

# Wu-Tang Clan, Triumph

[OI Dirty Bastard]

What y'all thought y'all wasn't gon' see me?

I'm the Osirus of this shit

Wu-Tang is here forever, motherfucker

It's like this ninety-seven

Aight my niggaz and my niggarettes

Let's do it like this

I'ma rub your ass in the moonshine

Let's take it back to seventy-nine

[Inspectah Deck]

I bomb atomically, Socrates' philosophies

and hypothesis 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 you, through the future see millenium

Killa B's sold fifty gold sixty platinum

Shacklin the masses with drastic rap tactics

Graphic displays melt the steel like blacksmiths

Black Wu jackets queen B's ease the guns in

Rumble with patrolmen, tear gas laced the function

Heads by the score take flight incite a war

Chicks hit the floor, diehard fans demand more

Behold the bold soldier, control the globe slowly

Proceeds to blow swingin swords like Shinobi

Stomp grounds and pound footprints in solid rock

Wu got it locked, performin live on your hottest block

[Method Man]

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, standin firm

on foreign land, jump the gun out the fryin pan, into the fire

Transform into the Ghostrider, a six-pack

and +A Streetcar Named Desire+, who got my back?

In the line of fire holdin back, what?

My peoples if you with me where the fuck you at?

Niggaz is strapped, and they tryin 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 wanna 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

[Cappadonna]

I twist darts from the heart, tried and true

Loop my voice on the LP, martini on the slang rocks

Certified chatterbox, vocabulary 'Donna talkin

Tell your story walkin

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 dart, I got the fashion

catalogues for all y'all to all praise to the Gods

[OI Dirty Bastard]

The saga continues

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

[U-God]

Olympic torch flaming, we burn so sweet  
The thrill of victory, the agony, defeat  
We crush slow, flamin deluxe slow  
For, judgment day cometh, conquer, it's war  
Allow us to escape, hell glow spinning bomb  
Pocket full of shells out the sky, Golden Arms  
Tune spit the shitty Mortal Kombat sound  
The fateful step make, the blood stain the ground  
A jungle junkie, vigilante tantrum  
A death kiss, catwalk, squeeze another anthem  
Hold it for ransom, tranquilized with anesthetics  
My orchestra, graceful, music ballerinas  
My music Sicily, rich California smell  
An axekiller adventure, paint a picture well  
I sing a song from Sing-Sing, sippin on ginseng  
Righteous wax chaperone, rotating ring king  
[RZA]  
Watch for the wooden soldiers, C-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 cerebrum cortex  
Make you feel like you bust a nut from raw sex  
Enter through your right ventricle clog up your bloodstream  
now terminal, like Grand Central Station  
Program fat baselines, on Novation  
Getting drunk like a fuck, I'm duckin five-year probation  
[GZA]  
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 the axe  
Another heart is torn as close ones mourn  
Those who stray, niggaz get slayed on the song  
[Masta Killa]  
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-I-Reef take the stage  
Light is provided through sparks of energy  
from the mind that travels in rhyme form  
Givin sight to the blind  
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum  
Death only one can save self from  
This relentless attack of the track spares none  
[Ghostface Killah]  
Yo! Yo! Yo, fuck that, look at all these crab niggaz 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  
Blowin like Shalamar in eighty-one  
Sound convincin, thousand dollar court by convention  
Hands, like Sonny Liston, get fly permission  
Hold the fuck up, I'll unfasten your wig, bad luck  
I humiliate, separate the English from the Dutch  
it's me, black nobled you 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 waveburst, split the megahertz

[Raekwon]

Aiyyo that's amazing, gun in your mouth talk, verbal foul hawk  
Connect thoughts to make my manchild walk  
Swift notarizer, Wu-Tang, all up in the high-riser  
New York Yank' visor world tranquilizer  
Just a dosage, delegate my Clan with explosives  
While, my pen blow lines ferocious  
Mediterranean, see y'all, the number one draft pick  
Tear 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 in, sickenin  
Guaranteed, made em jump like Rod Strickland