

## Wu-Tang Clan "Triumph"

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*[Ol Dirty Bastard]*

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

*[Inspectah Deck]*

I bomb atomically, Socrates' philosophies  
and hypothesis can't define 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  
Shacklin the masses with drastic rap tactics  
Graphic displays melt the steel like blacksmiths  
Black Wu jackets queen B's ease the guns in  
Rumble with patrolmen, tear gas 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 and 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 burned  
Play my position in the game of life, standin firm  
on foreign land, jump the gun out the fryin 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 holdin back, what?  
My peoples if you with me where the fuck you at?

Niggaz is strapped, and they tryin to twist my beer 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 rocks  
Certified chatterbox, vocabulary 'Donna talkin  
Tell your story walkin  
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 notes 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 fashion  
catalogues for all y'all to all praise to the Gods

*[Ol Dirty Bastard]*

The saga continues  
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

*[U-God]*

Olympic torch flaming, we burn so sweet  
The thrill of victory, the agony, defeat  
We crush slow, flamin deluxe slow  
For, judgment day cometh, conquer, it's war  
Allow us to escape, hell glow spinning bomb  
Pocket full of shells out the sky, Golden Arms  
Tune spit the shitty Mortal Kombat sound  
The fateful step make, the blood stain the ground  
A jungle junkie, vigilante tantrum  
A death kiss, catwalk, 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 cerebrum cortex  
Make you feel like you bust a nut from raw sex  
Enter through your right ventricle clog up your  
bloodstream  
now terminal, like Grand Central Station  
Program fat baselines, on Novation  
Getting drunk like a fuck, I'm duckin 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 heart is torn as close ones mourn  
Those who stray, niggaz get slayed on 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-I-Reef take the stage  
Light is provided through sparks of energy  
from the mind that travels in rhyme form  
Givin sight to the blind  
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum  
Death only one can save self 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 them gray and black Puma's on my man's  
rack  
Codeine was forced in your drink  
You had a Navy Green salamander fiend, bitches never  
heard you scream  
You two-faces, scum of the slum, I got your whole body  
numb  
Blowin like Shalamar in eighty-one  
Sound convincin, thousand dollar court by convention  
Hands, like Sonny Liston, get fly permission

Hold the fuck up, I'll unfasten your wig, bad luck  
I humiliate, separate the English from the Dutch  
it's me, black nobled you Ali  
Came in threes 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 that's amazing, gun in your mouth talk, verbal  
foul hawk  
Connect thoughts to make my manchild walk  
Swift notarizer, Wu-Tang, all up in the high-riser  
New York Yank' visor world tranquilizer  
Just a dosage, delegate my Clan with explosives  
While, my pen blow lines ferocious  
Mediterranean, see y'all, the number one draft pick  
Tear down the beat God, then delegate the God to see  
God  
The swift chancellor, flex, the white-gold tarantula  
Track truck diesel, play the weed God, substantiala  
Max mostly, undivided, then slide in, sickenin  
Guaranteed, made em jump like Rod Strickland

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