

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