Triumph (feat. Cappadonna)

Wu-Tang Clan

What y'all thought y'all wasn't gon' see me?
I'm the Osirus of this shit
Wu-Tang is here forever - motherfuckers
It's like this ninety-seven
Aight my niggaz and my niggarettes
Let's do it like this
I'm a-rub your ass in the moonshine
Let's take it back to seventy-nineI bomb atomically, Socrates' philosophies
And hypotheses can't define how I be droppin these
Mockeries, lyrically perform armed robbery
Flee with the lottery, possibly they spotted me
Battle-scarred shogun, explosion when my pen hits
Tremendous, ultra-violet shine blind forensics
I inspect view through the future see millenium
Killa Beez sold fifty Gold sixty Platinum
Shacklin' the masses with drastic rap tactics
Graphic displays melt the steel like blacksmiths
Black Wu jackets, Queen Beez ease the guns in
Rumble wit' patrolmen tear gas laced the function
Heads by the score, take flight, incite a war
Chicks hit the floor, diehard fans demand more
Behold the bold soldier, control the globe slowly
Proceeds to blow swingin swords like Shinobi
Stomp grounds and pound footprints in solid rock
Wu got it locked, performin' live on you hottest blockAs the world turn, I spread like germs
Bless the globe with the pestilence, da hard-headed never learn
It's my testament to those burned
Play my position in the game of life standing firm
On foreign land, jump the gun out the frying pan, into the fire
Transform into the Ghostrider, a six-pack
In a streetcar named Desire, who got my back?
In the line of fire holdin' back, what?
My people if you wit' me where the fuck you at?
Niggaz is strapped, and they tryin' a twist my beer cap
It's court adjourned for the bad seed, from bad sperm
Herb got my wig fried, like a bad perm; what the blood-
Clot, we smoke pot and blow spots
You wanna think twice, I think notDa Iron Lung ain't got ta tell you where it's coming from
Guns of Navarrone, tearin' up your battle zone, rip through your slums
(Cappadonna)
I twist darts from the heart, tried and true
Loot my voice on the LP, my team is on to slang rocks

Certified chatterbox, vocabulary 'Donna talking
Tell your story walking
Take cover kid, what? Run for your brother, kid
Run for your team, and your six can't rhyme groupies
So I can squeeze with the advantage
And get wasted, my deadly notes reigns supreme Your fort is basic
Compared to mineDomino effect, arts and crafts
Paragraphs contain cyanide Take a free rideon my dart, I got the fashion Cataloguesfor all y'all to all praise to the Gods
The saga continuesWu-Tang, Wu-Tang
Olympic torch flamin', we burn so sweet
The thrill of victory, the agony, defeat
We crush slow, flamin' deluxe slow
For-, judgement day cometh, conquer, it's war
Allow us to escape, hell glow spinnin' bomb
Pocket full of shells out the sky, Golden Arms
Tune spit the shit immortal combat sound
The fake, false step make, the blood stain the ground
A jungle junkie, vigilante tantrum
A death kiss, cap off squeeze another anthemHold it for ransom, tranquilised with anesthetics
My orchestra, graceful, music ballerinas
My music Sicily, rich California smell
An axekiller adventure, paint a picture well
I sing a song from Sing-Sing, sippin' on ginsengRighteous wax chaperone, rotating ring-king
Watch for the wooden soldiers, C-cypher punks couldn't hold us
A thousand men rushing in, not one nigga was sober
Perpendicular to the square, we stand bold like flareEscape, from your dragon's lair--in particular
My beats travel like a vortex
Through your spine to the top of your cerebral cortex
Make you feel like you bust a nut from raw sex
Enter-through-your-right-ventricle-clog-up your bloodstream High Terminal
Like Grand Central Station, program fat baselines on NovationGetting drunk like a fuck I'm duckin five-year probation
War of the masses, the outcome, disastrous
Many of the victims' families save they ashes
A million names on walls, engraved in plaques
Those who went back, received penalties for their acts
Another heart is torn, as close ones goneThose who stray, niggaz get slayed on the song
The track renders helpless and suffers from multiple stab wounds
And leaks sounds that's heard
Ninety-three million miles away from came one
To represent the nation, this is a gathering
Of the masses that come to pay respects to the Wu-Tang ClanAs we engage in battle the crowd now screams in rage
The High Chief Jamel-Ah-Rief takes the stage
Light is provided through sparks of energy
From the mind that travels in rhyme form
Giving sight to the blind

The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum
Death only one can save shell fromThis relentless attack of the track spares none
Yo! Yo! Yo, fuck that, look at all these crab niggaz laid back
Lampin' like them gray and black Pumas on my man's rack
Codeine was forced in your drink, You had a navy dream
Salamander fiend, bitches never heard you scream
You two-faces, scum of the slum, I got your whole body numbBlowing like Shalamar in eighty-one
Sound convincin', thousand dollar court by convention
Hands like Sonny Liston, get fly permission
Hold tha fuck up, Allah fasten your wig, bad luck
I humiliate, separate the English from the Dutch
It's me, Black Noble Drew Ali Came in threes
We like the Genovese. Is that so? Caesar needs the greens
It's Earth, ninety-three million miles from the first
Rough turbulence, the waveburst, split the megahertzAiyyo dat's amazing, gun in your mouth talk, verbal foul hawk
Connect thoughts to make my man Shai walk
Swift notarizer, Wu-Tang, all up in the high-riser
New York gank adviser world tranquilizer
Just the dosage, delegate my Clan with explosives
While my pen blow lines ferocious
Mediterranean, see ya, the number one traffic sit down the beat God
Then delegate the God to see God
The swift chancellor, flex, the white-gold tarantula
Track truck diesel, play the weed God, substantiala
Max mostly, undivided then slide it, it's sickening
Guaranteed, made em jump like Rod Strickland

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/