

# Hellz Wind Staff (feat. Street Life)

## Wu-Tang Clan

["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 LifeSo 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  
Where the shots echo, 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 is 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 KillahSo 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, charcoal broiled rap Damian's  
Spraying cards ex-pionage, dodgeball sweat hard  
Strip bars, no bras, wet leotards  
in the making, next album Blood On Chef's Apron  
Keep a Gambino PlayStation in your playpen  
Discovery Channel, catch the book of 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 doseage, the unexplainable  
Hot rock lava, gringo throw the flows iglasa\*sounds of fighting\*

Verse Three: Inspectah DeckHa 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 spit on your weak shit  
Yes, the rhythm, the Rebel  
Alone in my level heated 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, bid 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 numb  
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 chameleon

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-Blooded nine assassins, time for action, Johnny Unidas  
Handle that like arthritis

Still, hold a golden touch like King Midas\*swords clash\*  
Verse Five: RZA  
Drowning problems  
in Heineken's imported from Holland

Gettin boosted off a killer bee pollen, stone columns  
get cracked by drum tracks smack loud as gun claps

Pin a crab to death with a thousand thumbtacks  
The Wu centerfold, it be's 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 PUSH

Shots get popped on the block causing blood to gush  
From digital to analog, the Wu-Wear camoflogue  
My entourage squad we stompin through Zanzibar  
like herds of cattle, RZA plays the wall like a shadow

Connect from Brook To Shao like the Verrazano Narrows  
Verse Six: Raekwon the Chef  
Stashin  
cream though, Iceatollah ice style gleamo

Lex graffiti name Remo, 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 mil, got you back still  
scold em and fold em like they thousand dollar bills  
sit back iron y'all niggaz out

Fakes that delegate we spittin fire out  
Verb burgular, designer Wally shoe store reserver

Jet status, Guyanese bird 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 cham'  
Feelin mics like, wheelin a bike, slide like  
up 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!"

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>