more, like ding!

Nah shorty, get you open like six packs

Killer Bees attack, flippin what, murder one, phat tracks

A'ight? I kick it like a Night Flite!

Word life, I get that ass while I'm fulla spite!

Check the method from Bedrock, cause I rock ya head to bed

Just like rockin what? Twin glocks!

Shake the ground while my beats just break you down

Raw sound, we going to war right now

So, yo, bombin

We Usually Take All Niggaz Garments

Save ya breath before I bomb it

[Verse Two: Method Man]

I be that insane nigga from the psycho ward

I'm on the trigger, plus I got the Wu-Tang sword

So how you figure that you can even fuck with mine?

Hey, yo, RZA! Hit me with that shit one time!

And pull a foul, niggaz save the beef on the cow

I'm milkin this ho, this is MY show, tical

The FUCK you wanna do? More than Spike Lee's Do

I'm like a sniper, hyper off the ginseng root

PLO style, buddha monks with the owls

So who's the fucking man? Meth-Tical

On the chessbox

[Verse Three: Inspector Deck]

Yo, yeah, yo

I leave the mic in body bags, my rap style has

The force to leave you lost, like the tribe of Shabazz

Murderous material, made by a madman

It's the mic wrecker, Inspector, bad man

From the bad lands of the killer, rap fanatic

Representing with the skill that's iller

Dare to compare, get pierced just like an ear

The zoo-we-do-wop-bop strictly hardware

Armed and geared cause I just broke out the prison

Charged by the system - for murdering the rhythm!

Now, lo and behold, another deadly episode

Bound to catch another fuckin charge when I explode

[Verse Four: Ghostface Killer]

Slammin a hype-ass verse til ya head burst

I ramshack dead in the track, and that's that

Rap assassin, fastin, quick to blast and hardrock

I ran up in spots like Fort Knox!

I'm hot, top notch, Ghost thinks with logic  
Flashback's how I attacked your whole project  
I'm raw, I'm rugged and raw! I repeat, if I die  
My seed'll be ill like me  
Approachin me, you out of respect, chops ya neck  
I get vexed, like crashing up a phat-ass Lex'  
So clear the way, make way, yo! Open the cage  
Peace, I'm out, jettin like a runaway slave  
[Verse Five: Prince Rakeem/RZA]  
Yo  
Ya gettin stripped from ya garments, boy, run ya jewels  
While the meth got me open like falopian tubes  
I bring death to a snake when he least expect  
Ain't a damn thing changed, boy, Protect Ya Neck  
Ruler Zig Zag, Zig-Allah jam is fatal  
Quick to stick my Wu-Tang sword right through ya navel  
Suspenseful, plus bein bought through my utensil  
The pencil, I break strong winds up against your  
Abbot, that run up through your county like the Maverick  
Caps through the tablets, I gots to make the fabrics  
[Verse Six: Ol Dirty Bastard]  
Are you, uh, ah, uh  
Are you a warrior? Killer? Slicin shit like a samurah  
The Ol' Dirty Bastard VUNDABAH  
Ol' Dirty clan of terrorists  
Comin atcha ass like a sorceress, shootin' that PISS!  
Niggaz be gettin on my fuckin nerves  
Rhymes they be kickin make me wanna kick they fuckin ass to the curb  
I got funky fresh, like the old specialist  
A carrier, messenger, bury ya  
This experience is for the whole experience  
Let it be applied, and THEN DROP THAT SCIENCE  
[Verse Seven: Genius/GZA]  
My my my  
My Clan is thick like plaster  
Bust ya, slash ya  
Slit a nigga back like a Dutch Master Killer  
Style jumped off and Killa, Hill-er  
I was the thriller in the Ali-Frazier Manilla  
I came down with phat tracks that combine and interlock  
Like getting smashed by a cinder block  
Blaow! Now it's all over  
Niggaz seeing pink hearts, yellow moons  
orange stars and green clovers