

## Cilvaringz

### "Damascus"

Visit "[Damascus](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Cilvaringz]

Aiyo, Allah clapped us under, RZA know what's flaming  
Snake me off, with great thoughts, and the knowledge  
Which ya'll brought to bring forth  
I used to fight the cash alot, and crackle alot  
Jamel Irief cocked the 'volve, but it's the fiend who shot  
The wise eye is my tongue carved in a golden emblem  
Off the highest and works written, millions I fought the  
labyrim  
You see my kin bear my the scars of Nat King  
You mad seeing the plain wolf in Klan gear, myth 15  
Fifty five, and stealth over blow it  
But he showed the love, his kin never showed, and so  
the Beez noticed  
Yes, America has lowered down the silver standards  
Home of the bandage, brutal, rebel, impressionists  
But see my sword of sin, fierce through the masters  
Breaking the seal of both, I roast, object the classics  
Allah sees son, I speak to guys two-for-me  
Like Dom P, son, I terrorize truthfully  
Now my bio, be long, A-bomb, and queen Esther  
Which ya'll pinned down in chapters, with my Mariam  
Webster  
Godding you, reclaim United States army loot  
And carving two in the rock, of Bob Marley truth  
Proof my foot, and stomping on the path of tyrants  
Strangling the pythons, with they eerie sounds of  
pipers  
We slither through the fields of Cyprus, and the center  
As defenders of the 36 Chambers, you wanna enter  
Like Honolulu ninjas, like you and dog in Denmark  
We lamp in tent park, chessbox, playing harps  
With my equality, check a Wallabee shine, boo  
But look and do not touch, and Allah will be kind, true  
Merciful as always, moving a sore base  
To overthrow the palace, for God's king of my  
swordplay  
But be the weapon of design, mind, be kind  
And the foreplay will take place in South Sukai  
On a far misty mountain hill, ice be sharp  
For you to be, one with God, and able to shoot darts

Cuz True Master pull strings on a flaming harp  
I fight theories that switch man with ape of God  
And when my lines pierce through mind, it's engraved  
in art  
It shall deliver all my people to the lathing arts, so,  
please  
Challenge among the ears of blissful gardens  
And fertile grounds for harvest, amidst the starving on  
and  
Acknowledge this, cuz tolerance cramped like hours  
get  
Snuff literally, but they deprive the world oxygen  
At birth possibly, you were told improperly  
Raised to give praise, the stone image is monument  
We stray far from the path, in this document  
But surely Wu-Tang, will teach in all continents  
In all languages, we civilize the savages  
Like Bush capitalists, and rich by devils practices

Visit [Cilvaringz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.