

The technique, depends mainly
on arm and finger strength
Once you've that, then the next step
is to learn how to pierce stone
Well you might as well start practicing now
Do you-Do you-Do you-Do you
Do you know, mantis legends?
How it was it all started?
It was fighting off this blackbird
Although it was only a tenth of the bird's size
it was a very valiant insect
And that's why the technique, needs a brave man
And a strong one, who isn't afraid of birds

Welcome back to the temple of hip-hop and Sword Kem'po
Lyrical rhyme nympho, b-boy Bob Digital
Diamond crystal ring solid gold bone rituals
We be the humble most calmest individuals
Hard to spot microdots, we Sasquatch
Stomp MC's, third eye Cyclops lazer beam shots
being fired once the father get raised up
We John Blaze up, abrasive heat, from the phaser gun
Never left for a stun Dunn, Atilla the Hun
type Killa Park Hilla, eighteen wheeler Mack's
in the truck lanes, from the rugged grains
of Shaolin soil, the red wolves be prowlin
Howlin over the shit that got the whole world bowin
We spoiled, one thousand swordsmen
One thousand recordings, one thousand Wu stores and
One thousand rap tours and global insurance
Not your everyday occurrence
My rhyme torments MC's with the fear of God
You'll be cursed like Farad, and struck by the iron rod
Tchka-tchka-tchka-tchka-tchka-tchka-POW

Hell's Wind Staff, the wrath of Black Titans
Niggaz battlin, sword swingin
Cutthroat women, whirlwind given save the children
Escape the poverty for live and, let live
Die by the mic, shadow skill by night

Man-Mantis style isn't easy to learn
A mantis is small, but powerful
With it's arms, it can lift up many times it's own weight

On behalf of the Wu-Tang Clan I'll display
the Hong Kong, Shaolin King Kong poems
Slaps niggaz in half from Kwan'tan
Ten tigers scratch like Allah math, the Hell's Wind Staff
Watch the eight diagram strike the diaphragm
Pierced lung minute from tongue double-edged
sound the drum, here I come as predicted
Holdin the raw seal, all heads kneel
7th Degree black mic skill is ill, listen to the guns holler
Swallow the shell, East New York terrorist
Break fool to this, madness, crazy low-hand
grabs the mic stand, smooth as water

Spat Seven Seas you've not yet mastered
Breathe and lungs wheeze, Earth kills
I'm wreckin MC's, blood spills, meadow is round
The piercin sound of silence deafens ears
Fires fears, wood sharp eagle claw tears
tree from bark, hard to maintain control
When you leakin I stand with the strength of Jobe
and hold pressure that'll bust your head, while I'm teachin
civilization, one havin Knowledge
Wisdom Understanding, culture refinement
Knowledge savage in pursuit of happiness
Thunderous mantis, all chant this