RZA, The Chase

Burst, better run, better run for your life!
Burst, break, run, jet, flee, boogey, move, be audi (yo)
Slide, duck, dip, bounce, be ghost, escape, blazini, poof
The Genie, disappear, cast out like they ain't seen me (yo) ...
(Yo) Burst!

Put the key in the ignition friction sparks my transmission
I'm gear shiftin, fast lane switchin, tryin to ditch em
Escape, I got the briefcase full of papers
Plus the microtape of all the secret society snakes
Recordings, plan how they want to destroy the black man
and take every square inch of land and kill the Wu Clan
What the fuck? My four hundred horsepower truck
High speed with the Ironman CD turned all the way up
Shots fired in back of me, they practically hit my tire
Yo I smell smoke, I hope my engine ain't on fire
Pulled off the road, hope this damn truck won't explode
Felt like a scene from the last James Bond episode
Drivin sixty miles per hour through weed trees and dead flowers
Bust the overdrive, couldn't control the power
Pushin through bushes, mud, bugs
Covered the front and back windshield like carwash suds
I couldn't see, I knew these niggaz was gainin on me
I tried to bust a 360, I crashed into a tree
It felt like a bulldozer, knocked my ass over
I fell out the Rover, grabbed the briefcase ran over
to a log cabin, had a sign posted DO NOT ENTER
I bust through the door my body got cut up with splinters
I ain't give a FUCK, tryin to find somewhere to duck
Ahh, ahh, uhhhhh, ahh
and catch my breath, count how many shots I had left
My clip was full, the first nigga walk through I'm gonna pull
It was Ivan Korlof, he came through with a sawed off
Bust the cannon shot and tore the rest of the fuckin door off

Burst, break, run, jet, flee, boogey, move, be audi
Slide, duck, dip, bounce, be ghost, escape, blazini, poof
The Genie, disappear, cast out like they ain't seen me
Killer Bee, fast lamborghini
(repeat 2X)

Junk turned fragments scattered in all direction
One grazed me, on my kneecap but didn't faze me
Count to three, jumped up, I fired back
My four-four snub slug, dug a hole in his head
like Dig Dug, partner crashes in
with the infrared precision shots, just missin
Night vision goggles, shit had me boggled
Forty-Four mag, was too much to swallow
Held the briefcase in front of my face, jumped through the window
Daring, got up and went like Dr. Kimball

I burst, broke, ran, jetted, fleed, boogied, moved, was audi
Slid, ducked, dipped, bounced, ghost, escaped, blazini, poof
The Genie, disappear, niggaz out like they ain't seen me
Killer Bee move with the speed of lamborghini

Bobby Steels on the track, word up
Bout to escape with the tape
Word up