

John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John**"Chi Kung"**

Visit "[Chi Kung](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[RZA]

The grand ultimate supreme, no extremities
We use Tai Chi to deflect off our enemy
Five poisons, from the Clan there's no Remedy
We dispell the smell of wickedness in our vicinity
Bobby, the atomic, Islamic, bomb-droppin'
appear in your atmosphere like the comet
Heading to the Western Hemisphere, non-stoppin'
Strikin' the belly of the seed to make it vomit
Things of beings is unseen by men
in shapes and form, never been dreamed by men
The word of God, always intervene with sin
From insight, my inner-light beams within
Pin-point focus, move silently un-noticed
When you attack, I fall back in the wind like the lotus
Put the soul in the track like my name was Otis
Pain in my heart and your chance is hopeless
for you to win, a change is gonna come
You heare the "suuuu"?, Wu-Tang is gonna come
and my vocals, they gonna bang on the drum
You go against the grain you will hang from ya tongue
So..

[Hook: RZA (Feathers)]

(Love) love (Love) love (thugs) thugs
This is in yo' club (club)
Nigga pass the mothafuckin' drugs (drugs)

[RZA]

Just smooth a loop..
To my soundwave there's no sonic solution
No Pro Tools to edit or out-date my producin'
Form like crystals, mushrooms after the missile
We strike into the hip-hop bone, of the gristle
and my thoughts be the marrow, son I'm the narrow
tube inside the gun that's released through the barrel
and the words travel in lead, expandin' high-speeds
with the hole in ya head, and filled up you
with the, knowledge of self
I dropped out of school, I went to the college of self
and I pertained my wealth, B-O-B-B, when y'all niggaz

see me
I'm like Godzilla stompin' over Mount Fiji
or Rodan with the wingspan, Prince Rakeem can
rocks to the solo or combine with my team and
spit like the calico, welcome to the Alamo
Bop-bop-bop, you know how you cowards go

[Hook - first line only]

[RZA]
Welcome back to my hip-hop club!

[Beretta 9]
Psycho-menace, downin' a Guinness
strictly bidness, while I'm in this
Flip on a nigga like a gymnast
Put a knot on ya head, the size of Grimace
Bitch, jumpin' out ya speaker
Huntin' for yo' egg like it's Easter
Although I come in peace, I would just like to say peace
to
Sallywags, skeezers, and I don't really need ya
You don't understand why I don't understand either
Now shit's gettin' deep, you should've thought a lot
deeper
It's my time to get over and I got on my blinker
So I write and I spit on the mic, so you can feel
what is truth, what is right and what's not
Yo I must kill the ideal and enlight this Earth
and yo I will give birth to a light that lives to keep it real
All through research, I learned in schools, not even
Church
Can enstill, these words are jewels so you can heal
Still I search, and I works real hard, I need a deal
and with speed 'cuz it hurts indeed
Yo can you feel? my heart still pumps the blood that
makes me bleed
all real and the pastor's best and I always will, do my
thing

[RZA]
Yo let me know son, yo..
X.O. Hennessey, Jack Daniel or Tennessee
whisky, got these groupie bitches actin' frisky

[Beretta 9]
Searchin for that Bill like Lewinsky
All over my pants lookin' for a Jim Brownski

[Cilvaringz]
Ringz and Partnerz, Wu-Tang is how we fuck up

Helsinki
Oh shit, Kinetic, Bobby Steeles
Origin/Barrakjudah, Wu-Tang Forever motherfuckers

[Hook]

Visit [John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.