

# 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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