Ode To Oren Ishii

Vincent Tempera & Orchestra (Featuring The RZA)

Aiyo, I wanna dedicate this song right here to Oren Ishii
Half Chinese, half Japane-see, half American an' yo
Oh, what a specie, a feminine perfection
She got the sinister cat eyes an' little freckles on her complexion
Cheaper than Yakuza but she's wicked like Medusa
An' she got Crazy 88 Killers that'll slice right through ya
Quick to chop a head off, then wipe the blood off
A long range sniper shot she bust, never let a dud off
You got a minute to pray an' a second to die
You can see the image of the Devil reflectin' inside her eye
But since she was a little girl, yo, she never would cry
She seen so much tragedy, let me explain to you why
She grew up on a military base, where she had to face
The brutality of her mother an' her father being erased
The blood drops from her tear drops
On her cheek you see the smear spots
She silently watched as the shogun sliced through her dear pops
Through his thick skull, now she's vicious like a pit bull
An' when it comes to hatred an' revenge, she got a shit full
Yo, revenge is that fire that burns inside your soul
Aiyo, she been bustin' off kneecaps, son, since the age of eleven
But fuckin' the enemy to death, that was her favorite weapon
An' the death you paid in Hell, boy, it can't be paid in Heaven
You better got down on your knees, son
An' start prayin' to the reverend
Bon appetit, boy, revenge is so sweet
Especially when it's served on a cold dish, but she has no wish
But to cut your day short like the Winter Solstice
An' a chance to receive a slight bit of mercy from her was hopeless
Oren Ishii, half Chinese, half Japane-see
Half American, yeah, oh what a species

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