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 Hennessey 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