

Triumph (featuring 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 niggarettas
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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