

X-Ecutioners

"The X"

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"Uh..uh..uh..baby!"

{*scratched*}

"X-Ecutioners" "Ya..ya..y'all know the name"

"Stabbin the track with both hands"

"X-Ecutioners" "Ya..ya..y'all know the name"

"Louder!!"

"X-Ecutioners" "Ya..ya..y'all know the name"

"Stabbin the track with both hands"

"X-Ecutioners" "Ya..ya..y'all know the name"

"You out there?" "Louder!"

[Pharaohe Monch]

This is masterful, classical, material wax, imperial tactics

Black shit I master, traps that collapse backwards

All area access, passes without practice

Hit em, then I'ma shit on em and spit on em, and send faxes

Maximum amount (uh) not the minimal

The oratal rock chop like Florida Seminole

Subliminal raps which make criminals act bitch

Instrumental in creatin the most pinnacle rap shit

Got Toni Braxton lookin women collapsin

My beats get feet to steppin like Fast Actin Tinactin

Dominant X-Men conference like Pac-10

Backslap wack rap actors to get a reaction

My venom rips tennaments up then I'ma wreck shit

Then I'ma flip, administer hits on this next shit

Deejays collect tips from them then hit the exit

At they show the front row, usually gettin hectic

The X shit...

{*scratched*}

"Ya..ya..y'all know the name" "X-Ecutioners"

"Stabbin the track with both hands.. together"

"The fall.. you out there?" "Louder!"

"X-Ecutioners" "Ya..ya..y'all know the name"

"Stabbin the track with both hands.. together"

"The fall forever gon' win.. you out there?"

[Xzibit]

Yeah yo, uh-huh, yeah, check it
You wanna get to my level but you don't hustle enough
Any attempts at touchin my stuff and I'm fuckin you up
I'm sick of weak shit winnin, nigga yo' rhymes ain't
rockin
The good life is a bitch, seem like everybody cop
blockin
The shotclock is runnin out, gunnin out the police
I crack the teeth of any nigga with beef
Masterpiece, X-Ecutioners, naturally
Any problems, come to Los Angeles and ask for me

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo castastrophe, none can match me, naturally nasty
Manually smash ya faculty
Veral assault and battery
Sparatically blast at the capacity crowd and cause
casualties
Street savvy, niggaz blast me out the Navi'
Groupie chick wish she could have me
XE in back of me, hit like a daquiri
Accurately, ya don't grab me, ya skills still latchkey

{*scratched*}

"Ya..ya..y'all know the name" "X-Ecutioners"
"Stabbin the track with both hands.. together"
"The fall.. you out there?" "Louder!"
"X-Ecutioners" "Stabbin the track.....the track"
".....with both hands"

[Skillz]

I got my man Roc Raida on the slash and cut
Rob Swift where you at son, the "What What"
Sinister make em - now we ready to go
Last but not least, total eclipse (Whatchu don't know?)
I got a question, who can see him? I don't know
But whatever I play, you know that Skillz gon' flow
Shit we mastered the feat, you can't bring us (what)
Y'all could crap if y'all was doin that shit with eight
fingers
Come on black, we in the Hall of Fame
Got ya picture in our crib on the Wall of Shame
I expect emcees to wanna murder me (what)
Cuz when we open up and start cuttin, you wish you
was in surgery
You see the X? Hardly
Here's some on-offs nigga take yo' ass back to doin
parties
You're better off if somebody shoot ya
And change ya name to DJ I-Got-Beat-By-The-X-
Ecutioners

{*scratched*}

"Ya..ya..y'all know the name" "X-Ecutioners"

"Stabbin the track with both hands.. together"

"The fall.. you out there?" "Fifty thou in the stands"

"X-Ecutioners" "Ya..ya..y'all know the name"

"Stabbin the track with both hands.. together"

"The fall.. forever gon' win" "You out there?" "Louder!"

"Y'all know the name"

Redman's vocal dog barking

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