

## RZA

# "Throw Your Flag Up"

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Eh-yo, Kinetic  
What up God? You got that glock cleaned?  
Soaked those bullets in oil?  
So yo, I'ma call the Black Knights up  
And North Star from down in the Westside  
KnowwhatI mean?

Eh-yo, they gon' come and blast this shit over  
YouknowI mean?  
Think we don't need no Shaolin cats for the job  
Take it to the wild wild west  
Boo doo doo

Yeah  
(Come on, son)  
The one and only sharpshooter  
(Spark these niggas my nigga)  
Yo I speak to be heard  
(Digital)  
The truth shall set you free

(Digital)  
(Set them niggas free God)  
You in a Chamber, in the Chamber  
(Bobby, Bobby, Bobby)  
(Boo doo doo)  
(Darkness, you know? Must come to light)

Eh-yo, it's the sharpshooter  
One and only, guaranteed, I ain't trippin'  
Yo, it ain't no comparin' me to nuttin' else  
Untraceable, like a stealth bomber on your radar  
There they are, take a look, yo, I spit the uncontainable

Highly flammable, unexplainable, Game Pro  
Crisis show you how to tame a hoe  
Show you how the game should go  
So you lames can know, Black Knights equals nuttin'  
but dope  
So what you workin' wit'? You bitch niggas ain't hurtin'  
shit

Spittin' commercial shit, we rhyme for different  
purposes  
I spit for the cause, you spit for the broads  
I spit for the streets, you spit for the geeks  
I spit for North Long Beach and all of my peeps  
Holdin' it down, I spit for the meak

We holdin' the crown, you savage niggas had your  
chance  
So now it's on us, it's just us, you get your bones  
crushed  
You got against us, resist us?  
I thinks not, it's impossible  
(Thinks not)

If you live for the blood  
Throw your flag up  
If you got the love in your heart  
Throw your flag up

Rollie Fingers in the back, son rolled the bag up  
Street had the pen and the pad, he threw a tag up  
Uncooked beef in the street, they tagged the rag up  
Goldie got the clip from the closet and filled the gat up

Bobby sharpened the razor, oiled the bat up  
Let the dogs out the basement, pulled the rap up  
Somehow the Brown cats about to get clapped up  
Pussy high nigga off coke tried to act up

Against the world's greatest mind, Bob Digital  
Might throw a Shaolin Hand-block or a fifty-two  
My young son Big Un don't fuck with Patty Cake  
Bound to walk through the woods barefoot, choke a  
rattlesnake

While his brother Mel [unverified], dissect it  
Up in the project life, the street's be hectic  
The gun burst, son shot his tongue first  
Should've shot his tongue first, should've shot the gun  
first

Now chew on the Sunburst, bitch, it's Bobby's day  
Lyrics for the out, click click, like shotti's spray  
Tear through flesh, get lodged up in your ass cheek  
'Cuz you came talkin' that same bullshit last week

Fuckin' cokehead nigga, what? Your brain numb?  
I used to wonder where these pussy-clats came from  
Up in the thirty-six cell block I Shadowbox  
Ship on weed grass and build up like a male ox

If you love for the glock  
Throw your flag up  
If you got love for the Gods  
Throw your flag up  
If you live from the heart  
Throw your flag up

Don't cause the beef  
I might tie the rag up  
All my Digihead niggas  
Roll the bag up  
Boo doo doo doo  
And throw your flag up

If you come from Long Beach  
Throw your flag up  
If you come from Compton, throw your rag up  
If you come from the West then throw your hood up  
If you come from the block then  
Throw your flag up

I spit the flavor for the ear, shit for the streets  
Rollin' in the cutty about five niggas deep  
One SK, two Tec-9's and two sticks  
Ready to trip on these fools around my way poppin' shit

Like the Black Knights don't air them things out  
Knuckle up in the spot 'til someone get drops  
Stomped, get passed out  
Passed out off a pint of that pah, ready to mic brawl  
Clean sweep, took the first pitch, knocked the homerun

Black Knights known to grab mics, leave the spots full  
blown  
You know motto, the Knights or Nuttin', so stop frontin'  
Like you ain't heard this high pitch through your twelve-  
inch  
Don't care which Alpines, I keep those six-by-nines  
thumpin'

Jumpin', jumpin' like Destiny, I laced it with the Rugged  
recipe  
You know my technique on a Ra' beat  
Speak the Digi slurred speech but aggressive with the  
mic  
On mine, it's strictly Black Knights

Steal the spotlight, show niggas how to rock mics  
The right way, spit like a K, m o n k  
The conqueror, smash your sponsor

Learn the lesson from the Black Knight, lethal Silent  
Weapon

Digital, digital, digital  
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby  
Digi, digi, digi

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