

## **Cocoa Brovaz F/ Professor X**

### **"Settlement"**

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\* appeared on promo (radio) copies of "Uncontrolled Substance"

{evil laughter}  
{sounds of sword fight}  
"Words don't help you" (x4)

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, I got sight beyond sight like the sword of Omen  
Beats are left broken by the wise words spoken  
Survive livin, driven by blood money hunger  
Snakes lay, waitin impatiently to steal your thunder  
We stay sharp, state-of-the-art, tear the stage apart  
Razor Sharp poison darts raid the charts  
Through the underground, some are found changin  
bounds  
The gun sparks like the bloodhound and hunts ya down  
The hood life, I'm in it to the limit  
Wouldn't quit it for a digit, die for it cuz I live it  
Before I let go, have correct dough  
I Bust my shit off, I'm out to blow the lid off, alert the  
metro  
I glow like a lazer lights show, your eyes squint  
Vibrant, true colors, I move swift and silent  
Livin by the day, hearts are cold like winter nights  
Got a hot 10 on the dice in this game of life  
A-alikes in tune, immune to snake bites  
Roll like the blue coats with no lights, late night  
Smooth criminal, born original on a lyrical high  
Perform miracles before your 3rd eye  
Sir I light up the round table  
Lockin the king's crown, able to hold it down stable  
Fatal tech 9's could make mines deadly duties  
Fatal beauties seduce me, used by a hootie and the  
blowfish groupie  
Unruley, fists of fury fly loosely  
Cash still rules, ain't nothin new, tuck your jewellery

"Words don't help you" (x2)

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

Some sound-sound like they real top guns  
but this a true sound, it's a champion  
Rock the mic in every session  
Reign number 1, no competition

[Inspectah Deck]

Just when you thought it was safe  
to make a name for yourself, the blows delf  
You get stripped for your belt, run your garments  
Feather-weights don't know what you involve in  
Revolvin in fantasy, ya dilute the solvin  
My hip hop quoted as an Uncontrolled Substance  
Rough from the beginnin, whispered in my blood  
Since my child days, blazed, workin on entery level  
50 metal jackets are found, no sign of Rebel  
The lyatollah, Kenny Rogers in the game of high rollers  
Side-kick, Lucky Hands the dice thrower  
Amputate tracks, blow back the mic holder  
Godlen ax blade come down, the mic's over  
Takin flight in the Rover, nobel street soldier  
Deep cover mission, rap spies be my folder  
I.N.S. a.k.a. J. Hunter, vocal gunner  
Known to choke-hold the funky drummer  
Hunter city tour for the summer  
The last dog, Wu Forever roar through your 4 runner  
My all-star team put up Jordan-like numbers  
Small wonder, get your welcome mats snatched up  
from under  
your cold feet, jacked your whole feat and mad a whole  
mil'  
No frills with no skills and bounded to steal  
This is real, Wu part 2 spark you  
Reality bites with teeth marks like a shark do  
Niggaz dick-ride by the carpool, Gods rule  
If I could own rocks, got me toxy at the bar stool  
Me and my girl boost the underworld, duckin feds  
Can't trace the blood of my swords, double-edged

[Chorus]

"Words don't help you" (x4)

[Outro: sampled girl]

nothin you sell, oh, oh...

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