

Wu-Syndicate

"Spazzola"

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[Method] Uhh
[M. Killa] Deadly Medley part two
[Method] That's my word!
It ain't safe no more... bitch!

[Masta Killa]
Yo, yo
Brain gets punctured and drained through the nasal
Hour of assassination be upon you
Movin with the tiger strike, bound, gagged and shot
Red the head in, dapple light centered
East remains hot with police
But I keep a lease for my, four-fifth automatic
Extended clip rewind, bust mine
Anytime you reveal your snakeish ways and actions
Observe the magnetic attraction

[Method Man]
And it's time for some grid...

[Street Life]
...iron rap, action-packed grudge match
Tough act to follow, hard copy novel
Throw you off the Verrazano
We swimmin with these sharks, yo I rate bodyguard
Stamp my initial in your birthmark
P.L.O., bust like a calico, tally hoe
Black expo, Tecs in afros, we back yo
It's Dolemite, crash your windpipe, with the mic device
Fatal strike, daily mic fights, shoot out the street lights

[Method Man]
Sight beyond sight, late night, city light
Tight like a virgin, mergin with my A-Alikes
Splurgin, dirty to the grain, no detergent
Filthy, innocent until I'm proven guilty
Submergin, deeper in the lecture I'm servin
Truth or consequences, life or death sentence
I'm hurtin, your person, I'm certain, it's curtains

Chorus: Method Man

It ain't nuttin like hip-hop music
You like it cause you choose it
Most DJ's won't refuse it
A lot of sucker MC's misuse it
Don't think that Wu can't lose it
Too much to gain to abuse it
The name of the game is rapture
This one is complete, it captures bass

[Inspektah Deck]

Yo, I bring chaos to blocks like the riots in Watts
Rapid fire shots ripple through Kevlar, 9 Glocks
Technique of rhyme pop machine gun ammo
Sporadic flow buckled a foe, intro to outro
Calico, throw verse, but slide my dough first
I make thousands in the club with no shirts, go bezerk
From the Shao' borough, whylin out on the furlow
Commando, styles thorough, solo inferno
It burns slow, thermonuclear degrees
Heads are underseas down to the youngest seeds
Wannabes clone, they light like summer breeze
Hundred G's for the Garden, them fans stampede
for the top cats, hit the mic like the iron-palm blast
Equipped to perform the task
S-I-N-Y, and what, head or gut
The head rush, will cause your cerebellum to bust

[Killa Sin]

We be the world's most fabulous
Hazardous, to fuck with these ravenous
Killers get you stuck to the wall like wooden cabinets
Extravagant, je-wel drop a helicopter high
Up into the sky, lines philosiphize, I got stocks to buy
Watch my pockets rise, to the bottom bust confide in
God
In Sin I trust, the villianous, criminal minded killers rust
I intend to build and fortify in men
Mastermind rhymin, navigate the globe then retire
quick

[Raekwon]

Aiyyo fluid rap bend through it black, buluga black Ac'
Tackle that, ghetto tabernackles throw it in your lap
Slang A-K, national, geographical
Mathematical, slide up in your work casual
Nike Air Dog, who wear it all, plus down to brawl
All a thousand with a bloody hair, flammable
Rap mayors, who clap Himalayas pinky fingers
Ever glacer, lacer, hand laser touches grail bomb
blazers

Sly-workin, network bezerk, mad hurtin
Killer whales, fucking up sales, crash Bloomingdales
Masqevendo, John Lennon tenor break, mad descendo
Fuck y'all niggaz carve my ice through your Benz
window

door creaking open

gunshots followed by a car alarm

Chorus

[Method Man]

Uhh.. Spazz-Ola.. (Spazz-Ola)

S-I-N-Y 10304

Lock your doors

Crack your jaws

Drop your drawers

It's all day everyday with this rap souflee

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