

# Winter Warz

## Ghostface Killah

Yes the shit is raw, coming 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 nine 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 dome  
And split the bone, wig blown off the ledge  
By the alledged, full-fledged, sledge RZA edge  
One dose of my feroc(ious) handheld trigger cuts  
Acapella spitting shell paralyzed when you get touched  
And critical mic cords, hanging like umbilical  
Cords, dope swords, five star general  
Raw be the quote rap style sore throat  
Through the fully operational, handheld tote mm-hmm Yes the shit is raw, coming at your door  
Start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for more A hundred thousand times one, snatch up my styles get done  
I hold a title, and here's how my belt was won, check it  
Slick majestic, broke mics are left infected  
Germs start to spread through your crew through lack of effort  
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 explore  
Describe me, the kid's nice and he holds swords  
And his name, black attack's the nerve like migraines  
With more gains 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, glides and attacks just like a vulture  
Ghostface in Madison Square is on your poster Yes the shit is raw, coming at your door  
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Prepare for mic fights (and plus the cold war)Be on the lookout for this mass murderous suspect  
That fills more body bags than apartments in projects  
And as far as the coroners know  
The autopsy show, it was a Shaolin blow  
Put on by my family brought to the academy  
Of the Wu and learned how to  
Fuck up yo' anatomy, steadily, calm and deadly  
Spatter-head lyrics I lick through your transmit  
MC's submit to the will as I kill your  
Juvenile freestyle, civilize the men-tal  
Devils worship this like an icon  
Bear-hugging mics with the grips of a pythonYes the shit is raw, coming 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)You heard other raps before but kept waiting  
For the Son of Song, I keep dancehalls strong  
Beats never worthy of my cause, I prolong  
Extravangza, time sits still  
No propaganda, be wary of the skill  
As I bring forth the music, make love to your eardrum  
Dedicated to rap nigga beware of the fearsome  
Lebanon Don, Malcolm X beat threat  
CD massacre, murder to cassette  
I blow the shop up, you ain't seen nothing yet  
One man ran, trying to get away from it  
Put your bifocal on, watch me a-cometh  
Into your chamber like Freddy enter dream  
Discombumbrate 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 map  
Nowhere to go except next show bro  
Entertaining motherfuckers can't stop O  
In battling, you don't want me to start tattling  
All up on the stage cause y'all snakes keep rattling  
Bitch, you ain't got nothing 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 thing, put valve up to twelve

Put all the other LP's back on the shelf  
And smoke a blunt, and dial 9-1-7  
1-6-0-4-9-3-11  
And you could get 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  
Niggas still talking that shit is absurd  
My repertoire, is U.S.S.R  
P.L.O. style got thrown 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  
Gut you like a blunt and reconstruct your design  
I know you want to diss me, but I can read your mind  
Cos you weak in the knees, like SWV  
Trying to get a title like Wu Killa Bee  
Kid change your habit, you know I'm friends with the Abbott  
Me and RZA Rob name printed in the tablet  
Under vets, we paid our debts for mad years  
Hibernate the sound, and now we out like bears  
In Born Power, born physically, power speaking  
The truth in the song be the pro-black teaching

Songwriters

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