

# The RZA, Holocaust (Silkworm)

(Holocaust, (Ms. Roxy))  
(Bobby Digital), Wu-Tang Killer Bees  
(Its all about Bobby, I'm floatin in your galaxy)

You fallin down a endless tunnel of doom reality  
Grahically, my killer bee family stings the galaxy  
Insanity, titanium stomach, devourin guiness  
My flesh is solid stone despite my outer appearance  
Still deceases kill viruses, planets and racial creatures  
Made MC's sprout tumors so bad, lost facial features  
Waste your peoples, left out in the rain, fountains of pain  
Eighty shots to the mouth and the brain, shoutin my name  
Holocaust, black man, lose vains, littered with thorns  
Back-smack you so hard, all your seeds will be formed deformed  
Swarm dorms, sting birds, fling verbs like mean curbs  
Strike three, mics flee, I infect em with green germs, ringworm  
Cuz I'm filthy and guilty, dastardly, mastery  
My felony melody has to be a bastards masterpiece  
Stop graftin me, chump-ass niggaz eyein me, temp me  
I'll break it simply, I'm horrifyingly empty  
Spittin darts on the tip of a glacier used for my hide-out  
Rock crush or german suplex, watch spines slide out the side route  
Forearm bash with twenty jabs on the ave. or your lab, get stabbed in bloody bath  
While, I'm sippin herbal teas, verbal bees plant fertile seeds  
Bitches leave with broke backs, swollen palms and purple knees  
Circle thieves like vultures in deserts rest on a cactus  
Got oscar nominee MC's stuck to my hatchet  
Drastic, indescribable pain, I injure bars  
While, Bobby's throwin razor CD's like ninja stars

(Rza)  
chick-chick-chick-chick-chick-chick-chhhhh

Yo, yo, yo, dropped down a man-hole, yo, I rap ammo  
Blows out your candle, check, yo  
Dropped down a man-hole, I rap ammo  
Blows out your candle, have Wu-Tang tagged up on your tombstone by Jandel  
Release the info, 4-4 increase your heart tempo  
Scared your ass, you jumped through a closed window  
To a hundred beats per a second, my mic's secret weapon  
Infertiate your style to that of Led Zeplin  
Encyclopedia Brittanica, Hanna Barbera, world of superest incher  
Couldn't give a proper word on the scripture of my manner  
You're just a flicker to my inferno, we burn for eternal  
MC's delight - popcorn, we poppin every curnel  
Jot us in your journal, we hot like a thermal  
nuclear explosion, under my control of your country  
My technique, he vocabulary freak  
Recite for state, my divine is like Dante's Peak  
At most, you'll be trapped off in PatMoss  
Get smacked in the back of your neck with the black toast  
King Cobra, back blew back and bare foot  
On the roof dusted out, waitin for carriers  
Poppin like Orville Redd'n Bocker or Betty Crocker  
The pop secret is the fourty-five glock popper  
Control men like rats thats controlled by Ben or Willis  
American Express privelages, blood spillage  
We got more balls then village  
Star-spangled banner, soldier stand up  
Cobra commander, stop the propaganda  
Thirty shot banana clip, full-loaded, radar scanners get decoded  
Digital warfare torments your head, eye's bloated  
Nexus floated, poison darts quoted

American eagle stingin up blue Beetle Bailey  
on the wine mixed with Hennessy daily  
Keep thee scaly, Israeli niggaz from the clan  
We bide the omish that'll harness the promised land

(Dr. Doom)

Yo, yo, yo, you can't escape from the Dr. of Doom  
My lyrics bloom on bafoons and take flight like witches brooms  
That full moon on all you dumb-dumbs  
Watch your filthy rise away like soap scum  
The war-lord swingin flamin swords just like a shogun  
of the darkness, my scriptures cause arches like flamin archmen  
My killer bee sting remains accurate like a marksman  
So, tape with caution, we attack like black martians  
Corner of the market, by usin digital strategies  
Reefer sparks my acid battery, yall niggaz flatter me  
With all that tough talk, I drop bombs like Mookie Blaylock  
>From the outside or the inside, create intense rides  
When my pen glides all MC's will get they heads flied  
For talkin shit, lyrics always strike throughout my dungeon pit  
Killer bees must reign supreme throughout the continent  
We conquered it, mother fuckers

(Ghostface Killah)

Eh yo, the beat terminal, exquisite young coolie high production  
Caught up in the hollow-head suction  
Ten pogo sticks, two black-belts that break bricks  
Diet coke meetin's with the rich  
I'm faithfully married to rap  
We've been engaged for twelve years  
Tyson bite Holyfield ear  
We love the sport, look out your window  
Now see, pull up to say, yall be amazed me  
Tony Starks, spaceship, ran by a daughter's cellar  
Only man out, walked through hell  
Dick swingin like shit went well  
Call it the mighty Joe Young  
Double-swirl slush, Wonder Woman, sapphire shit with the pearls  
It looked real nice, yo, heavy on the gravy  
Third, bag a secretary in the glaze, he tagged eighty words  
From Whirl-winds to whirl-pools, see wise watch the earth spin  
Sunny-dance with the serpent, who shot JJ and its my bone  
The same nigga ridin the train, same nigga with his name on the jacket  
Switch to chaseable, inhaled the bad bag of that Jason  
Fell out twice in the basement  
Straight up and down, yall