

Zu Ninjaz, No Retreat

(Intro: Toyon)

Yo me name Toyon alongside all of me Ninjaz dem
What we look and tell dem say

(Chorus: Toyon)

Well if a war we nah gon' go
Nuff guy we dead if they want a shootout
Well if a war, Toyon, me nah retreat
Before ya see me

(Toyon)

Aiyo look, before ya diss Toyon, ya betta sink hard
We are pro-violence, shoot ya never in heart
Disrespect me and know the war start
Somebody big hit, boy, be cut over not

(Raw)

Yo start swingin' that wild shit, uppercut to the chin
Got you stonin', spittin' blood while you tumblin'
Got peeps to drop the fuck out
Ya seconds away from gettin' knocked the fuck out
And ya eyes bleedin', never been breathin', no longer bobbin' and weavin'
Tryin' to throw a low blow, ya occipital, here comes the T.K.O.
Tell ya kids to roll, snitches where ya arms are?
Stop tellin' bro' to fight ours, I cut ya right arm
Put a left to ya neck, and you gaspin' and shit
Just got yo' ass kicked, gotta give me my respect
Gotta give me my cheque

(5 Foot Hyper Sniper)

My .380 blast niggaz, see a trade, nigga
Semi-automatic shotgun, nigga
Retract it, open up his casket, goodbye to ya nigga
My nine tragedy to niggaz like 4-5's
Hit average niggaz, savage niggaz
Rhyme to crack the niggaz, heart to heart niggaz
Nothin' soft about a Ninja on the streets
I rip niggaz apart, niggaz now move sweet

(Chorus x2: Toyon)

Well if a war we nah gon' go
Nuff guy we dead if they want a shootout
Well if a war, Ninjaz, we nah retreat
Before ya see me

(Hook: Toyon)

Allow me Ninjaz ina de place and know fi lift it up
Yo one fling, dazzle, we have to lift it up
Ya body long, dazzle, have fi wine up
Mr. Toyon on the mic me get the good guff

(Popa Chief)

Yo, I bury MC's like Dirt Dog, to the bone
The biggest homes, to the poems, to tastes like styrofoam
Court jesters never get to sit on thrones
Popa Chief the widowmaker, ya baby-daddy ain't comin' home
Pretty boy's voice sings, puppet masters work the strings
With no lane trigger, how you claim the king?
Unmeasureable joy I bring to the function
How you gon' be fly with two broken wings?
Niggaz with no stripes, jaws stay tight
Planned on taken me out? Ya better take flight
Never be Blakk enough to test my Tann
Silly man, ya rather take a bath in quicksand

Never worry, last cat got bodied and buried
Too much pressure on him and jumpshot hurried
I slipped and dipped, bust his lip when I flurried
With all the fixings Kamikaze left him curried
Then slam dunked the punk, huffed the tree trunk
Rocked the hat of the dunce, once, little nappy cunt
Fourth down situation, we never punks
Huh, cocked the homeruns off bunts

(Chorus: Toyon)

Well if a war we nah gon' go
Nuff guy we dead if they want a shootout
Well if a watch Toyon me nah retreat
Before ya see me

(Toyon)

Aiyo, me say who no listen to me?
Me have a little style, see me name Toyon and me's a mic MC
So boy, follow me now, nah wan' hear me now stylin'
And me now Jimmy born and me move from Jersey
Me move from there so when me was a baby and
Gun ya so, yes we do it, you'll see a
All me Ninjaz dem a back me

(Hook: Toyon)

All of me Ninjaz ina de place and know fi lift it up
We a gunslingaz and know fi lift it up
We a nice Ninjaz and know fi shot nuff
See ya body long gal, know fi wine up
When we there 'pon di mic me get di lyrics nuff
When mi there 'pon di dance me get di dance nuff
With di long gal me no fi stop, truth
With di long gal me no fi stop, truth
And the Zu come mark it 'pon me flute

(Outro: Raw (Toyon))

'9-9, nigga, 2000, beyond
(Yeah, a mi say Toyon, alongside di boy dem
Mr. Irie dem, 'longside pure fire
Can't forget Popa Chief dem
And anyway, also ya can't forget Mr. Toyon
The Ninjaz..)