

Fifth Dimension

"Da Great Siege"

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[Intro: RZA]

It's Da Great Siege, Allah Mathematics

[Hook: RZA]

It's Da Great Siege

See y'all faggot niggaz back the fuck up

Y'all bitches just back the fuck up

It's Da Great Siege

Killa Bees in fatigue

No time to bob or weave

Your city's intrigued

Pushing straight through in a navy-blue H2 Hummer

Bounce a nigga bumper

We scrape you dumber

Shaolin rooftop talk

We shot talk

Who shot hawk?

Bobby got off

It's Da Great Siege

Killa Bees in fatigue

You caught up in intrigue

The city's caught

No chance to bob and weave

BZA-Bobby [bzz]

Shaolin - ring the alarm

Who shot hawk?

Who got off?

Pushing through in a H2 navy-blue Hummer

Bounce a nigga, we scrape you

You looking dumber and dumber

We turn winter to summer

[RZA]

We be sharing poems, wearing hand bones

Tearing domes in half, seizing thrones

Wearing stones, they engineering clones

But they can't zone in to where the soul roams

I'm home, up in my lab 'bout to stab the pad

Just hit this blunt, just had some cunt

Rice and beans, steamed from the Ã la cuisine in

Queens

across the street from the Nazarean
The black prince in the G wagon, black tints
Music bubbling, hollarin at the hood wench
The mechanic fix like Johnny Goodwrench
Ninja walk on sands, leave no footprints
Bitches dialect compressed on cassette
Two three point intellect, splashed in Fayette's
On TV video shows, pretty video hoes
Licking old souls, spread eagle pose
Shaolin talk slang with the royal blood

[Hook: RZA]

Killa Bees in fatigue
No chance to bob and weave
The city's intrigued
I'm pushing straight through in that navy-blue H2
Hummer
We scrape you, it's a bummer
You dumber and dumber
Shaolin rooftop talk
Who shot hawk?
Who got off? - Bobby
Trapped in the Bing like my name was Crosby
Getting these bills like Cosby

[RZA]

I'm up on Pickin
Bitch walked in on a veggie fried rice and half a
chicken
Like it's finger-licking, my favorite clicking
On some old finger-picking, itchy trigger, nigga listen
[gun shot]

[Hook: RZA]

It's Da Great Siege
Killa Bees in fatigue
You're gonna get intrigued
The city's caught
No chance to bob and weave
BZA-Bobby, Shaolin rooftop talk
Who shot hawk?
Who got off?
Pushing through in a H2 navy-blue Hummer
Bounce a nigga, he scrape you
You looking dumber and dumber
We turn winter into summer
Can we bling bling, shine shine

[Outro: RZA]

yeah bring it back

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