

RZA, Samurai Showdown

(Intro: The RZA)

Get your gun....

Yo, it's a samurai showdown, samurai showdown

(Aight,A.T.M)How dare you challenge me?

You will die from the tip of my sword today

huh, the trenches, we must remain calm

Right,prepare to die

(Chorus: The RZA (x2))

Yo,it's born born, young lord, raise your swords

Yo,it's born born, young lord, raise your swords

(Verse 1: The RZA)

Yo,yo Hailin from the slums of Shaolin, golden claw,talon twirl

and one swirl of the fatal sword splits your Island

WU killa bees stingers back on the swarm again

zzzzzz,the alarm again, six direction weapon deflection

Bones connect like opposite sides of magnets

Steel fragments bein chipped off a singing sword slash

with the force of big crash in your dash board with no airbag

He drove a ninety nine Jaguar quick to pick a lock, lick a shot

Respect the bloods and crips a lot

Plus the god from ride saggin in his seat, blastin WU beats tryin

to plot his next hit

He took a drag of the eight elements that composed,atmospheric gas

Bout to let off his sword, and full blast kept his mind focused,

meditation position half lotus

ABBOT's sword novas couldn't match his magnum opus deluxe stroke,

son move like a ghost

struck in an instance, unnoticed like a lamp post

Radar sharp precision gunfire,explode till his clips unload,

it's a samurai code

(Chorus)

It's born born ,young lord,raise your swords (x5)

time for everyone to go record

It's born born, young lord,raise your swords

time for everyone to go record

(Verse 2: The RZA)

Crept in silent, the steel wind

Chrome silencers screwed on tight kept the gunshots just sealed in

We attack,full fledge

with Chicago Bull red bandanas tied tight around our heads

Swing with the force of a sledge

Single-edge stainless steel blade chopped the wedge

slit this analog derelicts head

Who even thought that

he could go against the truth and the gods and fall back?

from the will of Allah, you'll be facin the firing squad

of a thousand archers out to mark ya

The bill top scully king blocks bullest like jelly beans

Birds in my nest restin up,on the telly scene

murderousrap track to me,is ego felony can't accept what you analog

cats be tellin me

I get the verbal weapon,won't hesitate for one second to

break your back like big jack from tekken

(Chorus)

It's born born,young lord raise your swords

It's born born,young lord raise your swords (x2)

(Instrumental to end ...)