

# 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-nine I 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 block As 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 Ghost rider, 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 not Da 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 mine Domino effect, arts and crafts  
Paragraphs contain cyanide Take a free ride on my dart, I got the fashion Catalogues for all y'all  
to all praise to the Gods  
The saga continues Wu-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 anthem Hold 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 ginseng Righteous 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 flare Escape, 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 Novation Getting 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 gone Those 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 Clan As 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 from This 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 numb Blowing 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 megahertz Aiiyo 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

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