

# The RZA, Throw Your Flag Up

(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

KnowwhatI mean?

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

YouknowI mean?

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 uncontainable

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..