You'll Never Know

Rza

One-two, one-two, mic check, one-two, one-two
(You don't know, that I really love you)
Yo, yo, you'll never know, check me out
(You don't know, that I really love you)
Yo, yo, yo
I love you like how birds love rose petals, Killarmy love full metal
I love you like how the Park Hill cats love to pull metal
The heat will make ya head whistle loud like a full kettle
I come like the Mecca in civilizin'
The hallway jackal, Chicago Bull bandana
I keep police scanners from fishes
They try to slash me out like Douton Hanna
And blow my spot, yo, I'm not the polka-dot
I tote weight, sip Scotch, bust shots, smoke a lot
My cousin Billy, he done it silly, used to joke a lot
Chased bitches, cut class, got high and stayed broke a lot
So when the rent was due he would grab the identical
Twin gats and put a fuckin hole in your right ventricle
Not sober yet no potent threat, yo, I hold a Tec
Show this jet pack on my back, blast like no respect
While you bickerin', this flame is still flickerin'
Then the magnetic attraction to my wisdom keeps you listenin'
Yo, yo, Choco bang that shit, yeah, yeah
(You don't know, that I really love you)
Killa Beez, European, yo, yo, shut up
Eh-yo, my sword so sharp, I split the tweeters in ya Genelacs
European Killa Beez attack, chk-chk-chk
I never smoke blunts, tote weight, nor bust shots
But fuck with me I guarantee you'll get ya neck chopped
Be the haunting, dauntin', brothers won't fuck
With The Wu-Tang swordsman, slowly get dropped
When my Shaolin sword, swing at nasty immigrants with passports
To teach man, woman and child, with the sword style
God, complete the presence
It only takes seconds to chop a nigga head on RZA records
But you a worthless effort, follow faster then leopards
I can't wait to return to the fuckin' essence
Of hip-hop, yo, my shit chop constantly
It's over when my shit drops, son, honestly

I love the RZA and the whole Wu Academy
For givin' me a chance to be what I wanna be
(What?)
But you will never know how much
Do you think this cocked mic will jam or choke?
Come on my nigga, listen yo
Do you think this black mic will cock back, jam or choke?
I should stick a long silver hook down your throat
And snatch out your vocal, bitch my eyes is black opal
Reflectin' this 2.2 kilogram Mac that smoke you
Firin' lightnin', Northern Lights, duck tight and chocolate Philly
Lyrics pierce through the ear like the spear of Achilles
Iron body Bobby Digital suit, don't bother to shoot
Quicker than Clint when I draw the six shoo'
Mortal Kombat whether it's the blind or the mute
Cripple a idiot, dunn, it sounds ridiculous
Rapid flow got you petro, my voice echo, echoes
Off the Wall Street money we stack like golden geckos
Gecko, gecko, let go my eggo or feel my eagle
4, 5, 6 in my hand, I've rolled the C-Lo
Brother knocked the long pound, ounces or straight kilos
You know how we go, it's the Killa Bee show
Then I love you like how the pharoah loves Joseph
The jewelry of Moses, like a man
Bendin' down on one knee before he proposes
The special 8, laid the hammer, about to slay Isaac
And the paitence of Daniel in the lion's den with closed eye lids
You'll never know, you'll never know
Yo, yo, here
(You don't know, that I really love you)

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