

# Samurai Showdown (Raise Your Sword)

RZA

Yo, it's a samurai showdown  
Samurai showdown  
(Aight, A.T.M.) How dare you challenge me?  
You will die from the tip of my sword today  
Huh, the trenches, we must remain calm  
Right, prepare to dieYo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
Yo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swordsYo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
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  
Bzz, the alarm again, six direction weapon deflectin'  
Bones connect like opposite sides of magnets  
Steel fragments bein' chipped off a slingin' 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 seat, blastin' 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 lotus  
Abbot's sword novas couldn't match his magnum opus  
Deluxe stroke, 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 codeIt's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
Time for everyone to go record  
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
Time for everybody to go recordCrept 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 head  
Who 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 bullets like jelly beans  
Birds in my nest restin up, on the telly scene  
Murderous 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 TekkenIt's born-born, young Lord so raise your swords  
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords  
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords

Songwriters

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