

## Cobra

### "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 soufflee

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