

Santana f/ Wyclef Jean

"Da Connection"

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* cut from the final release

[Ghostface Killah]

Yea, yea

It's like rap pa', huh? What?

Y'all bitch-ass niggas, what? What?

Leave a mark on your face, duke

Word, uh-huh, you fake fucks

Eh-yo, eh-yo, eh-yo..

I bathe in a tub of guns, dry off with the clips

Now I'm automatic Jack, that's what I've become

Gangsta lean leanin, peach cobbler pockets fit the
gram cracker

Outfit you still Dream of Jeanie in

Kings, stay 'greein, nightly prince Of Egypt

Plenty of days I read up, skied up, whips all beat up

7:30, the sky is fallin, the most of this dyed with dirty
urines

It's the dark-skinned Kris Kringle

Crisp bangle material, boggle minds how I popped up
in your cereal

Rocks the eagle beat with the rocks pushed in

Pediatric wildin, grippin the floors like cushion

Samuel Jackson, Action Jackson, Mike Jackson, Staten

Dusthead niggas that'll have you laugh, you call

Quicker, and we brawl in big arenas, G&C

Catch me in the spot with a guillotine

[Hook x2: Ghostface Killah]

In the back of the church, my book be the Book of Life

Donated nothin, hit the preacher wife

This go to all real niggas that be shootin dice

Stashin ya cracks and maggots stick to me in life

[Kool G. Rap]

Eh-yo we pot of soil, shot our nines of chrome

Just watch how many minds get blown

When I cock mines behind your dome

They gon' find your bones

With your top popped behind your home

Havin a stumb' runnin to find ya phone
B.G.F. and when we the kind to roam
Roll through ya hood and we shine the stones
Blind every dime in the zone
Shit on every line in the poem
And drop a jewel like a diamond in Rol'
B.G.F. war ones, let the fours dump in the forefront with
your horse ones
Your body found inside of a Ford trunk, smellin like
four skunks
Blast up and cut into four chunks
Shot down and not found for four months
Who playin outfield without a chest shield?
Wanna move? Choose ya weapon of steel
Nigga we 'bout reppin for real
Only take a second to peel
Should've known there was a Tec in the deal, nigga

[Interlude]

Yo man, you spoke to that dude about that situation?
- Yeah man, everything's straight, everything's cool,
man
I made the connection
Yo man, I hope it ain't no Ohkeedoke, man
I won't have no bullshit
- Once he touch down, everything will be cool
You hear me, mothafucka?

{*beat changes*}

[Cappadonna]

Yo yo, what up? What up?
W.T.C. in the battery, Da Beatminerz
Shaolin, Brooklyn
Yo

The heat's still risin, y'all gon' get it
It's me with the fitted, chain hangin
With the flossy knitted, comin back for all y'all niggas
that shitted
Off the vacation, God-U-Nation's inside the gat truck
I don't give a fuck, Killa Bees merge with the MC's for
life
Nigga night out, ladies too, floss too much
It's time to jump you, live on the avenue
The fly Gucci's, I could never sweat y'all hoochies
Pillage for life, we don't have to shine
Wu-Tang in the cut, we all engaged with it
Don't never get stuck, Beatminerz got the permit
Jail niggas keep food in the toilet
I can't call it, three months on the bus

No God-degree, W.T.C, we ain't changed a bit
Dirty in the beast but we still thick

{*explosion, followed by glass shattering*}

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