

RZA f/ Beretta 9

"Take Sword Pt. 1"

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[Intro: "Shaolin Vs. Wu-Tang" sample]

"Take the sword"

"The sword?"

"Come on, give me the sword"

"Huh?"

"Heh, you Wu-Tang are never gonna win"

"My lord, don't be afraid of the Wu-Tang techniques"

"Pick up the sword!"

[RZA]

Yo, aiyo, chumps are in trouble, boy, tongue pay
double, boy

I'm trump tight, you better go home, and cuddle, boy
I leave you ducks in a puddle, buried under cuz of
rubble

Turn your body, to sparks and stubbles
Hot lead from the cylinder, from my two-shot dillinger
Put that hot steel in ya, bigger not feeling ya
Bio hazard, to ya flesh and ya fabric
No need to scratch your hair, son, the clean to my
static

Strange apparatus and gadgets, my bullets got
magnets

Pop pop pop, we attract to that crab shit
Super superior stamina, there's a Clan of us
All of what bulldozers, hard hats and jack hammers
And leather Old Testament copies, I'll probably
Give you a out of body experience, then hide your body
So there's no return, so burn, baby, burn
My click fucking sick, nigga, learn, baby, learn
I got Milwaukee chicks like Shirley and Laverne
They bite ya dick off, after swallowing your sperm
And slice ya fucking throat while you lay there in sperm
They related to the judge, to the case, to the germ
You chumps are in trouble, boy, I said tongue pays
double, boy

I'm trump tight, you better go home, and cuddle, boy
I put your head in a puddle, buried under cuz of rubble
Turn your body, to sparks and stubbles
Frickles and fragles, nigga, get too fragile
Pump the fuck up, my brain, is on Scrabble

[Beretta 9]

Aiyo, back for this annual conference, confronted on
You wack MC's, it's duck season, the hunt is on
What B9 squeezing and game is locked, a run upon
Thinking that you were the shit, nah, that's once upon
I doubt my run while you sit, I bust my gun from the hip
Why even make you a song, and when you ain't worth a
skit

My niggas kill for the sum, and the'll be cursed for the
flick

Probably til midnight until, scheeming on pussy to split
And then we back like crack, nigga, take a swig of that
Twist a twenty sack of black, figure, oh he a good kid
Such a nice smile he had, oh one more state
Then I whip it on that, slip slipping in the grass
Sip sipping on the glass, now I'm dipping down the ave.

[Outro: "Shaolin Vs. Wu-Tang" sample]

"Take the sword"

"The sword?"

"Come on, give me the sword"

"Huh?"

"Heh, you Wu-Tang are never gonna win"

"My lord, don't be afraid of the Wu-Tang techniques"

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