

# The RZA, The Whistle

(feat. Masta Killa, Prodigal Sunn)

(Intro: RZA)  
(whistling)  
(beat kicks in)  
Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Digital

(RZA)  
Yo, I beat the case, now I face the acquittal  
You nizzles try to belittle, but ya'll lest in spittle  
From a baby's lip, the digi made me flip  
Plus they paid me chips, just to spray the clip  
And empty out on you, in sync like the SMPTE output on the MPC 2002  
We be housin' crews, plus we housin' fools  
In abandoned apartments with a thousand tools  
Crazy shootin' dudes buck off the beat  
Brainless boutless fools who be stuck off the leaf  
Two guns in their hands yellin' "Fuck the police!"  
On the weekend get drunk and they fuck with the niece  
Of the precinct chief, she got the tattoo  
On her breast that's shaped like The W  
Go 'head snatch the guns, son, I'll cover you  
And if they get past me we got another two, yeah...

(Chorus: RZA & Prodigal Sunn)  
We smoke those blunts the size of bats  
We got those gats as long as ax  
We snatch that cheese right off the trap  
We put those Beez all on your map

(Prodigal Sunn)  
I shoot the fair one, I dare ya'll run through New York City  
Or any city or place, my face, royal taste, pace myself  
Ace my health, great with wealth  
Undetected like the wings of a Stealth, I move for self  
Or any man, woman or child that I call fam  
That's the way I am, word to Glock, my sister Pam  
Son, lived through the terror of the World Trade blues  
Nine o'clock news, abused the mind of many fools  
Braves and jewels, made my moves, paid my dues  
From the School of Intelligence, I stayed benevolent  
Most high, magnify, multiply, as I add to the Kings of Kings  
We never die, built my name, sustained like blood  
Flow through the veins divine sign  
Dine with wine forever sunshine

(Chorus)

(RZA)  
We smoke...

(Masta Killa)  
From the Vil to Brazil, live on your C-SPAN radio band  
Explicit, dice kiss it, pour a little liquor  
Golden imported from Cuba, Miss Aruba  
Sexy as Asia, met her up in Mecca  
Getting up in Just Cipher, hit it on the first date  
Plotted my escape, twelve hours shift at the gate  
How can you beat a G a week in '88?  
Trips to the Pocono Lodge, the fresh Izod  
Mama shouldn't work so hard to pay the landlord  
A grand in your birthday card, times is hard  
The gun hammer click, when the pigs blitz  
We scramble like Vick, automatic six plus one to the head

Yo, the east so hot, it's red, but that's home  
And my Glock still burn your skin to the bone  
Sonny Corleone don't discuss it on the phone

(Chorus to end)