

## Clan Wu-Tang

### "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 - motherfuckers

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 hypotheses 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 view through the future see millenium

Killa Beez sold fifty gold sixty platinum

Shckling the masses with drastic rap tactics

Graphic displays melt the steel like blacksmiths

Black Wu jackets Queen Beez ease the guns in

Rumblein 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 I pound footprints in solid rock  
Wu got it locked, Performin live on you hottest block  
(Method Man)

As the world turn, 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 standing firm  
on foreign land, jump the gun out the frying pan, into  
the fire

Transform into the Ghost rider, or Six Pack

In a Streetcar named Desire, who got my back?

In the line of fire holding back, what?

My people if you with me where the fuck you at?

Niggaz is strapped, and they trying 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 comng  
from

Guns of Navarone, tearing up your battle zone

Rip through your slums

(Cappadonna)

I twist darts from the heart, tried and true

Loot my voice on the LP, my team is on to slang rocks

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 notes reigns supreme

Your fort is basic compared to mine

Domino effect, arts and crafts

Paragraphs contain cyanide

Take a free ride on my thought, I got the fashion

catalogues for all y'all to all praise to the Gods

(OI 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, flaming deluxe slow

For, judgement 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 shit immortal combat sound

The fake false 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 from raw sex

Enter through your right ventricle clog up your  
bloodstream

or 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, disaterous

Many of the victim family save they ashes

A million names on walls engraved in plaques

Those who went back, received penalties for their acts

Another heart is torn, as close ones gone

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-Ah-Rief take 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 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

Blowing like Shalamar in eighty-one

Sound convincing, thousand dollar court by convention

Hands like Sonny Liston, get fly permission hold tha

fuck up, Allah fasten your wig, bad luck

I humiliate, separate the English from the Dutch

it's me, Black Noble Drew 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 dat's amazing, 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 gank 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, flex, the white-gold tarantula

Track truck diesel, play the weed God, substatiala

Max mostly, undivided then slide it, it's sickening

Guaranteed, made em jump like Rod Strickland

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