

# Liquid Swords

## Wu-Tang Clan

When I was little, my father was famous  
He was the greatest samurai in the empire  
And he was the Shogun's decapitator  
He cut off the heads of a hundred and thirty-one lords  
It was a bad time for the empire

The Shogun just stayed inside his castle and he never came out  
People said his brain was infected by devils  
My father would come home he would forget about the killings  
He wasn't scared of the Shogun, but the Shogun was scared of him

Maybe that was the problem  
Then, one night, the Shogun sent his Ninja spies to our house  
They were supposed to kill my father, but they didn't  
That was the night everything changed

See, sometimes, you gotta flash 'em back  
See niggaz don't know where this shit started  
Y'all know where it came from  
I'm sayin' we gonna take y'all back to the swords, we bounce, yo

When the MC's came  
To live our their name and to perform  
Some had, to snort cocaine to act insane  
With before Pete Rocked it on, now gone

That the mental plane to spark the brain  
With the building to be born  
Yo, RZA flip the track with the what to guy  
Check 'em check chicka icka etta, uhh

Fake niggaz get blitzed  
And mic bites I swing swords and cut clowns  
Shit is too swift to bite you record and write it down  
I flow like the blood on a murder scene, like a syringe  
On some loud howl shit, to insert a fiend

But it was yo ock, the shop stolen heart  
Catch a swollen heart from not rollin' smart  
I put mad pressure, on phony wack rhymes that get hurt  
Shit's played, like Zodiac signs on Sweatshirt

That's minimum and feminine like sandals  
My minimum table stacks a verse on a gamble  
Energy is felt once the cards are dealt  
With the impact of roundhouse kicks from black belts

That attack, the mic-fones like cyclones or typhoon  
I represent from midnight to high noon  
I don't waste ink, nigga I think  
I drop megaton bombs more faster than you blink

'Cause rhyme thoughts travel at a tremendous speed  
Clouds of smoke, of natural blends of weed  
Only under one circumstance is if I'm blunted  
Turn that shit up, my clan in da front want it

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I'm on a Mission, that niggaz say is Impossible  
But when I swing my swords they all choppable  
I be the body dropper, the heartbeat stopper  
Child educator, plus head amputator

'Cause niggaz styles are old like Mark 5 sneakers  
Lyrics are weak, like clock radio speakers  
Don't even stop in my station and attack  
While your plan failed, hit the rail, like Amtrak

What the fuck for? Down by law, I make law  
I be justice, I sentence that ass two to four  
Round the clock, that state pen time check it  
With the pens I be stickin' but you can't stick to crime

Came through with the Wu, slid off on the DL  
I'm low-key like seashells, I rock these bells  
Now come aboard, it's Medina bound  
Into the chamber and it's a whole different sound

It's a wide entrance, small exit like a funnel  
So deep it's picked up on radios in tunnels  
Niggaz are fascinated how the shit begin  
Get vaccinated, my logo is branded in your skin

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