

Britney Spears

"4th Chamber"

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[Intro: LP version only]

Choose the sword, and you will join me
Choose the ball, and you join your mother... in death
You don't understand my words, but you must choose
{*baby gurgling*}
So... come boy, choose life or death

[Verse One: Ghostface Killah]

The only man a hoe wait for
is the sky-blue Bally kid, in eighty-three, rocked
Taylor's
My Memorex performed tape decks, my own phone sex
Watch out for Haiti bitches, I heard they throw hex
Yo, Wu whole platoon is filled with rac-coons
Corner sittin wine niggaz sippin Apple Boone,
this ain't no white cartoon
Cuz I be duckin crazy spades
The kid hold white shit, like blacks rock ashy legs
Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas, rat to Romans while Jesus slept? Stand
up
You're out of luck like two dogs stuck
Iron Man be sippin rum, out of Stanley Cups,
unflammable
Noriega, aimin knives which stay windy in Chicago
spine-tingle, mind boggles
Kangols in rainbow colors, promoters try to hold dough
Give me mine before Po, wrap you up in so-and-so
I ran the Dark Ages, Constantine and great Henry the
Eighth
Built with Ghengis Khan, the wreck suede Wally Don

[Verse Two: Killah Priest]

I judge wisely, as if nothin ever surprise me
Loungin, between two pillars of ivory
I'm lively, my dome piece, is like buildin stones in
Greece
my poems are deep from ancient thrones I speak
I'm overwhelmed, as my mind, roams the realm
My eye's the vision, memory is the film
Others act sub-tile, but they fragile above clouds

They act wild and couldn't budge a crowd
No matter how loud they get, though they growl and spit
Clutch they fists, and throw up signs like a Crip
And throw all types of fits
I leave 'em split, like ass cheeks and ragged pussy lips

[Verse Three: The RZA]

Aiyyo, camoflounge chameleon, ninjas scalin your
buildin
No time to grab the gun they already got your wife and
children
A hit was sent, from the President, to rage your
residence
Because you had secret evidence, and documents
on how they raped the continents, and it's the
prominent
dominant Islamic, Asiatic black hebrew
The year two thousand and two, the battle's filled with
the Wu
Six million devils just died from the Bubonic Flu
Or the Ebola Virus, under the reign of King Cyrus
You can see the weakness of a man right through his
iris
Un-loyal snakes get thrown in boilin lakes
of hot oil, it boils your skin, chickenheads gettin slim
like Olive Oyl, only plant the seed deep inside fertile
soil
Fortified with essential, vitamin and minerals
Use the sky for a blanket, stuffin clouds inside my
pillow
Rollin with the lambs
Twelve tribes a hundred and forty four thousand
chosen
Protons Electrons Always Cause Explosions

[Verse Four: The Genius/GZA]

The banks of G, all CREAM downs a bet
Money feed good, opposites off the set
It ain't hard to see, my seeds need God-degree
I got mouths to feed, unnecessary beef is more cows to
breed
I'm on some tax free shit by any means
Whether bound to hit scheme or some counterfeit
CREAM
I learned much from such with cons who run scams
Veterans got the game spiced like ham
And from that, sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded, and then blood floods the lawn
Disciplinary action was a fraction of strength
that made me truncate the length one-tenth

With his thump, tweaters hits like air pumps
RZA shaped the track, niggaz caught razor bumps
Scarred tryin to figure who invented
this unprecented, opium-scented, dark-tinted
Now watch me blow him out his shoes without clues
Cuz I won't hesitate to detonate, I'm short fuse

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