

RZA, 5 Foot Hyper Sniper, 60 Second Assassin, Beretta 9, Black "Take the Sword Pt. III"

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[Intro: kung fu samples] "Take the sword!" "The sword?" "Come on, give me the sword!" "You Wu-Tang..." [Dexter Wiggles] Yo... here come the enemy And what stands, and we will take... For sure, the Lion of Judah stands within the way Ready for the voices, to call out the other Beware of the storm... [60 Second Assassin] Our opponents upon the threat with the mighty Gigantor I'm rippin' this shit to pieces like Skeletor The editor, senator of all rap, competitors Get this job done on the mic quicker than -- Financial or power, I attack with the sunshower Get the new pres', the taste of God's power Raining for forty days, burning for forty nights Meteorologists don't even pick up from the satellite Coming a catastrophe, death of another M.C. Killed by the legendary G-O-D, as in me Now rest in peace, six feet beneath, subconsciously Periodically, and wake up and be somebody I swam the shores and cause the laws and I recall The rise and fall, but now see I walk tall Never needed a slugger, my rapping's like the mugging I rough up then tough up, I leave your shit left for supper Hush up your busted, you can't be trusted Give me a break out there, foolin' the puppet On with the subject, cuz I'm tired of hearing this rubbish Now get your stinking breath off the mic "I have nothing but admiration for having foreseen the attack" *Leggezin Fin rappin' in foreign language* [Leggezin Fin] We had 30 years of war, live hardcore For our souls through the sky, alotta soldiers died You can't ever be denied when, words are only option Before you close an eye, guarantee you'll be poppin Ninety-nine percent, muthafuckas straight dropping Leaders get starting, AK's, ASK's With the magazine that say, real Leggezin Aiyo, that's what I mean, people pray for the day Of a good well being, man cry in your genes If you steppin' cleans, enemies gettin' low So he spy enemies, gather fake shit, counterfeit Try to make a profit, still I crimes up for the rise To the market, so many people starving, die for nothing I bring you little something, keep the streets bumping Love forever "Take the sword!" "The sword?" "Come on, give me the sword!" "I have nothing but admiration for having

foreseen the attack" "You Wu-Tang..." [Crisis] Who serving us? The Knights is superb with this We lyrical murderers, your nervousness got you shaking like turbulence The game need nourishment, so we came to nourish it Give you lames encouragement, just the name get perished quick Black Knights, we far from good samaritans Keep the crowd rocking, you keep 'em nodding like heroine In the veins of an addict, disrespect, brains'll get splattered You strained from being subtracted, inflicting pain is a habit Killa Cali mentality, rob & sell drugs for a salary Niggas can't handle me, bring static like Channel 3 On the M-I-C, or on the streets leave you like Can it Be You got served by my first verse, for living in a fantasy Yessir, like my nigga Pharell, for real Niggas get killed, Black Knights, we destroy then build [Christbearer] Yeah, I make it all seem so simple Rock the mic with my quintessential, fundamental Killing them off, Christbearer the boss The young Rick Ross on the freeway, yeah I see the rats run the relay Yeah, the judge, the jury, the prosecutor, the DEA Yeah, Christbearer, he say And he's an O.G. when he flex it, like it's suppose to be The freestyle champ, keep it amped Then, nobody in the camp gets served When I swerve, Christbearer the king, I bring The, fire, the rain, I touch 'em, insane So psycho, yeah, I'm in the PJ's In the projects, I go, insane [Rugged Monk] Monk spit fact not fiction, my written is too forbidden It be touched, to even bitten, you wack niggas submitting Spit darts, rap it so accurate, pierce right through your hollow bones Graphic clones, couldn't see me on the microphone Pen and pad, line for line, bar for bar, you take a choice Your courage is flattering, but your need couldn't come close To the Rugged M-O-N-K, vivid lyrical wordplay Display a chamber of rhymes, you couldn't match on your best day I leave that ass wet like a dolphin, laid in a coffin Compton's where I come from, and shit happen's often What you know about a nigga dying, for natural causes He got, hit in his neck, now that's natural for flossing Even my girl say I'm stuck in my ways Ever since back in the days, been thugging, dumping with K's And I'm still at it, still slinging, word to them crack addicts Still acting, still quick to keep the beef cracking [5 Foot Hyper Sniper] My dosage of murder is a movie 3000 Miles to Graceland, alotta gun clapping, man Chicks say Dre Street, the last man, specialist, man I represents a crime family, nominated for Grammy's Brooklyn Zu, up in the casino, chips like Bingo Flights to Reno, my team's 'source' like Benzino You 'supreme', we got 'clientele', more kings in jail We so dangerous, we don't get bail Judge wanna, let me rot in the cell I

