

Cecelie**"Careful - Alles Real Mix"**

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* send corrections on the German to this typist

[Curse]

Yo, yo, es macht kein Sinn mit mir Streit zu beginn'
Denn ich fÃ¼hl' mich so wie's Mike Tyson ging
Ich hab nix zu verlieren und beiÃ' dir ins Fleisch und
bring'
ScheiÃ Ã¼ber MC's die nur Battle Vergleiche bring'
Ich zerreiÃ euch Kasper durch Rhymes die gewichtig
wie Eisen sind
Wenn ich rappen muss rap ich, auch wenn ich heftig oft
heiÃ bin
Ich bin heiÃ auf den ScheiÃ zerreiÃ euch das Mic in
Gesangskabinen
Du singst doch weiterhin verbreit ich was ich will und
schreib das hin
was ich wichtig find, ganz egal ob du's cool oder
scheiÃe findst
Und da es so scheint als wenn 'n Part nur bedeutet
Leistung zu bring'
Erschein Rhymes mit Sinn die voll weise sind meistens
wie Geisterstimm'
Auch wenns keiner peilt ist es halb so schlimm,
bald beginnt meine Zeit bestimmt
Schreib bis mein Stift den Geist aufgibt,
kein VerschleiÃ der's mit mein aufnimmt
Kulis und Bleistifte sind wie mein SchweiÃ der auf
Seiten rinnt
Bis der ScheiÃ ertrinkt bin ich Geistesbliz reichlich
und weiÃ euch hin
Ich rap jetzt langsam, weil schnell rappen meistens nur
Zeit gewinnt
und ich mehr sein will als der Beste,
ich will das euch der ScheiÃ was bringt

[RZA]

Wait, hold up, chill, what's that son?
got (shots), huh?!
By his back, watch (sword) run
Seven the center of your eight point sun
Hold tight grip on the +God-U..Now+ you best be

careful!

Can't dodge two (??) aimed at your domepiece
+Father-U-C-King+ police!!

[U-God]

Somethin in the slum went rum-pum-pum-pum
Somethin in the slum went rum-pum-pum-pum

[Masta Killa]

Yo Rae it's been a long time son since we bust
Gunclap +Glaciers+, ran the world and snatched
paper
Return to the 36th Chamber
Proceed with caution as you enter
We have an A.P.B., on an MC Killer
Looks like the work of a Masta!!

[Cappadonna]

Yo somethin in the street went, BANG BANG
Makin it hard for you to do your THANG THANG
Somethin in the street went, BANG BANG..

Up in the force game wildin, money for grabs
I ain't (shot) with crabs, out of state copped two labs
Hopped two cabs, back on the Ave.
Stab you with the vocab, catch me at the big dough
rehab
Tryin to re-up, keep my feet up
Snake (whip) in the cut, hold the product
Time is up, no luck, heat start to bust
(shot) you can't trust, dealin with lust
Seen him at the ballgames with James

Somethin in the street went, BANG BANG
Makin it hard for you to do your THANG THANG
Somethin in the street went, BANG BANG
Makin it hard for you to do your THANG THANG

[Ghostface Killah]

Somethin in the hole went {Click Click}
The boxcutter went {Click Click}
Somethin in the hole went {Click Click}
The boxcutter went {Click Click}

These are the bones, bones from the grave of Houdini
G-Deini, razoni noodles sprinkled on your embryo'
Climb like the deficit, profits, death threats
to Israel slid through Bethlehem bong on one wheel
Syringes, rubber bands, needles, the 60's
Granddaddy Caddy was coppin 6 G's
Begosh all that Oshkosh jumpers

Pink Champelle, brown paper bags, wall to wall
bumpers

[U-God]

These (??) camera guys, cause, turn your eyes
Sweat on the hammer fly, ways, of the Samurai
Newsflash bulletin, Gods on the prowl
We full again, ruff men scuff Timbs
Sonic bionic lens, RZA console
Is it Bush or the Dole, front row of the superbowl
Black gold in my soul, on a hoe stroll
Don't go boy you on parole you don't know?

[Inspectah Deck]

Someone in the back went, CLACK CLACK
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, CLACK CLACK
Someone in the back went, CLACK CLACK
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, CLACK CLACK

Made 'em throw they hands up, but then lay flat
Rat pack eat up, the average alley cat
Prepare for the impact when we contact
Known to drop backs that crack your hard hat
Must I show and prove, trust I, bust I
Make your head spin like chrome 20's on the buggy-I
Benz
Who contends, Wu like the Superfriends
Who's your rhymin hero? Wu-Tang rules again

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[Cappadonna]

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