

Cocoa Brovaz F/ Professor X

"Rec Room"

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[Inspectah Deck]

Oh, Killah Hill, Killah Killa Hill
Killah Hill, Killah Killah Hill
Killah Hill, Killah Killah Hill
10304 style, kid, yea
For all my D.M.D. Rec posse niggaz
You out there? Is you out there?

I throw your brain in the cobra clutch, behold the hold
rush
A dazzlin display if you could get close enough
Cold Crush like the 4 stinger anaconda
Fierce darts that'll pierce through solid armor
Lounge in the barracks with Blue and Cappadonna
Spiderman identity Peter Parker
Crowd pleaser register off the meter
Vocal street sweeper bucks shots through the speaker
Pleasure seekers, 50 thou' in the stands
True fans get it hot like Jamaica sands
Conquer land, wide like a eagle wingspan
Clansman stabbin the track with both hands
Not a lost soul who falls for fool's gold
I shine like a diamond in the true state of cold
Too hot to handle, too cold to hold
Rap with a road block, I might lose control
Hold the globe in my iron palm
One hand holds the firearm on a mission that's life
long
Strike calm through the fire like Chaka Khan
World wide on the web without the dot com

[Chorus]

Killa Bees live in the place be
Burn third degree on the M-I-C
So deadly goes the catastrophe
And this is the way we crash the party
Say
Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec
Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec, Rec

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, Killa Bees swarmin
Protect Ya Neck! What's the warnin?
So, procede with caution, I walk with my swordsmen
We all in together, Wu-Tang forever gon' win
>From Puerto Rico 'cross the caves of Berlin
Echoin through cell blocks and federal pens
It be the Wu-Tang, you came in when
They left the game mentally and physically bent
What I invent, sharp as bardwire fence
I represent, sure to make a grand entrance
With the deadly lecture, contents under pressure
Inspectah, put your rep in the stretcher
Feather weight contenders surrender
T.K.O., first round knockout, vets to big spenders
Journey on the mic like Marco Polo
Internal bleedin occurs to your photo
Thoughts brought forth as wild as up north
It's bloodsport, get rushed for tough talk
But I hold my ground like it's high noon
While police tapes surround the mic room
I jump on a live tune, provide the boom
Those who consume become faint from the fumes

[Chorus]

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