

Throw Your Flag Up

RZA & Black Knights

[Intro: RZA]

Eh-yo, Kinetic

What up God? You got that glock cleaned?

Soaked those bullets in oil?

So yo, I'ma call the Black Knights up
and North Star from down in the Westside

KnowwhatImean?

Eh-yo, they gon' come and blast this shit over
YouknowImean?

Think we don't need no Shaolin cats for the job

Take it to the Wild Wild West

[beat kicks in]

BOODOODOO..

[Intro Pt. II: Crisis (RZA) {Ms. Roxy}]

Yeah.. (Come on son)

The one and only.. sharpshooter..

(Spark these niggas my nigga)

Yo I speak to be heard {Digital}

The truth shall set you free {Digital}

(Set them niggas free God)

You in a Chamber, in the Chamber {Bobby, Bobby, Bobby..}

(BOODOODOO.. Darkness, you know? Must come to light)

[Crisis (RZA)]

Eh-yo, it's the sharpshooter

One and only, guaranteed, I ain't trippin'

Yo it ain't no comparin' me to nuttin' else

Untraceable, like a stealth bomber on your radar

There they are, take a look, yo I spit the uncontrollable

Highly flammable, unexplainable, Game Pro

Crisis show you how to tame a hoe, show you how the game should go

So you lames can know, Black Knights equals nuttin' but dope

So what you workin' wit? You bitch niggas ain't hurtin' shit

Spittin' commercial shit, we rhyme for different purposes

I spit for the cause, you spit for the broads

I spit for the streets, you spit for the geeks

I spit for North Long Beach and all of my peeps

Holdin' it down, I spit for the meak

We holdin' the crown, you savage niggas had your chance
So now it's on us, it's just us, you get your bones crushed
You got against us, resist us?
I thinks not (thinks not), it's impossible [echoes]

[Break: RZA]

If you live for the blood, +Throw Your Flag Up+
If you got the love in your heart, +Throw Your Flag Up+

[RZA]

Rollie Fingers in the back, son rolled the bag up
Street had the pen and the pad, he threw a tag up
Uncooked beef in the street, they tagged the rag up
Goldie got the clip from the closet and filled the gat up
Bobby sharpened the razor, oiled the bat up
Let the dogs out the basement, pulled the rap up
Somehow the Brown cats about to get clapped up
Pussy high nigga off coke tried to act up
Against the world's greatest mind, Bob Digital
Might throw a Shaolin Hand-block or a fifty-two
My young son Big Un don't fuck with Patty Cake
Bound to walk through the woods barefoot, choke a rattlesnake
While his brother Mel ???, dissect it
Up in the project life, the street's be hectic
The gun burst, son shot his tongue first
Should've shot his tongue first, should've shot the gun first
Now chew on the Sunburst, bitch, it's Bobby's day
Lyrics for the out, click click, like shotti's spray
Tear through flesh/bone, get lodged up in your ass cheek
Cuz you came talkin' that same bullshit last week
Fuckin' cokehead nigga, what? Your brain numb?
I used to wonder where these pussy-clats came from
Up in the thirty-six cell block I Shadowbox
Ship on weed grass and build up like a male ox

[Break: RZA (Monk)]

If you love for the glock, +Throw Your Flag Up+
If you got love for the Gods, +Throw Your Flag Up+
If you live from the heart, +Throw Your Flag Up+
Don't cause the beef, I might tie the rag up
All my Digihead niggas, roll the bag up
BOODOODOODOO.. and +Throw Your Flag Up+
(If you come from Long Beach, +Throw Your Flag Up+
If you come from Compton, throw your rag up
If you come from the West then throw your hood up

If you come from the block then +Throw Your Flag Up+)

[Monk]

I spit the flavor for the ear, shit for the streets

Rollin' in the cutty about five niggas deep

One SK, two Tec-9's and two sticks

Ready to trip on these fools around my way poppin' shit

Like the Black Knights don't air them things out

Knuckle up in the spot 'til someone get drops

Stomped, get passed out

Passed out off a pint of that pah, ready to mic brawl

Clean sweep, took the first pitch, knocked the homerun

Black Knights known to grab mics, leave the spots full blown

You know motto, the +Knights or Nuttin'+, so stop frontin'

Like you ain't heard this high pitch through your twelve-inch

Don't care which Alpines, I keep those six-by-nines thumpin'

+Jumpin' Jumpin'+ like Destiny, I laced it with the Rugged recipe

You know my technique on a Ra' beat

Speak the Digi slurred speech but aggressive with the mic

On mine, it's strictly Black Knights

Steal the spotlight, show niggas how to rock mics

the right way, spit like a K, M-o-n-k

The conqueror, smash your sponsor

Learn the lesson from the Black Knight lethal +Silent Weapon+

[Outro x2: Ms. Roxy]

Digital, Digital, Digital..

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby..

Digi, Digi, Digi.

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