

# Furious Anger

Shyheim

Shyheim, the youngest member of the Wu-Tang Clan, was jumped at a Staten Island club, and his face still bares the scar.

"And you will know my name is the lord..."

Shyheim, yeah  
Corleone  
Uh-huh, check it out

Y'all niggas be walkin the streets, iced out  
Not knowin the walk, so put the price out  
To get you stuck and punch ya lights out  
Or catch ya car in the night and snatch ya wife out  
And beat the hoe up if you don't give the dough up  
You got me pissed off, frontin and ya whole clique soft  
If ya had ya Roly on, I might cut ya wrist off  
Then lick off, and slide ya bitch off, punk  
I hope ya ready for the kick-off  
Ya flankin niggas and I'm gettin rich off  
I done sold coke, sold crack, sold smoke, sold smack  
Now I wanna go plat', can I get it sold plat'  
It ain't no part a time out, once I climb out  
The garbage can, wit 2 nines out, and blow ya spine out  
or I got you cats by a long-shot, every song hot  
1-3-9 and Lennox is a strong block  
I left enough a y'all stinkin  
What the f\*\*k was y'all thinkin?  
My shit's tight, nigga, I spit writin  
Yo, what?

Young outlaw, the state wanna get rid a me  
I'll probably die from the death penalty  
Y'all analog, Shyheim I keep it digity  
I'm not pussy so I don't need security  
Like Big L, I'm MVP on the street  
I did wet more people than the pool and the beach  
So be easy, or I'll expose you like shock TV  
O.G., that's why they put me in a movie  
Don't screw me, cuz if I punch you in ya face  
You'll probably try and sue me, and take me to Judge Judy  
Look me in my eyes cuz ya handshake don't fool thee  
Stapleton Staten Islander, the name's marked on the calender  
Ain't no screwin off a silencer, uh-uh

"And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance  
and furious anger on those who attempt to poison and destroy  
my brothers, and you will know my name is the lord."

If you got somethin to say, then cough it out  
Cuz niggas be wantin beef, but when you pull out  
the heat they ready to talk it out  
What is there to talk about?  
You was just frontin, now it ain't nuttin  
Ain't that somethin? I should start bustin anyway  
and put one a you punks in the ground  
Y'all niggas be killin me with y'all faces round, jumpin around  
Like you scarin us, not even

Cuz me and Shy' gon' be some thugs til we stop breathin

"My name is the lord..."

Niggas be actin like they hoodlums

Until they get shot up or locked up, now they Bloods and Muslims

In the Wu, benz bang em like a Benz, touch kid nuttin thin

Put his ear to his chin

I gotta win and beat this game of dyin rich and old

Cuz these playa-hatin niggas wanna block my gold

It's untold like the truth, they thirsty for my juice

But when I let loose, have them jumpin out they boots