

# Chase

RZA

Burst, better run, better run for your life!  
Burst, break, run, jet, flee, boogey, move, be audi (yo)  
Slide, duck, dip, bounce, be ghost, escape, blazini, poof  
The Genie, disappear, cast out like they ain't seen me (yo) ...  
(Yo) Burst!

Put the key in the ignition friction sparks my transmission  
I'm gear shiftin, fast lane switchin, tryin to ditch em  
Escape, I got the briefcase full of papers  
Plus the microtape of all the secret society snakes  
Recordings, plan how they want to destroy the black man  
and take every square inch of land and kill the Wu Clan  
What the fuck? My four hundred horsepower truck  
High speed with the Ironman CD turned all the way up  
Shots fired in back of me, they practically hit my tire  
Yo I smell smoke, I hope my engine ain't on fire  
Pulled off the road, hope this damn truck won't explode  
Felt like a scene from the last James Bond episode  
Drivin sixty miles per hour through weed trees and dead flowers  
Bust the overdrive, couldn't control the power  
Pushin through bushes, mud, bugs  
Covered the front and back windshield like carwash suds  
I couldn't see, I knew these niggaz was gainin on me  
I tried to bust a 360, I crashed into a tree  
It felt like a bulldozer, knocked my ass over  
I fell out the Rover, grabbed the briefcase ran over  
to a log cabin, had a sign posted DO NOT ENTER  
I bust through the door my body got cut up with splinters  
I ain't give a FUCK, tryin to find somewhere to duck  
Ahh, ahh, uhhhhh, ahh  
and catch my breath, count how many shots I had left  
My clip was full, the first nigga walk through I'm gonna pull  
It was Ivan Korlof, he came through with a sawed off  
Bust the cannon shot and tore the rest of the fuckin door off

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Slide, duck, dip, bounce, be ghost, escape, blazini, poof  
The Genie, disappear, cast out like they ain't seen me  
Killer Bee, fast lamborghini

Junk turned fragments scattered in all direction  
One grazed me, on my kneecap but didn't faze me  
Count to three, jumped up, I fired back  
My four-four snub slug, dug a hole in his head  
like Dig Dug, partner crashes in  
with the infrared precision shots, just missin  
Night vision goggles, shit had me boggled  
Forty-Four mag, was too much to swallow  
Held the briefcase in front of my face, jumped through the window  
Daring, got up and went like Dr. Kimball

I burst, broke, ran, jetted, fled, boogied, moved, was audi  
Slid, ducked, dipped, bounced, ghost, escaped, blazini, poof  
The Genie, disappear, niggaz out like they ain't seen me  
Killer Bee move with the speed of lamborghini

Bobby Steels on the track, word up

Bout to escape with the tape  
Word up