

Schwarze Feen

"Guillotinaz"

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Allow me to demonstrate the skill of Shaolin
The special technique of shadowboxing

[Intro: Inspectah Deck]
Poisonous, poisonous (word word word)
I should slap all y'all niggaz for comin in my fuckin face
with that shit
Alright cool yeah, go ahead man...
Poisonous

[Verse One: Inspectah Deck a.k.a. Rebel INS]
Poisonous paragraphs, smash ya phonograph
in half, it be the Inspectah Deck on the warpath
First class leavin mics with a cast
Causin ruckus like the aftermath when guns blast
Run fast, here comes the verbal assaulta
Rhymes runnin wild like a child in a walker
I scored from the inner slums abroad
And my thoughts are razor sharp I sliced the mic from
the cord
First they criticize, but now they have become
mentally paralyzed with hits that I devise
Now I testify, the rest is I, Rebel INS
Ya highness, blessed to electrify
with voltage of an eel, truth that I reveal'll
crush the amateurs who screamed to keep it real
Caesar black down hoodied up and fatigues
Part time minor leagues receive third degrees
Attack like a wolf pack, once I pull back
the God-U, and bust through like a fullback

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah a.k.a. Tony Starks]
Yo, you fourteen carat gold slum computer wizard
Tappin inside my rap vein causes blizzards
Do I like the kills for ice trife like botta digits
Gorillas injected with strength of eighty midgets
The Earth spins ruins, rap exotic blends
Let my peeps in, niggaz gaspin swallowin aspirins
What a dosage, you overdosed in rap
High explosives my post-its hypnotize with hypnosis
I sell goods, my whole Clan is on the run like Natural

Born Killers

Record-breaking the album Thriller

Now access the jig who has bombs and rocket
launchers

Float like dope killer bees is what I sponsor

Ya entrepreneur, pens and gear like shakespeare

When I fuck I grab hair, collect drawers as souveneirs

Fuck yeah, my crew down German beers

My career is based on guns, throwin cats in
wheelchairs

Etcetera, damage any lame ass competitor

Who try to front, get broken and passed like leathers

Whatever hot hardheads get shattered like mirrors

Beretta shots splatter your goose, scatter ya feathers

Say never poetry chumps crumbs deal with graphic

Blew my family overseas in mansions

If rap was crack, fully packed I be tour cats

Tax the kingpin of the rap drug traffickin

Village niggaz get slapped in Manhattan

for rappin, big Ghost steps off laffin

(Were you just using the Wu-Tang school method
against me?

I've learned so many styles, forgive me)

[Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef a.k.a. Lou Diamonds]

Sit back relax, fake niggaz don't get turns

Watch me massage ya brain with slang that's king

Projects filled with young men cause threats

Who is that? Thousand dollar chains and techs

Focus, the brokest niggaz of life shit

These mics is like cocaine Sun, check the suicidal hype
shit

Exchange mad blunts taste the sweepstakes

Keepin up on fakes outta state for cakes

No doubt, plus nobody amount, we making dough off
of

Puttin fifty on the Land and Allah, it's like that

Pull ya shoes up black, matta of fact just adapt

Tie up, ya black Nike's and tight hats

Corners, stay surrounded with foreigners

Whattup dread? Feds caught you grudgin for his bread

But regardless, peace to jail niggaz with charges

Unify layin in the guard with La

My Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta, with stamina

Clingers and gamblers, and gram handlers

Tical like the Isle, so God, let's get steamed

Infrared guard yo' Beem, so seek nuff respect

Rude bwoy you bet, keep it movin par shallah

Pro black like tar

Designin the fly shit and stay shinin and

the RZA pours more beats than Cristal's fine wine
Concrete raps go to black
with 50 other niggaz on the other side of the map
Knew it's all good and all done what, we want some
Mike Tyson of this rap shit, pullin out Macs for fun

[Verse Four: The Genius/GZA a.k.a. Maximillion]
The nigga don't get mad, I got mad styles of my own
And it's shown when my hands grip the chrome
microphone
Verbally I catch bodies with cordless shotties
Intriguin emcees, I keep em trained like potties
I bomb facts, my sword is an axe
to split backs invisible, like dope fiend tracks
Sky's the limit, niggaz are timid, and nobody knows
How we move like wolfs in sheep clothes
Producin data, microchips or software
Undaground and off air, the Land of the Lost
Notorious henchman from the North
Strikin niggaz where the Mason-Dixon line crossed

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