

Samurai Showdown (instrumental)

RZA

Yo, it's a samurai showdown
Samurai showdown
(Aight, A.T.M.) How dare you challenge me?
You will die from the tip of my sword today
Huh, the trenches, we must remain calm
Right, prepare to dieYo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
Yo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swordsYo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
Yo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swordsYo, yo
Hailin' from the slums of Shaolin', golden claw, talon twirl
And one swirl of the fatal sword splits your Island
Wu Killa Bees' stingers back on the swarm again
Bzz, the alarm again, six direction weapon deflectin'
Bones connect like opposite sides of magnets
Steel fragments bein' chipped off a slingin' sword slash
With the force of big crash in your dash board with no airbag
He drove a ninety-nine Jaguar
Quick to pick a lock, lick a shot
Respect the Bloods and Crips a lot
Plus the God from Ride saggin' in his seat, blastin' Wu beats
Tryin' to plot his next hit
He took a drag of the eight elements that composed, atmospheric gas
'Bout to let off his sword, and full blast
Kept his mind focused, meditation position half lotus
Abbot's sword novas couldn't match his magnum opus
Deluxe stroke, son move like a ghost
Struck in an instance, unnoticed like a lamp post
Radar sharp precision gunfire, explode
Till his clips unload, it's a samurai codeIt's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
Time for everyone to go record
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
Time for everybody to go recordCrept in silent, the steel wind
Chrome silencers screwed on tight kept the gunshots just sealed in
We attack, full fledge
with Chicago Bull red bandanas tied tight around our heads
Swing with the force of a sledge

Single-edge stainless steel blade chopped the wedge
Slit this analog derelicts head
Who even thought that
he could go against the truth and the Gods and fall back?
From the will of Allah, you'll be facin the firing squad
of a thousand archers out to mark ya
The bill top scully king blocks bullets like jelly beans
Birds in my nest restin up, on the telly scene
Murderous rap track to me, is ego felony
Can't accept what you analog cats be tellin me
I get the verbal weapon, won't hesitate for one second
to break your back like Big Jack from TekkenIt's born-born, young Lord so raise your swords
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords

Songwriters

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