

## Try Ya Ya Ya

RZA

Digital... why...

You can't do me nothing, you won't succeed  
You moving fast, reduce your speed  
Weak producers, imitate my beat  
When they face me, make 'em kiss my feet  
You can't break me, you get deflected  
Can't remake me, already perfected  
Wu-Tang slang, to disrespect it  
Your heart get pierced from hard darts ejected

I walk wit a pocket computer, out talk the prosecutor  
Slipped through these metal detectors with plastic German lugers  
With all rubber bullets, my dogs, they love to pull it  
Stay black hooded, dunn, Timberland footed  
Deadly dialect, Digitech, I'm six steps ahead  
Spread like plague, plus I wire taped the feds  
Brain wave manipulation, radios in my head  
Sip Colloidal silver, immune cells get fed  
Deflecting viruses, I'm overcoming biases  
True lion of Judah, bout to reclaim the lioness  
Devil expiration date, time to set the nation straight  
You should pay attention to the words I articulate

Goodie goodie, I walk it out in the hoodie  
And let my shoulder lean, just some gangsta boogie...  
You now rocking with the best, Compton's finest with finesse  
By the dress code and approach, you can tell I bang the left  
West Side of the coast, everybody's cutthroat  
Bitches love to start shit, they also love to deep throat  
Three wheel and hundred spokes, while I'm blowing chronic smoke  
Turning corner after corner, with my Southern Cal folk  
But the underground in the city life, it ain't a playground  
I'm loyal, dedicated, always ready to throw down  
My morals, and my values, retire up on the richter  
Speak this vivid, so you clearly get the picture  
And description of a real one, standing in your mist  
I don't just talk, I walk this Killa Cal shit  
Footprints of a legend as a I paint the concrete  
King of the jungle, still no one can compete  
With my entourage, call ya squad, I checkmate 'em with a pawn  
Seven moves ahead to off your head, it won't take that long