

Wu-Tang Clan, Da Mystery of Chessboxin'

[Wu-Tang movie dialogue]

The game of chess, is like a swordfight

You must think first, before you move

Toad style is immensely strong, and immune to nearly any weapon

When it's properly used, it's almost invincible

[Verse One: U-God]

Raw I'ma give it to ya, with no trivia

Raw like cocaine straight from Bolivia

My hip-hop will rock and shock the nation

like the Emancipation Proclamation

Weak MC's approach with slang that's dead

you might as well run into the wall and bang your head

I'm pushin' force, my force your doubtin'

I'm makin' devils cower to the Caucus Mountains

[Verse Two: Inspectah Deck]

Well I'm a sire, I set the microphone on fire

Rap styles vary, and carry like Mariah

I come from the Shaolin slum, and the isle I'm from

is comin through with nuff niggaz, and nuff guns

so if you wanna come sweatin, stressin contestin

you'll catch a sharp sword to the midsection

Don't talk the talk, if you can't walk the walk

Phony niggaz are outlined in chalk

A man vexed, is what the projects made me

Rebel to the grain there's no way to barricade me

Steamrollin niggaz like a eighteen wheeler

with the drunk driver drivin, there's no survivin

[Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef]

Ruff like Timberland wear, yeah

Me and the Clan, and yo the Landcruisers out there

Peace to all the crooks, all the niggaz with bad looks

Bald heads, braids, blow this hook

We got chrome teecs, nickel plated macs

Black axe, drug dealin styles in phat stacks

I only been a good nigga for a minute though

cuz I got to get my props, and win it yo

I got beef wit commercial-ass niggaz with gold teeth

lampin in a Lexus eatin beef

Straight up and down don't even bother

I got fourty niggaz up in here now, who kill niggaz fathers

[Chorus: Method Man]

My peoples are you with me where you at?

In the front, in the back killa-bees on attack

my peoples are you with me where you at?

Smokin meth hittin caps on the block with the gats

[Verse Four: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Here I go, deep type flow

Jacque Cousteau could never get this low..I'm

cherry bombin shits... BOOM

Just warmin up a little bit, vroom vroom

Rappinin is what's happenin

Keep the pockets stacked and then, hands clappin and

At the party when I move my body

Gotta get up, and be-eeeeee somebody!

Grab the microphone put strength to the bone

DUH-DUH-DUH...enter the Wu-Tang zone

Sure enough when I rock that stuff

Guff puff?? I'm gonna catch your bluff tuff

rough, kickin rhymes like Jim Kelly

or Alex Haley im a Mi-..Beetle Bailey rhymes

comin raw style, hardcore

Niggaz be comin to the hip-hop store

Comin to buy gro-cery from me

Tryin to be a hip-hop MC

The law, in order to enter the Wu-Tang
You must bring the Ol' Dirty Bastard type slang
Represent the GZA, Abbott, RZA, Shaquan, Inspectah Deck
Dirty Hoe gettin low wit his flow
Introducin, the Ghost..face.. Killah!!
No one could get illa

[Chorus]

[Verse Five: Ghostface Killah]

Speakin of the devil psych, no it's the God, get the shit right
Mega trife, and yo I killed you in a past life
On the mic while you was kickin that fast shit
You renege tried again, and got blasted
Half mastered ass style mad ruff task
When I struck I had on Timbs and a black mask
Remember that shit? I know you don't remember jack
That night yo I wuz hittin like a spiked bat
and then you thought I was bugged out, and crazy
strapped for nonsense, after me became lazy
Yo, nobody budge while I shot slugs
Never shot thugs, I'm runnin with thugs that flood mugs
So grab your eight plus one, start flippin and trippin
Niggaz is jettin I'm lickin off son
(Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang!!!!)

[Verse Six: Masta Killa]

Homicide's illegal and death is the penalty
What justifies the homicide, when he dies?
In his own iniquity it's the
Master of the Mantis Rapture comin at cha
We have an APB on an MC Killer
Looks like the work of a Master
Evidence indicates that's it's stature
Merciless like a terrorist hard to capture
The flow, changes like a chameleon
Plays like a friend, and stabs you like a dagger
This technique attacks the immune system
Disguised like a lie paralyzin the victim
You scream, as it enters your bloodstream
Erupts your brain from the pain these thoughts contain
Novin on a nigga with the speed of a centipede
and injure - ANY MOTHERFUCKIN CONTENDER

[Chorus]