

Six Directions Of Boxing

Wu-Tang Clan

Are we not the strongest? Huh?
I say we move with power and strike now!

Yo, it's like this, yo

When I'm locked down I use Timbs as my shower slippers
I'm in the background, mingling with the powder flippers
In the basement, hard body, power lifters
I crush shower in the sifters, see how I lift her?
Universal God, I stay scientific
The Kid with the Golden Arms, Iron Fister
Stay Asiatic, so cinematic
Noise in the attic, bang out with them automatics
It's hood politics, that bring the hunger back
I'm straight chopping wood, call me the lumberjack
Check the catalog, put out a hundred packs
Watch for drug sniffing dogs, they coming from the back
I'm straight thunder clap, the funky drummer's back
It's pure Dopium, give 'em a heart attack
I stay stacking plaques, like ancient artifacts
Joe Namath in the game, I'm the quarterback

Yo, eight balls of coke, blunt to the greenery
Pounds in the trunk, get you a concrete scenery
Hand made ox'll get you duffed in the mess hall
Snitch niggas run to C.O.'s to confess all
This is street knowledge, now that I school college
Like a speech from The GZA, sharp like The RZA
Go run with a scissor, nigga, the true fizzer
Truth number, drop a few jewels in the booth
Used to boost cracks, stuff 'em inside of a tennis ball
And throw 'em when they rushing the block, trust no cops
Driving around with two mitts in my socks
Cooked coke'll get you more trouble than money
Don't crawl with the dust juice, the pigs is hungry
You think they ain't watching, they watching, while you uptown copping
Back home, while you cooking and chopping
They scheming on the block, waiting to get it popping

He had a sword and an ax that cuts
Under a robe that was woven from silver and gold and waxed it up
His army was so great, the quantity
His crops and life stock, boost the economy
Many will travel by boat to see him
His image adorn most schools and coliseums
A merchant hustle those silk and velvets
Portrait illuminated when the torch was well light
Picture so beautiful painted, that
One thought agree to move, cuz it will leave a mood
Or energy, you see his wife practice yoga
Made herbal enhancers that have saved the soldiers
God with treasures, in the chambers, halls and votes
Well prepared for all assaults, heavy guarded village
Armed with the sharpest weapons, designed to pierce
And cause blood spillage

From a young teen, my murder team inspired by crimes

See Allah Just' granted permission, for my position
So now I write rhymes escaping this repetitive cycle
Swinging dimes, losing time, doing hard time
Teaching ya'll mathematically, come see
The epitome of what you wanna be, M.C.
My semi auto gun, mandatory at the sound clash
The mic touch, dance mouth shut, pounds of the best
Green, glass bottles of Don, I sip the liquor slow
Flow so devastating when I go solo
Even when I'm dolo, pretty gun I'm holding
Head swollen off the solid gold soul
Iron Mic Pole beat your face like you stole something, trust me
Livin' life royalty, all wise and healthy
Welcome to the best of me, from knowledge to infinity
Never stopping my trajectory, I'm galactic

Yo, peace to all of the Gods and all of the earths
We've been building like this ever since the first day of birth
The more I start to build, the better I feel
Keep ignorant niggas from me, use dummies for shield
You not God body, son, you just garbage and real snotty
Cherry head gaylords still stuck in the lobby
This the first now born, son, I'm blessed with mad lessons
Conquer crazy devils, my mind is a weapon
You can't fast with me, and avoid the swine
You degenerate MC, I'm the best of mankind
Allah U Akbar, straight jews and real stars
I'm down with The RZA, got help for the widow son
Pop off on you, you ain't nothing to me dunn-dunn
Original Taizeen, holy water, the Visine
Designated wordplay, God respect my dean
Shine on little stars and respect the queen

New York Giant, call me Deck Umenyiora
Fresh with the water connect, two and a quarter
Deal with the dealer, don't trust the transporter
My job is done, once I get into the border
Pedico, coke game is kilos of cocaine
Hypodermic needle to the groove, I dose veins
Overdose ya, you know the product is raw, right?
Lines take you there like I wrote it with off white
Got 'em bent up, hands looking like a tin cup
Sorry, no consignment, get your ends up
Move from the gate now, he on his way straight to Jake, now
I'm on the hush, but my weight loud
Got the shakes now, how they want it, bad
Five or six heads, chippin' in for a bag
I got the works like a burger deluxe
Get you fixed while I'm serving it up, word to us

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