# 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 Ghostrider, 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 anesthesias
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
Aiyyo, 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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