

# 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/>