

Samurai Showdown

RZA

Get your gun
Yo yo, it's a samurai showdown, samurai showdown
Aight, DZA, how dare you challenge me?
You will die from the tip of my sword today
The trenches, we must remain calm
Right, prepare to dieYo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swords
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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
The alarm again, six direction weapon deflection
Bones connect like opposite sides of magnetsSteel fragments bein' chipped off a singing 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 seatBlastin' 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 lotusAbbot's sword novas couldn't match his
magnum opus deluxe strok
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 codeYo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swords
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Yo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swordsYo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swords
Time for everyone to go accord
Yo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swords
Time for everybody to go accordCrept 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 headWho 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 bullest like jelly beans
Birds in my nest restin up on the telly sceneMurderous 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 tekken Yo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swords
Yo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swords
Yo, it's born born, young Lord, raise your swords

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