

Mantis

Los Suruba

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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