

Ode To Django (The D Is Silent)

RZA

"Mr. Wilson!"
"Good morning innkeeper! Two beers for two weary travelers"
"I love you Django"
"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, what the hell you think you doing, boy?"
"I love you Django"
"Get that nigger out of here!"
"Where life has little value, prepare the death"
"I love you Django"
"Another day, another death"
"I love you Django"
"Another dollar"

He who go through snow, rain, mountain or ice
Nothing can block ya, this path of vengeance
There's no repenting, he came to deliver
Out the death sentence, on enemies
Blood stains on the cotton field by the cotton mill
Cold steel keep the body hot, they rot in hell
36 lashes on his back, left gashes
Every crack of the whip, he got mental flashes
They interrupt his baby making, and his lady's taken
To a far off place, more north and more forsaken
Lord help these fools, they be dead man
Bout to put a third hole in their Klan headbands
The good Dr. Schultz check their dental records
The slug make his whole mug disconnected
They learn to shoot, doing the dead man tango
He's wild like a wild durango
But the D is silent, Django

"Django, I think you should make a last request"
"I'm going to find you anyway I can"
"They praying to kill, I don't mind"
"It's a smart thing to do when you know that death is coming for you"
"How come you haven't got your burial suit with you?"
"We'll have to leave you to the vultures"

He get Cash Rule to blast you
Tie you up, have you hung from his lasso
And drag you through the valley of death like ruined cattle
The D is silent, hear the noise from his barrel
Learned to shoot and do the dead man tango
Wild like a durango, but the D is silent, Django
Tie you up, have you hung from the lasso
Give him a gun, and he gets paid just to blast you
Drag you through the valley of death, like ruined cattle
The D is silent, hear the noise from the barrel
And whistle of the song, like a fucking carol
In the eyes of the sparrow
Every father would love to overthrow a tyrant
It's a simple science, Jack overthrows the giant
Neither snow, rain, mountain or ice can block my path of vengeance
There's no repenting, I'm giving you the death sentence
Blood stains on the cotton field, in the cotton mill
Cold steel heat your body up, may you rot in hell
36 lashes, on my back, left gashes
For every crack of the whip, I felt mental flashes

Interrupt my baby making, have my ladies taken
To a place far up north and more forsaken
Lord, help this fool he's a dead man
Bout to put another hole in his Klan headband
The good Dr. Schultz check the dental records
The slug'll make his whole mug disconnected
I learnt to shoot the dead man with a tango

"Yeah, his name is Django"

"I love you Django"

"Django, I think you should make a last request"

"I love you Django"

"I'll be glad to oblige you, anyway I can"

"You can start praying if you like, I don't mind"

"It's a smart thing to do when you know that death is coming for you"

"I love you Django"

"How come you haven't got your burial suit with ya"

"We'll have you leave you to the vultures"

"I love you Django"

"Where life has little value, prepare the death"

"I love you Django"