THE JCLS WU-TANG BLACKOUT POETRY CHALLENGE

The Wu-Tang Clan is one of hip-hop's most important and influential groups, and in celebration of their work and National Poetry Month we created a blackout poetry kit.

Blackout poetry, also known as erasure poetry, is a form of verse by elimination. A sort of remixing of existing text by eliminating words (for instance using a sharpie to black out select words, leaving only the words you choose in order to create your "remixed" poem). For the Wu-Tang Blackout Poetry Challenge we encourage you to create blackout poetry from the lyrics of Wu-Tang songs.

Below are 7 verses from select Wu-Tang Clan songs to get you started, but feel free to find your own and cite the verse and song. Just make sure to black out inappropriate language.

EXAMPLE:

Raekwon's verse from “Protect Ya Neck”

The way I  won’t smile
assassinator
built like a threat
I came to shake the thoughts you wanna flip

Inspectah Deck's verse from “Hollow Bones”

Fleeing the crime scene speeding
Beefing leaving behind cream, not even peeping that I was leaking
Won't see the precinct just got a recent case beaten
Still jakes are creeping, don't blow your spot, stay the weekend
Keep the Ruger peeling who's squealing few knew the dealings
Keep the steel concealed in 'cause we got no time for feelings
Eyes on the building guards are on the corners illing
Million dollar block villain plotting on a killing
Feel like, a superhero talking like a true De Niro
They boost his ego found him broke down, reduced to zero
Cops fill reports hoping I'll reveal my source

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**GZA’s verse from “Protect Ya Neck”**

The Wu is too slammin' for these Cold Killin' labels  
Some ain't had hits since I seen Aunt Mabel  
Be doin' artists in like Cain did Abel  
Now they money's gettin' stuck to the gum under the table  
That's what you get when you misuse what I invent  
Your empire falls and you lose every cent  
For tryna blow up a scrub  
Now that thought was just as bright as a 20-watt light bulb  
Should've pumped it when I rocked it  
So stingy they got short arms and deep pockets  
This goes on in some companies  
With majors, they're scared to death to pump these  
First of all, who's your A&R?  
A mountain climber who plays an electric guitar?  
But he don't know the meanin' of dope  
When he's lookin' for a suit-and-tie rap  
That's cleaner than a bar of soap

**Masta Killa’s verse from “For Heaven’s Sake”**

Now all pay tribute to this entity  
A spark that surges through the undergrowth  
Overwhelming the populace from the entry  
The Wu-Tang Dynasty, has emerged  
From this elite fleet I was appointed to strike the vital nerve  
Mouths tend to utter and speak empty words  
Observe the magnetic attraction as we breathe  
Seeds of MC's that these fake industry  
Feed off, the chrome might tend to squeeze off  
And spray, an array of shots  
That travel downwind, just respect my prolific pen  
As I ascend, the minds of the weak  
To rise and take power Eiffel tower-ing over the land  
As we stand, expanding our cream  
A dollar to every grain of sand  
Let the mind use the physical as planned
U-God's verse from “Impossible”

United Nations, gun bias style patient
Formulating rap plural acapella occupation
Conquer land like Napoleon, military bomb fest
We want sanitary food, planetary conquest
Thug peoples on some hardco' body 🕊
Get your 🕊 together 'fore the 🕊 Illuminati hit
Dreams is free and escape is sleep
For a fool peep jewels, keep tools for tough time
The rule of rough mind, elevate, stay behind
The sun gotta shine, keep on, cremate
The whole Babylon, times up, move on
Kings on your pawn, checkmate, no fakes
Supposed through the gate, case closed
Things get froze, when it comes time, chosen ones
Will holding guns, we take flight with no fright
And attack, never fear cause our words is clear
What's been done can't be undone Son, we can't care
Cause the last days and times are surely here
Snakes and flakes get blown, by the righteous ones
Divine minds bind, we unified as one
Half of black folk, we half broke, 🕊
Our everlasting essence stay flying over Egypt

U-God's verse from “Gravel Pit”

Yo, step to my groove, move like this
When we shoot the gift of course it's ruthless
Grab the mic with no excuses
In a sec, grab the Tec's and loot this
Executing, shaking all sets, and I'm breaking all hecks
I'm taking all bets, move all best, who want the dram' next
You all stank, we got the bigger bank
Bigger shank to fill your tank
Still the same kill you for real, while you crank
Slide, do or die, fry to bake
Admire the greats, on fire wit a heart of hate
Bitter shark, every part I take, heavy darts that quake
It's okay, all fakes, get caught by the dropkicks
You know the thrill, yes it's Park Hill
Yo we hit 'em with the hot grits
On the go, check the flow, saying Wu don't rock 🕊
Stop quick, hold the gossip, stop sweating my pockets
I hear the hot 🕊

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RZA’s verse from “Never Let Go”

Never let go, the all-eye-seeing, the supreme
Never let go the love of your seeds, or your queen
Never let go your heart, or the place you started
The feeling that I had, Wu-Tang had just charted
The old earth departed, I give thanks to the martyrs
I never let go the love I have for thy father
Never let go the glow
The more I know the more that it shows
I won’t let go, even if I decompose
Your seed will carry it on, we need to carry it on
Pass the baton, life is just the marathon
And ain’t playing to win it, it’s an epidemic
Never let go, that’s what the god recommended

Method Man’s verse from “A Better Tomorrow”

Wake up, get a hold of your life, go get your cake up
The motto in the streets is you eat, or you get ate up
Straight up, you tired of waiting, go get your weight up
My peoples tired of waiting for reparations to pay us
Screaming Jesus can save us, I, I get the Bentley if I save up
But that’s just another trick to enslave us
Push the minimum wages
Put, put our fathers up in them cages
Then watch out when mother struggled to raise us
But, but my ambition won’t let me live in this poor condition
That doesn’t care about color, creed, or your religion
Priests, politicians gotta listen to opposition
From my position, we still ain’t got a pot to piss in