

# triumph

Matt McGhee

What y'all thought y'all wasn't gon' see me?  
I'm the Osiris of this shit  
Wu-Tang is here forever, motherfuckers  
It's like this ninety-seven  
Aight, my niggaz an' my niggarettes  
Let's do it like this  
Imma rub your ass in the moonshine  
Let's take it back to seventy-nine  
I bomb atomically, Socrates' philosophies an' hypothesis  
Can't define how I be droppin' these mockeries  
Lyrically, perform armed robbery  
Flee with the lottery, possibly they spotted me  
Battle-scarred shogun, explosion when my pen hits  
Tremendous, ultra-violet shine blind forensics  
I inspect you, through the future see millennium  
Killa B's sold fifty gold, sixty platinum  
Shacklin' the masses with drastic rap tactics  
Graphic displays melt the steel like blacksmiths  
Black Wu jackets, Queen B's ease the guns in  
Rumble with patrolmen, tear gas laced the function  
Heads by the score, take flight, incite a war  
Chicks hit the floor, die hard fans demand more  
Behold the bold soldier, control the globe slowly  
Proceeds to blow swingin' swords like Shinobi  
Stomp grounds an' pound footprints in solid rock  
Wu got it locked, performin' live on your hottest block  
As the world turns, I spread like germs  
Bless the globe with the pestilence, the hard-headed never learn  
It's my testament to those burned  
Play my position in the game of life, standin' firm  
On foreign land, jump the gun out the fryin' pan  
Into the fire, transform into the Ghost rider, a six-pack  
An' 'A Streetcar Named Desire', who got my back?  
In the line of fire holdin' back, what?  
My peoples, if you with me, where the fuck you at?  
Niggaz is strapped an' they tryin' to twist my beer cap  
It's court adjourned for the bad seed from bad sperm  
Herb got my wig fried like a bad perm  
What the blood clot? We smoke pot an' blow spots

You wanna think twice, I think not  
 The Iron Lung ain't gotta tell you where it's comin' from  
 Guns of Navarone, tearin' up your battle zone  
 Rip through your slums  
 I twist darts from the heart, tried an' true  
 Loop my voice on the LP, martini on the slang rocks  
 Certified chatterbox, vocabulary 'Donna talkin'  
 Tell your story walkin'  
 Take cover kid, what? Run for your brother, kid  
 Run for your team an' your six camp rhyme groupies  
 So I can squeeze with the advantage an' get wasted  
 My deadly notes reigns supreme  
 Your fort is basic compared to mine  
 Domino effect, arts an' crafts  
 Paragraphs contain cyanide  
 Take a free ride on my dart, I got the fashion  
 Catalogs for all y'all to all praise to the Gods  
 The saga continues Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang  
 Olympic torch flamin', we burn so sweet  
 The thrill of victory, the agony, defeat  
 We crush slow, flamin' deluxe slow  
 For Judgment Day cometh, conquer, it's war  
 Allow us to escape, Hell glow spinnin' bomb  
 Pocket full of shells out the sky, Golden Arms  
 Tune spit the shitty Mortal Kombat sound  
 The fateful step make the blood stain the ground  
 A jungle junkie, vigilante tantrum

A death kiss, catwalk, squeeze another anthem  
 Hold it for ransom, tranquilized with anesthetics  
 My orchestra, graceful, music ballerinas  
 My music, Sicily, rich California smell  
 An axekiller adventure, paint a picture well  
 I sing a song from Sing-Sing, sippin' on Ginseng  
 Righteous wax chaperon, rotatin' ring king  
 Watch for the wooden soldiers, C Cypher Punks couldn't hold us  
 A thousand men rushin' in, not one nigga was sober  
 Perpendicular to the square, we stamp gold like Fleer  
 Escape from your Dragon's Lair, in particular  
 My beats travel like a vortex through your spine  
 To the top of your cerebrum cortex  
 Make you feel like you bust a nut from raw sex  
 Enter through your right ventricle, clog up your bloodstream  
 Now terminal like Grand Central Station  
 Program fat baselines on Novation

Gettin' drunk like a fuck, I'm duckin' five year probation  
War of the masses, the outcome, disastrous  
Many of the victim family save they ashes  
A million names on walls engraved in plaques  
Those who went back, received penalties for the axe  
Another heart is torn as close ones mourn  
Those who stray, niggaz get slayed on the song  
The track renders helpless an' suffers from multiple stab wounds  
An' leaks sounds that's heard  
Ninety-three million miles away from came one  
To represent the Nation  
This is a gathering of the masses  
That come to pay respects to the Wu-Tang Clan  
As we engage in battle, the crowd now screams in rage  
The high chief Jamel-I-Reef take the stage  
Light is provided through sparks of energy  
From the mind that travels in rhyme form  
Givin' sight to the blind  
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum  
Death, only one can save self from  
This relentless attack of the track spares none  
Yo, yo, yo, fuck that, look at all these crab niggaz laid back  
Lampin' like them gray an' black Puma's on my man's rack  
Codeine was forced in your drink  
You had a Navy Green salamander fiend  
Bitches never heard you scream  
You two-faces, scum of the slum, I got your whole body numb  
Blowin' like Shalamar in eighty-one  
Sound convincin', thousand dollar court by convention  
Hands like Sonny Liston, get fly permission  
Hold the fuck up, I'll unfasten your wig, bad luck  
I humiliate, separate the English from the Dutch  
It's me, black nobled you Ali  
Came in threes, we like the Genovese, is that so?  
Caesar needs the green, it's Earth  
Ninety-three million miles from the first  
Rough turbulence, the wave burst, split the megahertz  
Aiiyyo, that's amazin', gun in your mouth talk, verbal foul hawk  
Connect thoughts to make my man child walk  
Swift notarizer, Wu-Tang, all up in the high-riser  
New York Yank' visor, world tranquilizer  
Just a dosage, delegate my Clan with explosives  
While my pen blow lines ferocious  
Mediterranean, see y'all, the number one draft pick  
Tear down the Beat God, then delegate the God to see God

The swift chancellor, flex the white gold tarantula  
Track truck diesel, play the Weed God, substantiala  
Max mostly undivided, then slide in, sickenin'  
Guaranteed made 'em jump like Rod Strickland

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