

# Mantis

## DJ Guy

The technique, depends mainly  
On arm and finger strength  
Once you've that, then the next step  
Is to learn how to pierce stone Well, you might as well start practicing now  
Do you-do you-do you, do you know, mantis legends?  
How it was it all started?  
It was fighting off this blackbird Although it was only a tenth of the bird's size  
It was a very valiant insect  
And that's why the technique, needs a brave man  
And a strong one, who isn't afraid of birds Welcome back to the temple of hip-hop and Sword Kem'po  
Lyrical rhyme nympho, B-boy Bob Digital  
Diamond crystal ring solid gold bone rituals  
We be the humble most calmest individuals Hard to spot microdots, we Sasquatch  
Stomp MC's, third eye Cyclops laser beam shots  
Being fired once the father get raised up  
We John Blaze up, abrasive heat, from the phaser gun Never left for a stun Dunn, Atilla the Hun  
Type Killa Park Hilla, eighteen wheeler Mack's  
In the truck lanes, from the rugged grains  
Of Shaolin soil, the red wolves be prowlin' Howlin' over the shit that got the whole world bowin'  
We spoiled, one thousand swordsmen  
One thousand recordings, one thousand Wu stores and  
One thousand rap tours and global insurance Not your everyday occurrence  
My rhyme torments MC's with the fear of God  
You'll be cursed like Farad  
And struck by the iron rod Hell's Wind Staff, the wrath of Black Titans  
Niggaz battlin', sword swingin'  
Cutthroat women, whirlwind given save the children  
Escape the poverty for live and, let live  
Die by the mic, shadow skill by night Hell's Wind Staff, the wrath of Black Titans  
Niggaz battlin', sword swingin'  
Cutthroat women, whirlwind given save the children  
Escape the poverty for live and, let live  
Die by the mic, shadow skill by night Man-Mantis style isn't easy to learn  
A mantis is small, but powerful  
With it's arms, it can lift up  
Many times it's own weight On behalf of the Wu-Tang Clan I'll display the Hong Kong  
Shaolin King Kong poems slaps niggaz in half from Kwan'tan  
Ten tigers scratch like Allah math, the Hell's Wind Staff  
Watch the eight diagram strike the diaphragm Pierced lung minute from tongue double-edged sound the drum

Here I come as predicted, holdin' the raw seal, all heads kneel  
7th Degree black mic skill is ill, listen to the guns holler  
Swallow the shell, East New York terroristBreak fool to this, madness, crazy low-hand, grabs the mic stand  
Smooth as water, Spat Seven Seas you've not yet mastered  
Breathe and lungs wheeze, Earth kills  
I'm wreckin' MC's, blood spills, meadow is roundThe piercin' sound of silence deafens ears, fires fears  
Wood sharp eagle claw tears, tree from bark  
Hard to maintain control when you leakin'  
I stand with the strength of Jobe and hold pressure that'll bust your headWhile I'm teachin' civilization, one  
havin' knowledge  
Wisdom understanding, culture refinement  
Knowledge savage in pursuit of happiness  
Thunderous mantis, all chant this

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