

## Njeri ''1112''

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## [GZA]

Bobby said, ""Fuck spendin 50 on a whip, buy a clip"" Mental flip, got a thousand tracks thought on a chip Said he had mad toys to make noise You split and separate drums like asteroids The concerned producer sampled this question Hit him with the beat for the answer, with extra compression When sound travel, it quickly grab you and equalizes the pitch up, until it have you

Bugged out, tryin to think you can match this The portrait's too graphic Panaramic view for you, stamp Wu

The feature gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic We wrote block-tic checkpoints on your next joint and who the nigga you annoint? 700 volts on the track to slay

Murderous wordplay displayed, for killin cascades Throwin bullets in the air to test wind and which way the cyclone spins Counter on clockwise, still civilized Kill spies on the wall, that still flies all dies

## [Masta Killa]

Give no extension on the lynchin It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned It's the aura that's felt, that causes one to flash his gun and reveal how he really feel, confirmed He'll never live after the show, see the promoted for the dough

I'm takin, breakin his wax

Throw my shit on to perform my selection from the Swarm

Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday My ninjas lay in revines and ditches Underneath shrubs and leaves They breathed thru underwater reeds The enemy walks above, Clan remain subterranean mud

Off shore banks, tanks approach the location Bombarded by the circle of death formation

Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude strikes
Shatterin bulletproof helmets with scrap nail fragments of cell, inhale these venomous thoughs that I propel thru the north facility, the city must suffer

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