

## DJ Muggs vs. GZA f/ Masta Killa, Prodigal Sunn

### "Unstoppable Threats"

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[Chorus: GZA]

This is hip-hop, M.C.'s get busy  
It's not pop, you'll front and you'll get dropped  
You're listening to slanged out goodies, and  
Timberlands and hoodies  
With the rhythm that came from the streets

[GZA]

I was a young one at the time, but started Mic Trippin'  
Had rhythm like Ali, when he was rope skipping  
I got crazy, when I heard the break beat  
I used to lose it on niggaz on 4th and Main Street  
They couldn't stop the attack, once I moved forward  
Many was drawn back, assault was seen awkward  
Only armed with the bow, and a mad flow  
Poisonous arrows on a mark, that was set to go  
Traveling at high speeds, towards a target  
I never hit bystanders in crowded markets  
Documenters catch this most intimate footage  
In the center they come close, label it the hooded  
Remarkable clips, of an uncut episode  
They was given the safe, but never was left the code  
Close up of those, who have paved the road  
Invincible armor like that nigga we call The Toad

[Chorus 2X]

[Prodigal Sunn]

Havoc on the block, shots from the ratchet, sizzle pop  
Slugs spinning outta control, body's drop  
You know the saying in the hood, fuck the cops  
Certified on the clock, them ducks with metal glocks  
It takes place on the planet in rocks  
Take nothing for granted, raised by these thieves and  
bandits  
The enchanted, sticky green keeps my eyes slanted  
Hard times coming up in the ghetto, but the Sunn  
manage  
Watch me take advantage, get it, split it, panoramic  
The notes I quote, water like the great Atlantic  
Never catch me frantic, swift with the antics

Bitch niggaz vanish, niggaz, they run rapid  
Sun of a Man, son of the sun, son of a gun  
Breaded from the slums of each one and teach one  
What's done is done, son, the game is made  
Stay sharp like switchblades, continue to get paid

[Chorus]

[Masta Killa]

You know a muthafuckin' hit when it split ya wig back  
Young Gatling, strapping a .38 revolver  
It's going down, wait for the sound, my soldiers rally  
round  
Ninja men, blending in, with the surrounding  
'Nuff gunmen, 'nuff Flatbush yardmen strapped with  
the vest  
No pussy test the God, the grounds is well held  
Illegal desert eagle, cadaver dog  
Search for the body that's lost, of course, it's BK  
You heard niggaz got killed for sheik coats and big  
ropes  
Legendary students that sold coke, some blocks that's  
still hot  
From shots popped back in '88  
The black gate where son lay, never made the paper  
Just another caper pulled by a masked killer, broad day  
light  
Crown Heights, some are Fahrenheit, heat blazing  
Cops on the beat, stop the money flow of the street  
My dough is whole wheat, the fam gotta eat

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: GZA samples]

"Come On!" - scratched up

"This is hip-hop" - repeated through the scratching

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