

# Triumph (Feat.CappaDonna)

## Wu-Tang Clan

What y'all thought y'all wasn't gon' see me?  
I'm the Osirus of this shit  
Wu-Tang is here forever, motherfuckers  
It's like this ninety-seven  
Aight my niggas and my niggarettes  
Let's do it like this  
I'ma rub your ass in the moonshine  
Let's take it back to seventy-nine I bomb atomically, Socrates' philosophies  
And hypotheses can't define how I be droppin' these  
Mockeries, lyrically perform armed robbery  
Flee with the lottery, possibly they spotted me  
Battle-scarred shogun, explosion when my pen hits  
Tremendous, ultra-violet shine blind forensics  
I inspect view through the future see millennium  
Killa Beez sold fifty gold sixty platinum  
Shackling the masses with drastic rap tactics  
Graphic displays melt the steel like blacksmiths  
Black Wu jackets Queen Beez ease the guns in  
Rumblin' patrolmen tear gas laced the function  
Heads by the score take flight incite a war  
Chicks hit the floor, die hard fans demand more  
Behold the bold soldier, control the globe slowly  
Proceeds to blow swingin' swords like Shinobi  
Stomp grounds I pound footprints in solid rock  
Wu got it locked, performin' live on your hottest block  
As the world turns, I spread like germs  
Bless the globe with the pestilence, the hard-headed never learn  
It's my testament to those burned  
Play my position in the game of life, standing firm  
On foreign land, jump the gun out the frying pan, into the fire  
Transform into the Ghost rider, or Six Pack  
In A Streetcar Named Desire, who got my back?  
In the line of fire holding back, what?  
My peoples if you with me where the fuck you at?  
Niggas is strapped, and they trying to twist my beer cap  
It's court adjourned, for the bad seed from bad sperm  
Herb got my wig fried like a bad perm, what the blood  
Clot, we smoke pot, and blow spots  
You want to think twice, I think not  
The Iron Lung ain't got ta tell you where it's coming from

Guns of Navarone, tearing up your battle zone  
Rip through your slums I twist darts from the heart, tried and true  
Loot my voice on the LP, my team is on to slang rocks  
Certified chatterbox, vocabulary 'Donna talking  
Tell your story walking  
Take cover kid, what? Run for your brother, kid  
Run for your team, and your six camp rhyme groupies  
So I can squeeze with the advantage, and get wasted  
My deadly notes reigns supreme  
Your fort is basic compared to mine  
Domino effect, arts and crafts  
Paragraphs contain cyanide  
Take a free ride on my thought, I got the fashion  
Catalogs for all y'all to all praise to the Gods The saga continues  
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang Olympic torch flaming, we burn so sweet  
The thrill of victory, the agony, defeat  
We crush slow, flaming deluxe slow  
For, judgment day come 'th, conquer, it's war  
Allow us to escape, hell glow spinning bomb  
Pocket full of shells out the sky, Golden Arms  
Tune spit the shit immortal combat sound  
The fake false step make, the blood stain the ground  
A jungle junkie, vigilante tantrum  
A death kiss, cap off squeeze another anthem  
Hold it for ransom, tranquilized with anesthetics  
My orchestra, graceful, music ballerinas  
My music Sicily, rich California smell  
An axe killer adventure, paint a picture well  
I sing a song from Sing-Sing, sippin' on ginseng  
Righteous wax chaperon, rotating ring king Watch for the wooden soldiers, see-cypher punks couldn't hold us  
A thousand men rushing in, not one nigga was sober  
Perpendicular to the square, we stand bold like Flare  
Escape from your Dragon's Lair, in particular  
My beats travel like a vortex, through your spine  
To the top of your cerebral cortex  
Make you feel like you bust a nut from raw sex  
Enter through your right ventricle clog up your bloodstream  
Or terminal, like Grand Central Station  
Program fat baselines, on Novation  
Getting drunk like a fuck I'm duckin' five-year probation War of the masses, the outcome, disastrous  
Many of the victim family save they ashes  
A million names on walls engraved in plaques  
Those who went back, received penalties for their acts  
Another heart is torn, as close ones gone  
Those who stray, niggas get slayed on the song The track renders helpless and suffers from multiple stab wounds

And leaks sounds that's heard  
 Ninety-three million miles away from came one  
 To represent the Nation, this is a gathering  
 Of the masses that come to pay respects to the Wu-Tang Clan  
 As we engage in battle, the crowd now screams in rage  
 The High Chief Jamel-Ah-Rief take the stage  
 Light is provided through sparks of energy  
 From the mind that travels in rhyme form  
 Giving sight to the blind  
 The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum  
 Death only one can save shell from  
 This relentless attack of the track spares none Yo! Yo! Yo, fuck that, look at all these crab niggas laid back  
 Lampin' like them gray and black Puma's on my man's rack  
 Codeine was forced in your drink  
 You had a Navy Green salamander fiend, bitches never heard you scream  
 You two-faces, scum of the slum, I got your whole body numb  
 Blowing like Shalamar in eighty-one  
 Sound convincing, thousand dollar court by convention  
 Hands like Sonny Liston, get fly permission hold the  
 Fuck up, Allah fasten your wig, bad luck  
 I humiliate, separate the English from the Dutch  
 It's me, Black Noble Drew Ali  
 Came in threes we like the Genovese  
 Is that so? Caesar needs the greens  
 It's Earth, ninety-three million miles from the first  
 Rough turbulence, the wave burst, split the megahertz Hey yo that's amazing, gun in your mouth talk, verbal  
 foul off  
 Connect thoughts to make my man Shai walk  
 Swift notarizer, Wu-Tang, all up in the high-riser  
 New York gank adviser world tranquilizer  
 Just the dosage, delegate my Clan with explosives  
 While, my pen blow lines ferocious  
 Mediterranean, see ya, the number one traffic  
 Sit down the beat God, then delegate the God to see God  
 The swift chancellor, flex, the white-gold tarantula  
 Track truck diesel, play the weed God, substantiala  
 Max mostly, undivided, then slide it, it's sickening  
 Guaranteed, mad em jump like Rod Strickland

Songwriters

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