

Rythem

"Samurai Showdown"

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Intro: The RZA

Yo, it's a samurai showdown
Samurai showdown...
(Aight, A.T.M.) How dare you challenge me?
You will die from the tip of my sword today
Huh, the trenches, we must remain calm
Right, prepare to die

Chorus: The RZA (x2)

Yo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
Yo, it's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords

[The RZA]

Yo, yo
Hailin from the slums of Shaolin, golden claw, talon
twirl
And one swirl of the fatal sword splits your Island
Wu Killa Bees' stingers back on the swarm again
BZZZZZZ, the alarm again, six direction weapon
deflectin
Bones connect like opposite sides of magnets
Steel fragments bein chipped off a slingin sword slash
With the force of big crash in your dash board with no
airbag
He drove a ninety-nine Jaguar
Quick to pick a lock, lick a shot
Respect the Bloods and Crips a lot
Plus the God from Ride saggin in his seat, blastin Wu
beats
Tryin to plot his next hit
He took a drag of the eight elements that composed,
atmospheric gas
'Bout to let off his sword, and full blast
Kept his mind focused, meditation position half lotus
Abbot's sword novas couldn't match his magnum opus
Deluxe stroke, son move like a ghost
Struck in an instance, unnoticed like a lamp post
Radar sharp precision gunfire, explode
Till his clips unload, it's a samurai code

Chorus

It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords (5X)
Time for everyone to go record
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords
Time for everybody to go record

[The RZA]

Crept in silent, the steel wind
Chrome silencers screwed on tight kept the gunshots
just sealed in
We attack, full fledge
With Chicago Bull red bandanas tied tight around our
heads
Swing with the force of a sledge
Single-edge stainless steel blade chopped the wedge
Slit this analog derelicts head
Who even thought that
He could go against the truth and the Gods and fall
back?
From the will of Allah, you'll be facin the firing squad
Of a thousand archers out to mark ya
The bill top scully king blocks bullets like jelly beans
Birds in my nest restin up, on the telly scene
Murderous rap track to me, is ego felony
Can't accept what you analog cats be tellin me
I get the verbal weapon, won't hesitate for one second
To break your back like Big Jack from Tekken

Chorus

It's born-born, young Lord so raise your swords
It's born-born, young Lord, raise your swords (2X)

[Instrumental for the next 1:17]

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