

Executioners from Shaolin

Wu-Tang Clan

Right then, let's just get right to it
You're ruthless!
You're despicable!
You're nothing but killers!
I'm a professional
I do what I'm trained to do
So you killed them?
Not my fault, they should have trained harder
Now, if you excuse me, I have more men to kill
Damn you bastard
I despise you

This slap like nana when you talk back, fall back
You want smoke? Feel the contact
Kill a small chap, put it in the contract
I really work, lunchbox with the hard hat
Coast to coast, LA to Chicago
Cross the north to south to Key Largo, pronto
Aiming and blow, leave a John Doe
Folks so amazed at the blow. It's incanto
Toast to the greatest alive
Stay sane in the world where they built more faith than the chains
Get sent back the way that you came
I'm out to control the universe
Lame's trying to make it rain
But I ain't hating on them
I'm just skating on them
Like waking in Jamaica in the morning
I was born with it, I'ma take it to the coffin
Take it to the limit, then take it to the auction

We baked those local spots when we turned the mics on
Rolling with the talent
The beats, rappers
Said he had to lick a shot for a top notch clan
Multiple swordsman, blade sharp
Ripped through your heart
MCs want no part
Any type of conflict or nonsense
Then we be swamped quick
Get thick
Problem goes beyond sick
G-g-goes beyond sick

Said you coming out the gate and swinging my sword
I cut rappers in half choking with the cord
They'll never try to step to my written dimension
I smash your whole set, kick your head in the trenches
You know I'm fit nigga
I slapped you out your flip-flops
You flow on the ground I dragged you for six blocks
You can't escape from the king of this hip-hop
Rappers can't avoid my spit, they just get chopped
36 chambers, killing the vampires
Niggas suck dick, your whole camp is liars
Fake-ass nigga, your beard is fake
You wear tight clothes, wear a skirt for the devil

You don't know wearing that, you search for my level
Stupid motherfucker, you ain't nothing but an idiot
Cartoon character, all your shit illiterate
Should've stomped you before, but I was considerate
It's that man, my alligator jumped your homeboy
Violate niggas, smack 'em with the chrome toy
(Keep it)
Talk it, put the hammer on your teeth
Pitbulls eating your balls, you little thief

Can't fuck around
Niggas'll get slumped
Throw you off the roof, hit your dog with the pump
Your little posse, just a room full of roaches
You leader a bitch, he just food for my roaches

As soon as you come out the building, you dead meat
Drown in the water, niggas is lead-feed
I ain't finished with you, I'm just getting started
Your mother a tomboy, your father's retarded
Your big brother, he always wear Pamper
Your little sister got her head in my hamper
I'm the king in this shit, don't you ever try and spit
I heard you do it before, you sound like shit nigga

You dear enter the sacred temple?
Why wouldn't I? Who's gonna stop me?