

## **Black Knights, Dexter Wiggles, Thea Van Seijen**

### **"Bloody Samurai"**

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[Chorus 2X: Thea Van Seijen] Bloody samurai, my feet  
will never die Bloody samurai, my sword will never die  
[Crisis] Yeah, I'm like daredevils, I dare devils to take it  
to that level Make 'em dig they own grave, wit they own  
shovels Sharpshooter drop helicopters, black out  
shadows Cuz when it's time to ride, it's like pedal to the  
metal Full fledged, beat suicidal, leave holes with skull  
heads Hit your cult for your vote, leave 'em all dead  
And some, Knights like games, plus handsome Hoes  
hold me ransom, you mad and throw tantrums Seven  
braids like Samson, strength of Jobe Since these  
niggas wanna trip, I make it all unfold Didn't choose the  
genie, didn't choose the leprechaun Niggas better  
watch the grapes, like they stepping on Thinking it's a  
game, I rose him, now your ass is frozen Nuclear  
explosion, we straight West Coasting [Thea Van Seijen]  
I was born as a soldier, and I'll fight in a field I'll run like  
a hunter, and I'll die in the field [Chorus 2X] [Rugged  
Monk] The street apostle with Roscoe's, that'll burn  
flesh off your fossil Make you suck on that nozzle, 'fore  
you swallow these hollows Clutching a bottle, yeah, I'm  
a hard act to follow Nigga, I don't write raps, little  
homey, I write novels Every chapter I capture, the mind  
of millions When I slang raps like crack, to the women  
and children Bring down the building, crime wars, oh  
what a feeling Feels good like I'm puffing on that sticky  
chameleon The street villain, made most of his money  
from drug dealing It's rules to the game, trust nobody  
that's squealing Cuz snitching is a pet peeve, like a  
bitch with a bad weave It's not honor amongst thieves,  
nigga deal wit greed I'm from a breed of real killas,  
that's cutthroat That'll front you to work and kill you if a  
buck short Bloodsport, flick you like the butt of my  
Newport Or with the butt of my gun, take that, nigga,  
run [Dexter Wiggles] I come to stop the hollering and  
screaming, blaow Stop screaming, make a nigga wish  
he still dreaming Since appearing against a ninja,  
taught him barbarianism South Central mentalism, like  
the local news on the local high school For all this  
realism, don't let all the whites go there Cuz all the  
whites'll go there, have 'em all braiding they hair And

having tattoos, and street numbers instead of good  
grades from school It's like ridicule, and what would  
Jesus do? If he was standing at apartment, he was  
beeping with that dizzy Like a hole ain't enough to end  
all ridicule But a ho'll get real holy enough to preach  
and end you [Chorus 2X] [sample] If you win, I'll tell  
you where to find the number two If I win, I have your  
head Do we have a deal?

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