

## **Cilvaringz f/ GZA, Raekwon, RZA**

### **"Wu-Tang Martial Expert"**

Visit "[Wu-Tang Martial Expert](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: GZA (Raekwon) {kung fu sample}]  
From the slums of Shaolin, to the dungeons of the 36  
Chambers  
{Good, Wu-Tang Martial Expert}  
(Straight up and down) we now bring you, Cilvaringz  
{Good, Wu-Tang Martial Expert}  
Wu-Tang Martial Expert (this is all gutter shit)  
Now shadowbox with this real rapper (we in the  
building, nigga)  
{They say he's a swordsman, to me, it seems he can't  
use a sword}

[Cilvaringz]  
I wrote the album in sincerity, GZA, you feeling me?  
Cuz if they bombing for peace, I'm like fuck her for  
virginity  
See I'm that Killa Bee, I'm back up on it  
I'll attack and sting everything that's corporate  
Plus the fake, everything stay cornered til I'm done  
And ride back straight to my office  
In '99, I struck deals with RZA, build with RZA  
A natural on top, that can't be shot  
So poverty never became my topic  
And followed politics and the became obnoxious  
So now I'm Chuck, I'm Nas, I'm BP, I'm Slim  
I'm Technique wrapped in one CD  
Freely inspired by life itself  
Trying to speak real issues, it might just help  
From the Wu-Tang Clan, Martial Expert  
Taking care of vein with the sword, where your neck's  
hurt  
The knowledge verse with that I attack first  
It's da-da-da-da-da-da, could it get that worse?

[Interlude: RZA (kung fu sample)]  
Aiyo, the 36 Chambers of Death  
How many ways can we devise to kill a man?  
The sword thrust, palm strike  
Poison tip knife, go across his head with a metal pipe  
You are being injected with a high frequency  
Piercing through your brain

(If you should lose it, you're finished)  
It's hard to maintain, nigga!

[Cilvaringz]

You see them Arabs, they hooked on 50, they go to  
rehab  
They come back yelling, Ji-Ji-Ji-Ji-Ji-Ji-Ji-Jihad!  
They wanna lay back, and bounce in clubs  
I said a life's so dark? Take these darts as lightbulbs  
Switch it, reality's ugly  
And ignorant mentalities bug me, it's rugby  
Trying to get your points across, you get fucked up  
Trying to get your joints in stores, you get fucked up  
Trying to make some noise against war, you get locked  
up  
Try to get your voice to be heard, you get shot up  
And those who fear God, will not fear death  
And so I went and got, RZA, GZA and Meth  
Plus I went and got, Ghost, Killa and Chef  
Have 'em speak on fire beats while I co-wrote the rest  
So I don't care if you write, I swing it to the left  
And I don't care if you dislike my writing exact  
I'm that real, slay me now, prototype  
That you dislike, recline and Dolomite  
Get my shit right...

[Outro: kung fu sample]

Good, Wu-Tang Martial Expert  
Good, Wu-Tang Martial Expert  
Good, Wu-Tang Martial Expert  
Good, Wu-Tang Martial Expert  
His technique was perfect

Visit [Cilvaringz f/ GZA, Raekwon, RZA](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.