

Wu-Tang Clan "Triumph"

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[Ol Dirty Bastard]

What y'all think you wasn't gonna see me?
I'm the Osiris of this shit
Wu-Tang is here forever, motherfucker
It's like this ninety-seven
Aight my niggaz and niggarettas
Let's do it like this
I'ma rub your ass in moonshine
Let's take it back to seventy-nine

[Inspectah Deck]

I bomb atomically, Socrates' philosophies
and high prophecies can't define it how I be droppin
these
mockeries, lyrically, perform armed robbery
Flee with the lottery, possibly they spotted me
Battle-scarred shogun, explosion when my pen hits
tremendous, ultra-violet shine blind forensics
I inspect you, through the future see millenium
Killa B's sold fifty gold, sixty platinum,
Shackling the matches with drastic rap tactics
Graphic displays melting the steel like blacksmiths
Black Wu jackets queen B's ease the guns an'
Rumblein patrolmen tearg as laced the function
Heads by the score take flight incite a war
Chicks hit the floor, diehard fans demand more
Behold the bold soldier, control the globe slowly
Proceeds to blow swingin' swords like Shinobi
Stomp grounds I pound footprints in solid rock
Wu got it locked, performin live on your hottest block

[Method Man]

As the world turns, I spread like germs
Bless the globe with the pestilence, the hard-headed
never learn
It's my testament to those burnt
Play my position in the game of life, standing firm
on foreign land, jump the gun out the frying pan, into
the fire
Transform into the Ghost rider, a six-pack
and A Streetcar Named Desire, who got my back?
In the line of fire holding back, what?

My peoples if you with me where the fuck you at?
Niggaz is strapped, and they trying to push my big cap
It's court adjourned, for the bad seed from bad sperm
Herb got my wig fried like a bad perm, what the blood
clot?, we smoke pot and blow spots
You wanna think twice, I think not
The Iron Lung ain't got ta tell you where it's coming
from
Guns of Navarone, tearing up your battle zone
Rip through your slums

[Cappadonna]

I twist darts from the heart, tried and true
Loop my voice on the LP, martini on the slang rise
Certified chatterbox, vocabulary 'Donna talking
Tell your story walking
Take cover kid, what? Run for your brother, kid
Run for your team, and your six camp rhyme groupies
So I can squeeze with the advantage, and get wasted
My deadly nose reigns supreme
Your fort is basic compared to mine
Domino effect, arts and crafts
Paragraphs contain cyanide
Take a free ride on my dart, I got the dashin
catalogues for all y'all to all praise to the Gods

[Ol Dirty Bastard]

Da saga continues
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

[U-God]

Olympic torch flaming, we burn so sweet
The thrill of victory, the agony of defeat
We crush slow, flaming deluxe slow
For, judgment day come'th, conquer, it's war
Allow us to escape, hell blows spinning bomb
Pocket full of shells out the sky, Golden Arms
Tune strictly shitty Mortal Kombat sound
The fateful step make, the blood stain the ground
A jungle junkie, vigilante tantrum
A death kiss, cap off squeeze another anthem
Hold it for ransom, tranquilized with anesthetics
My orchestra, graceful, music ballerinas
My music Sicily, rich California smell
An axekiller adventure, paint a picture well
I sing a song from Sing-Sing, sippin on ginseng
Righteous wax chaperone, rotating ring king

[RZA]

Watch for the wooden soldiers, C-cypher punks
couldn't hold us

A thousand men rushing in, not one nigga was sober
Perpendicular to the square, we stand bold like Flare
Escape from your Dragon's Lair, in particular
My beats travel like a vortex, through your spine
to the top of your cerebral cortex
Make you feel like you bust a nut for raw sex
Enter through your right ventricle clog up your
bloodstream
heart terminal, like Grand Central Station
Program fat baselines, eye-no-vation
Getting drunk like a fucking skunk on five-year
probation

[GZA]

War of the masses, the outcome, disastrous
Many of the victim family save they ashes
A million names on walls engraved in plaques
Those who went back, received penalties for the axe
Another hard nigga diss, close ones gone
Those who stray niggas get slayed by the song

[Masta Killa]

The track renders helpless and suffers from multiple
stab wounds
and leaks sounds that's heard
ninety-three million miles away from came one
to represent the Nation, this is a gathering
of the masses that come to pay respects to the Wu-
Tang Clan
As we engage in battle, the crowd now screams in rage
The high chief Jamel Irief, takes the stage
Light is provided through sparks of energy
from the mind that travels in rhyme form
Giving sight to the blind
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum
Death only one can save shell from
This relentless attack of the track spares none

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo! Yo! Yo, fuck that, look at all these crab niggaz laid
back
Lampin like the million black womens on my man's rag
Codeine was forced in your drink
You had a Navy Green salamander fiend, fuck she
never heard you scream
You two-faces, scum of the slum, I got your whole body
numb
Blowing like Shalamar in eighty-one
Sound convincing, thousand dollar court by convention
Hairs like Sonny Liston, get fly permission holder
Fuck it, I'ma fasten your wig, bad luck

I humiliate, separate the English from the Dutch
it's me, black trouble through Ali
Came to trees we like the Genovese
Is that so? Caesar needs the greens
It's Earth, ninety-three million miles from the first
Rough turbulence, the waveburst, split the megahertz

[Raekwon]

Aiyyo decimation, gun in your mouth talk, verbal foul
off

Connect thoughts to make my man Shai walk
Swift notarizer, Wu-Tang, all up in the high-riser
New York gang adviser world tranquilizer
Just the dosage, delegate my Clan with explosives
While, my pen blow lines ferocious
Mediterranean, see ya, the number one traffic
sit down the beat God, then delegate the God to see
God

The swift chancellor, Lex, the white-gold tarantula
Track truck diesel, play the weed God, substantiala
Max mostly, undivided, then slide it, it's sickening
Guaranteed to make you jump like Rod Strickland

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