

## Take Sword Pt. I

RZA

"Take the sword"  
"The sword?"  
"Come on, give me the sword"  
"Huh?"  
"Heh, you Wu-Tang are never gonna win"  
"My lord, don't be afraid of the Wu-Tang techniques"  
"Pick up the sword!"

Yo, aiyo, chumps are in trouble, boy, tongue pay double, boy  
I'm trump tight, you better go home, and cuddle, boy  
I leave you ducks in a puddle, buried under cuz of rubble  
Turn your body, to sparks and stubbles  
Hot lead from the cylinder, from my two-shot dillinger  
Put that hot steel in ya, bigger not feeling ya  
Bio hazard, to ya flesh and ya fabric  
No need to scratch your hair, son, the clean to my static  
Strange apparatus and gadgets, my bullets got magnets  
Pop pop pop, we attract to that crab shit  
Super superior stamina, there's a Clan of us  
All of what bulldozers, hard hats and jack hammers  
And leather Old Testament copies, I'll probably  
Give you a out of body experience, then hide your body  
So there's no return, so burn, baby, burn  
My click fucking sick, nigga, learn, baby, learn  
I got Milwaukee chicks like Shirley and Laverne  
They bite ya dick off, after swallowing your sperm  
And slice ya fucking throat while you lay there in sperm  
They related to the judge, to the case, to the germ  
You chumps are in trouble, boy, I said tongue pays double, boy  
I'm trump tight, you better go home, and cuddle, boy  
I put your head in a puddle, buried under cuz of rubble  
Turn your body, to sparks and stubbles  
Frickles and fragles, nigga, get too fragile  
Pump the fuck up, my brain, is on Scrabble

Aiyo, back for this annual conference, confronted on  
You wack MC's, it's duck season, the hunt is on  
What B9 squeezing and game is locked, a run upon  
Thinking that you were the shit, nah, that's once upon  
I doubt my run while you sit, I bust my gun from the hip  
Why even make you a song, and when you ain't worth a skit  
My niggas kill for the sum, and the'll be cursed for the flick  
Probably til midnight until, scheeming on pussy to split  
And then we back like crack, nigga, take a swig of that  
Twist a twenty sack of black, figure, oh he a good kid  
Such a nice smile he had, oh one more state  
Then I whip it on that, slip slipping in the grass  
Sip sipping on the glass, now I'm dipping down the ave.

"Take the sword"  
"The sword?"  
"Come on, give me the sword"  
"Huh?"  
"Heh, you Wu-Tang are never gonna win"  
"My lord, don't be afraid of the Wu-Tang techniques"