

Winter Warz

Ghostface Killah

It's on
(Where your sparkle at kid)
RyzarectorYes, the shit is raw, comin' at your door
Start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for more
Yes, the hour's four, I told you before
Prepare for mic fights
(And plus the cold war)This rhyme you digest through the RZA console
Ask why I slam, non-diagram pole
Raekwon dropped the bomb, Hunchback, Norte Dame
Golden Arms is bronze, buddah palm hit Qu'ran
It blows extreme, mean stream be the theme
Supreme team, America's CREAM team, redeemed
Vidal Sassoon, chrome tones hear the moans of Al Capone
Gun POW to the domeAnd split the bone, wig blown off the ledge
By the alledged, full-fledged, sledge RZA edge
One dose of my feroc hand held trigga cuts
Acapella spittin' shell paralyzed when you get touched
And critical, mic cords, hangin' like umbilical
Cords, dope swords, five star general
Raw be the quote rap style sore throat
Through the fully operational, hand held toteYes, the shit is raw, comin' at your door
You start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for moreMore than thousand times one, snatch up, my styles get
done
I hold a title, enhanced how my belt was won, check it
Slick majestic, broke mics are left infected
Germs start to spread through your crew, drew like an epic
You asked for it, shot up the jams like syringes
My technique alone blows doors straight off the hinges
Masked Avenger, I appear to blow your ear like wind
With a freestyle, sharper than the Indian spear
So sit back and let the king exploreDescribe me, the kid's nice and he holds swords
And his name, black attack's the nerve like migraines
With more games than beggars on trains, livid sharp pains
Poisonous Rebel like Deck, you can't destroy this
You get ambushed, skate, try to avoid this
Side effects of, hot raps and hot tracks
A duffle bag full of guns son, dipped in black
My culture, slides and attacks like a vulture
Ghostface and Madison Square is on your posterYes, the shit is raw, comin' at your door

You start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for more
 Yes, the hour's four, I told you before
 Prepare for mic fights
 (And plus the cold war)Be on the lookout for this mass murderous suspect
 That throws more body bags than apartments in projects
 And as far as the coroners know
 The autopsy shows, it was a Shaolin blow
 Put on by my family brought to the academy
 Of the Wu and learned how toFuck up your anatomy, steadily, calm and deadlly
 Spatter-head lyrics I lick through your transmit
 MC's submit to the will as I kill your
 Juvenile freestyle, civilize the mentail
 Devils worship this like an icon
 They're huggin mics with the grips of a pythonYes, the shit is raw, comin' at your door
 Start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for moreYou heard of the rasp before but kept waiting
 For the sun of song, I keep dancehalls strong
 Beats never worthy of my cause, I prolong, extravaganza, time sits still
 No propaganda, be wary of the skill
 As I bring forth the music, make love to your eardrum
 Dedicated to rap niggaz, beware of the fearsome
 Lebanon Don, Malcolm X beat threat
 CD massacre, murder to casette
 I blow the shop up, you ain't seen nothin' yet
 One man ran, tryin to get away from it
 Put your bifocal on, watch me I'm comin'
 Into your chamber like Freddy enter dreams
 Discombumberate your technique and your scheme
 Four course applause, like a black dat to dat
 You're stuck on stupid like I'm stuck on the mapNowhere to go except next show bro
 Entertainin' motherfuckers can't stop O
 In battlin', you don't want me to start tattlin'
 All upon the stage because y'all snakes keep rattlin'
 Bitch, you ain't got nothin' on the rich
 Every other day my whole dress code switch
 So just in case you want to clock me like Sherry
 All y'all crab bitches ain't got to worry
 Can't get a nigga like Don dime a dozen
 Even if I'm smoked out I can't be scoped out
 I'm too ill, I represent Park Hill
 See my face on the twenty dollar bill
 Cash it in, and get ten dollars back
 The fat LP with Cappachino on the wax
 Pass it in your think, put valve up to twelvePut all the other LP's back on the shelf
 And smoke a blunt, and dial 9-1-7

And you can long dick hip-hop affection
I damage any MC who step in my direction
I'm Staten Island's best son fuck what you heard
Niggaz still talkin that shit is absurd
My repotoire is U.S.S.R.
P.L.O. style got blown out the car
And ran over, by the Method Man jeep
Divine can't define my style is so deep
like pussy, my low cut fade stay bushy
Like a porcupine, I part backs like a spine
Cut you like a blunt and reconstruct your design
I know you want to diss me, but I can read your mind'Cuz you weak in the knees like SWV
Tryin' to get a title like Wu Killa Bee
Kid change your habit, you know I'm friends with the Abbot
Me and RZA ridin name printed in the tablet
Under vets, we paid our debts for mad years
Hibernate the sound, and now we out like beers
And blunt power, born physically power speakin'
The truth in the song be the pro-black teachin'

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