got to escape like Alcatraz, I be on the run like Ol' Dirty
Bast' With a suitcase full of cash, royalties ever stash
And I got dough from paid shows Like uptown, and
Tonight at the Apollo Dre Street, a tough act to follow,
jumped out the Silverado Fuck the fifty talent, ahh,
bullets flying through the air Like spirals on a football,
like it was thrown by Brett Favre "Take the sword!"
[Beretta 9] You should pray that I climb the ladder,
instead of waving the wand Having to abracadabra, he
is no longer with us I couldn't be any gladder, like the
kid on Christmas Who couldn't be any badder, got
everything that I asked for Including the six shooter,
gloves with the hat and mask And you was giving it up
so, no reason to ask And we be living it up, future,
present and past A bit of pimp in my strut, make it like I
got class Wine in the wine glass, fine bitch with a fine
ass And her friend too, the evil that men do Just cuz I
got cash, will I figure I take two Or maybe three of
those, how we treat them hoers "Take the sword!" "The
sword?" "Come on, give me the sword!" "You Wu-
Tang..." [Interlude: sample] One hundred men co-
operate to save ten lives And ten men save one life and
death That has always been the way of the 108
Dragons [The Reverend William Burk] Take your plan
back to the drawing board, sharpen your sword Give
your soul back to the church, son, give it back to the
lord Take your plan back to the drawing board, sharpen
your sword Give your soul back to the church, give it
back to the lord You playing with them rooks, knights,
bishops, kings Queens, bishops, knights, rooks
Knowledge equal pawns, frontlines, jagged hooks Gold
shields, illest crooks for the boldest juks We eating
soul food, cooked good, now what's it shook It took for
one to see the pork without the pieces on it It takes for
one to grab the cross as if it's Jesus on it It take for one
to see the poor pit with the preacher's on it It take for
one to hear the system with no speakers on it And still
know that it's all there with the features on it Like them
Cadillacs with woofers and them tweeters on it We in
stadiums, the floors and the bleachers want it In high
school I even had my women teachers on it [RZA] We
keep diamonds in small packets like sunflower seeds
When my glock get a cold, it throws a gunpowder
sneeze Achoo, blow a fever at you non believers I bet
your cornerback won't intercept the receiver Of this
hundred meter bullet, trigger pull back when I pull it A
quarter inch, I clear the whole bench, I clear the whole
field And the building, your boy Bobby Steels been
Trapped in the projects, playing spades with the
pilgrims Now I'm back on O-R, aiyo, pa The glock goes
pop pop, now it's back tok the Alamo "I have nothing

but admiration for having foreseen the attack, now because of it..." "Take the sword!" "The sword?" "Come on, give me the sword" [Outro: sample] When a man wants to attract the female The best way is to apply a musk perfume But when a man uses a musk perfume There are two important things he must be aware of One; is that he will get the woman he wants Even if she wouldn't ordinarily succumb to his charms The other is that his own special odor, his body's natural smell Will change... The very demon of revenge seeks divine guidance? Haha, do you really think you can absolve yourself from sin? By sculpting, stupid little toys? Who-ho, now that's some shit you don't see everyday You've fallen so far, coward I've been watching you, can you even raise your sword? Against another, where's the cold blooded killer, you once were Do you no longer have the stomach to fight? Will you remain a coward, even as your father suffers? Oh, now, that just ain't nice You don't have to listen to that shit And you have such a long long way to go To save your poor tortured father I've almost revived his rotten bones Oh he will live again, to feel pain To suffer, and you don't even have the number two headband yet So I have a few more days, or maybe even weeks To enjoy your father's pain Before you even have the right to challenge me Watch

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