

Da Mystery of Chessboxin'

Wu-Tang Clan

{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} Raw Imma 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
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' niggas like a eighteen wheeler
With the drunk driver drivin'
There's no survivin'
Ruff like Timberland wear, yea
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 teks, nickel plated macs
Black ac's, 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 forty niggaz up in here now
 Who kill niggaz fathersMy 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?
 (Yeah yeah)
 (Smokin' meth hittin' cats on the block with the gats)Here I go, deep type flow
 Jacques Cousteau could never get this low
 I'm cherry bombin' shits, boom
 Just warmin' up a little bit, umm hmm
 Rappinin' is what's happenin'
 Keep the pockets stacked and then
 Gands clappin' and
 At the party when I move my body
 Gotta get up, and be somebody
 Grab the microphone put strength to the bone
 Duh, duh, duh, enter the Wutang zone
 Sure enough when I rock that stuff
 Huff puff, I'm gonna catch your bluff tuff
 Rough, kickin' rhymes like Jim Kelly
 Or Alex Haley I'm a m' Beetle Bailey rhymes
 Comin' raw style, hardcore
 Niggaz be comin' to the hip hop store
 Comin' to buy grocery from me
 Tryin to be a hip hop MC
 The law, in order to enter the Wutang
 You must bring the old dirty bastard type slang
 Represent the GZA, Abbot, RZA, Shaquan, Inspecta Deck
 Dirty hoe gettin' low wit' his flow
 ducin' the ghostface killer
 No one could get illaMy 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' cats on the block with the gats)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 reneged tried again, and got blasted
 Half mastered ass style mad ruff task
 When I struck I had on Tims 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
(Wutang, Wutang, Wutang, Wutang){Wutang is immensely struck}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
Look 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
The styles like alive paralyzin' the victim
You scream, as it enters your bloodstream
Erupts your brain from the pain these thoughts contain
Movin' on a nigga with the speed of a centipede
Or ninja any motha fuckin' contenderMy 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' cats on the block with the gats){Immune to nearly any weapon
When it's properly used, it's almost invincible
Toad style is immensely strong
And immune to nearly any weapon
When it's properly used, it's almost invincible
It's properly used}

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>