

Enter U-god

U-God

AW SHIT!

Now I got you tremble'n for the battle to begin
I'm not gonna leave this place with no sad face
'cause I'm gonna win

The battle everybody in the world just came to see
Golden Arms, (ah!) take out these cornwalled ass MC's

All y'all corns - walk out the door (ah!)

You run the same rhyme that the crowd don't want to hear no more

Gun blastin this and flashin that, reality now actually
You better listen, you better listen carefully

We came here (we came here), to dull the bass (ha, ha, ha)

And Mathematics catch the cut while RZA Ra just hold the bass

And I'm rhyme and on timin', it's so fresh from out the pack

Niggas got problems, 'cause the Wu is fighting back

Please don't sing (please don't sing), yo battle rap (ha, ha, ha)

We got the most, the sugar coated bully rhymes from out the back

And we breakin', and we taken everything you fuckin own

Not yo bitches, but yo FUCKIN' MICROPHONES!

y'all muthafuckas ready for the Redemption?

Bring it muthafucka *echos*

Yo Yo, dis you-God representin' that W

Tru, we comin' through, I'm comin' through

Wit the Redemption

This time it's me dolo solo here brah!

Guerilla Warfare you know how we do

Uptown, Downtown, Dirty South, LA, New York, Chi Town

We commin' through for this shit, represent (respresent)

Yo, Yo, Watch out! They let the hell out the gates

[Excerpt from '36 Chambers' Movie]

Now then, the Cheesaw have four chiefs

Number one is Golden Arms