

## Dragon Fire

R.A. the Rugged Man

You're not dead!  
I'm a killer, that's why  
Killers don't die so easy! Even though your so-called loyal clans all got together and tried to kill me! Hahahaha!  
Ah! Ghost Face Killer!

Yo, we got killer Glocks loaded up with killer shots  
To killer cops playin' the block with killer rocks  
High-voltage guns that let off kilowatts  
Big c-lo games that only got killer knots  
Nothin' but killers in here that'll straight kill your career  
The bullshit is killin' my ears  
Kill a red carpet, geared to kill a premiere  
This is Ghostface Killah, no killer Killer fashion, watch how I kill 'em with rolls  
With the classic Wallabees with the colorful soles  
My killer actions leave fake killers exposed  
There's no relaxin' when you see my killers on patrol  
We got killers on parole that's real ill since Bill Bill That'll f\*ck around and Kill Bill  
Born in the killer Stapleton thriller  
Ghostface Killah, yo, it only get realer

Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang!

Once upon a time, we was labeled the murder capital  
velour, FILA suit with the cable  
Do or die, kill or be killed, streets are murder  
Ninja mask, killers on bikes, get your man lift  
Sock on the toe of the Bally for the gearshift  
Adrenaline pump the pulse, killer instinct  
Trigger finger start to itch, my bad eye twitch  
Cut from the fabric of the raw lyric  
These are the rules, got a fam of killers that don't snitch  
Quiet killers like carbon monoxide when doves cry  
Masta Killa mic assassin, you all die  
Slow, I move in silence, you won't hear a peep  
Killers that'll kill you for real in one heartbeat  
Slid to get y'all weak, we kill concrete  
Spin it back and catch the beat, I squeeze mic heat  
I squeeze my heat

Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang!  
R.A.! The-The-The Rugged Man!  
Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang!  
Dummy, wanna fight me? Try me  
Every record label sucks dick

Eyes Wide Shut masquerade, got Bob dancin'  
I'm in the mosh pit at the Rothschild mansion  
I'm , Thorburn, John Foreman  
A livin' baptism in the river of Jordan  
Rock bells when I kick the gospel, gods fell  
Abort rappers like Kermit Gosnell, I'm not well  
Black gestapos, white broncos, drop those  
When the Glock blows, turn your face into potholes  
Always had the hot flows since a booger snotnose

Mama couldn't afford us, she shoulda kept her twat closed  
Fill a stadium, baby Damien

I'll sell a weapon to an Iranian, then I'll sell a Russian uranium  
Beretta sever the head of the negative, never let 'em live  
I'll put you to bed like Mr. Huxtable with a sedative  
I am the filthy dirty degenerate representative of Juice Crew  
Terror to the era terrorists, no they won't protect ya  
The throne of The Bone Collector  
Bullet to the dome, welcome to the home of Phil Spector  
I toss 'em and flip 'em, ragdoll status  
The murder, the madness  
From Mad Dog Mattis  
Sing

wit' R.A. de Don Gorgon  
'longside Xx3eme de yardman  
Rifle spit fire like dragon  
Quickly send dem to de Lord and  
Who dem ah dis? Who dem ah dis? (yah!)  
Who dem ah dis? Who dem ah dis? (yah!)  
Food eat, dawgs never miss (na!)  
We send reminisce

Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang! Wu-Tang!  
Juice Crew All-Stars, oh my goodness  
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G Rap's known 'cause I'm bad to the bone  
I kill 'em executioner style!  
I'm Kool G Rap  
I'm Kool G Rap  
Poison

G ran with the thieves and the bandits  
Toast click, don't make me leave you in transit  
Don't even think about seizin' no chances  
This shit make birds flee from they branches  
If it ain't cheese where your hands is  
We gon' leave you like Christopher Reeves in some Pampers  
Don't sneeze, and you panic or breathe when we stand at reach  
And you gon' bleed on your dandruff  
Close steel, better hold still  
They gon' find you with left with no grill like you're roadkill  
Flashin' lights in the night, not from camera shots  
Those the type from the ice in the random shops  
Where the mothers come and candle blocks  
Bodies rot in abandoned lots  
Helicopters and the vans is SWAT  
Cannibalism, scams and plots  
Vandalism, grams and rocks  
Stay in the kitchen, handle pots  
Handle riches, hammer's cocked  
Man in prison, man forgot  
Tattoo teardrop and the can pop  
Don't stop, won't stop  
Hip hop can't stop

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