

## RZA

# "Try Ya Ya Ya"

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Try ya ya ya, ay ya ya ya  
Try ya ya ya, ay ya ya ya  
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Try ya ya ya

You can't do me nothin?, you won't succeed  
You're movin' fast, reduce your speed  
Weak producers imitate my beat  
When they face me, make 'em kiss my feet

You can't break me, you get deflected  
Can't remake me, already perfected  
Wu-Tang slang to disrespect it  
Your heart get pierced from hard darts ejected

I walk with a pocket computer, out talk the prosecutor  
Slipped through these metal detectors with plastic  
German luggers  
With all rubber bullets, my dogs, they love to pull it  
Stay black hooded, dunn, Timberland footed

Deadly dialect, Digitech, I'm six steps ahead  
Spread like plague, plus I wire tapped the feds  
Brain wave manipulation, radios in my head  
Sip Colloidal silver, immune cells get fed

Deflectin' viruses, I'm overcomin' biases  
True lion of Judah 'bout to reclaim the lioness  
Devil expiration date, time to set the nation straight  
You should pay attention to the words I articulate

You wanna do me? You won't succeed  
You're movin' fast, reduce your speed  
Weak producers to imitate my beat  
When they face me, make 'em kiss my feet

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Can't remake me, already perfected  
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Goodie goodie, I walk it out in the hoodie

And let my shoulder lean, just some gangsta boogie  
Try ya ya ya, ay ya ya ya

You now rockin? with the best, Compton's finest with  
finesse  
By the dress code and approach, you can tell I bang  
the left  
West Side of the coast, everybody's cutthroat  
Bitches love to start shit, they also love to deep throat

Three wheel and hundred spokes, while I'm blowin?  
chronic smoke  
Turnin? corner after corner, with my Southern Cal folk  
But the underground in the city life, it ain't a  
playground  
I'm loyal, dedicated, always ready to throw down

My morals and my values, reach high up on the Richter  
Speak this vivid so you clearly get the picture  
And description of a real one, standin? in your mist  
I don't just talk, I walk this Killa Cal shit

Footprints of a legend as a I paint the concrete  
King of the jungle, still no one can compete  
With my entourage, call your squad, I checkmate 'em  
with a pawn  
Seven moves ahead to off your head, it won't take that  
long

You wanna do me? You won't succeed  
You're movin? fast, reduce your speed  
Weak producers to imitate my beat  
When they face me, make 'em kiss my feet

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