

## **Cilvaringz f/ Ghostface Killah, Raekwon, RZA, Senna**

### **"The Weeping Tiger"**

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (Raekwon) {RZA}]

Yeah, what's up, aiyo, check this out, ya'll

This is Cilvaringz, and this your boy Ghostface

We about to pop the shit off right, that's right, daddy

Let the beat drop (what is the total population of the  
original nation

Aiyo, here in the wilderness of North America and all  
over the planet Earth,  
daddy)

{Aiyo, Ringz, set up on these niggas, death rate, blow  
his fucking brains off!}

(It's us, man, for real, live from the jungle

Where everything is real, guard your steel, hold your  
bitch down

Pay for your muthafucking bills, rock your hat)

{All swords shall be drawn}

[Cilvaringz]

Yo, straight out the iron gates of Palestine's frame of  
thought

Slanging with a rock, stay nice with the mic pon cock

Pops put me on to pot, pot put me on to rebel shots

Devil glocks get popped, dumb-diddy-dumb

I saw him school fast, how to skip the class

While my grades kept, flying through the roof,  
cheating math

Running back to class fast, went missing, fucking  
teachers up

Weeded up, I'm on the 12 o'clock news, screaming  
'what'

Rapper Cilvaringz signed deals with Wu-Tang

And blows mega two grand, the show, dumb-diddy-  
dumb

Moon to Angelow, but soon we in to fold the dough

Fifty countries in the box, Amsterdam to Tokyo

I guess they never wanted me to rot and get paid

The same ways they got paid, working twenty two days

Bloody money makes the world spin in new ways

A cue'll never hit that, so that's shit on you, say

[Raekwon]

I sat around the older gods, while they build bomb  
niggas up  
Felt like Saddam tapping on my head, listen up  
Get your money, get brains and big niggas up  
Swiss look forward to millions, nigga, live shit up  
I sat back in my zone, bone lit  
I get your throne lit, niggas I loaned, they ain't gave me  
shit  
Fuck that family shit, you don't see us  
It's for no reason, I'm in the crib, wifey saying 'be easy'  
I'm all high on my emotion, money make me wanna  
grab toasters  
Spray down Wall Street, put up posters  
Yelling 'faggot, I'm back', you can't take nothing from  
the kid  
I'm still getting money, I'm stacked  
Gold album for the peso, rap Julio Inglesio  
Sniff the eighth in your face, and stay lacey  
On my ear game, popping in my gear game, fear fame  
Rearrange your jaw, fasten now you hear trains  
Test an immortal, call 'em, I'm in the hallway hitting raw  
autumn  
Meet me in the lobby, nigga, see my daughter  
And she gon' spray for her dad, call her brother later  
Get that money out the wall, daddy got bagged  
I'm going to jail, for something real, can't do me  
nothing  
Still can't compare me to no rap nigga, fuck a deal  
I get to hurting, niggas murking on niggas  
It's just a network, I come from, Ringz, now, kid reveal  
'em

[Chorus: Senna]

Oh no, it's the Wu-Tang, they back and  
Oh no, Beez on the Swarm, attacking  
Oh no, just when the world looks back  
The word we speak up on the mic, we speak when it's  
right  
Oh no, homicide's won't corrupt us  
Oh no, and just as we shall discuss  
Oh no, in God and only God we trust  
Newest addition to the Wu-Tang Killa Bee Gang,  
Cilvaringz  
Cilvaringz, Cilvaringz, Cilvaringz...

[Outro: Ghostface Killah (Raekwon)]

Yeah, that's right, like I told ya'll before  
This is big Ghost in effect, yo Cilvaringz  
You know how we get down, niggas killing it  
We Wu'd out, wallabee'd out, everything is all real  
Just keep that shit up, no doubt, cuz we ain't going

nowhere  
Cilvaringz, big Ghost in effect, I'm signing off, nigga,  
we out, one  
(Live Moroccan muslim, you know how it go...)

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