

Wonder Woman

"1.9.8.6"

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[Ill Advised]

What, too many thugs on mic's, bought to show ya
niggas
Lightnin strikes, in the same place twice
Put on my game face like Rice, till my name in lights
Pain and price, game tight, put this train in flight
The baby black catalyst, wanna battle this, miraculous
Flow, like Jesus chain watered the wine and marriages
Averages sixty points a game, on point like cactuses
Flippin the spatulas, on all ya wack rap amateurs
What, don't even step in my circumference, we dump
shit
Pump it, 30/30 til ya pump doin gun clips
The gun clips spit the verbal, once flip
Cause a few to rise, do the styles, that's on some shit
Sware to God, on my unborn, I be the one on
Ninety three million miles away, stars kept the sun
warm
Sizzlin, fuck the Jews grizzlin, Crystal's Christenin
I'm dissin em, they ain't spittin it, we ain't listenin
They vision been blurred, can't recall when occurred
When herb made words, we verbin thirty-third to third
Fuck what you heard, who preferred? Fly's or bird?
Wit the nerve to serve emcees to the stage to the curb
Leave no witnesses, no clues to rip this shit
Baby black wit the gift to spit ridiculous
West Philly streets to Brooklyn, on Saint Nicholas
Who number one when I hit ya list

[Rasheed]

Who number one, have the squads ever tied toe, tied
toe
Other crew them other tied toe, tied toe
So them other emcee, tied toe, tied toe
Illaphilf, we outta nitro, what, what, what
We outta dung-dung-di-dung-dung, diggy-dung-dung,
diggy-di
Diggy-dung-dung, diggy-dung-dung, diggy-dung-
dung, diggy-di
Remember the name of the crew, if they gonna be
phifey

Remember the name of the crew, they call a

[Black Thought]

Yo down by a law, you must be talkin bout me
It's the B-L-A-C-K, T-H-O-U-G-H-T
By these schooly crowd niggas, show them how to
emcee
Ya I'm sayin, representin, we comin outta SP
Check it out, we take you a stab lower, approach closer
Hold it down to the utmost, my mic toast ya
Illa-Fifth, illa vibe, illadel adrenaline
Sound waves leavin you tremblin, as we begin again

[Malik B]

Aiyo, I'm tryin to get this cash in abundance
Redundantly, I represent the rugged done D
The crack cost money, but yo the try's free
I wack a MC, for tent out or step me
Now test me, give you a once or compin the swine
Dump you wit the fifth emblem, leave ya niggas
tremblin
Then ya realize, the kiss of death pull up in 'em
To minimize ya half ass freeze, you wack ass leaves
My rap leaves a thug full of poisonous back feeds
Test ya whole attire, empire on fire
I strike right back, sick, or ya might not clap
We get the whole round of applause, son get the jaws

[Chorus: all]

From the South to the West
To the East to the North
To, if, find la son, the land of the lost
Go off, disturbin order, 5 mics in The Source
Queens City, Roots Crew, it's yours...

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