

# Ode To O-ren Ishii

RZA

Ay yo,  
I want to dedicate this song right here to Oren Ishii  
Half Chinese, half Japanise, half American, and yo  
Oh what a species

A figure of perfection  
She got the sinister cat eyes  
And little freckles on her complexion  
Chief of the Yakusa  
But she's wicked like Medusa  
And she got Crazy 88 killers  
That'd slice right through ya  
Quick to chop a head off  
Then wipe the blood off

A long-range sniper shot she busts  
Never let a dud off  
You got a minute to pray  
And a second to die  
You could see the image of the devil reflectin inside her eye

But since she was a little girl, yo  
She never would cry  
She seen so much tragedy  
Let me explain to you why

She grew up on a military base  
Where she had to face  
The brutality of her mother and her father being erased  
The blood dried from her teardrops on her cheek  
You seen the smear spots  
She sat, only watched  
As the shogun sliced through her dear pops  
Through his thick skull  
Ya she's vicious, like a pit bull  
And when it comes to hatred and revenge  
She got a shit full

Revenge is the fire that burns inside your soul  
Ay yo, she been bustin up knee caps son  
Since the age of 11  
But fuckin her enemy to death  
That was her favorite weapon  
And in death you paid in hell  
Boy it can't be paid in heaven  
You better get down on your knees son  
And start prayin to the reverend  
Bon Appetite  
Boy revenge is so sweet  
Especially when it's served on a cold dish

But she has no wish  
But to cut yo day short  
Like the winter solstice  
And the chance to receive a slight bit of mercy from her was hopeless

Oren Ishii

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Oh, what a species