

George Baker Selection

"Collaboration '98"

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[Johnny Blaze]

So what we smoke cancer sticks and weed and all that
good shit

Fuck the world, word up

Sunz of Man, Method Man, True Mast', collabora-tion

Chorus:

Can't you see my love even though we be with thugs
Brothers want grub gotta take it in blood
Because is you down or are you down just because
Can't you see my love even though we be with thugs

Verse One: True Master

Yo, when you least expect is when we attack, in fact
your format, is not yet suitable for combat
Still dissident factions within the Kingdom
Campaign desperate attempts to take your freedoms
Emphatically, wack strategy, don't impress me
Impulsiveness'll only bring you tragedy, test me
Descent to the essence quickly, niggaz strictly flip
Fuckin with this royal assembly, the Sunz of Man
summon me, Chief Administrator of the Law
True Master in this hardcore Art of War
I explore the depths on conflict and with no pretense
found the best strategy the most impressive defense
So when you rush to attack, it be I to crush your force
and exhaust your whole supply
Don't send for reinforcements, give orders for men to
maintain
they respective borders, or it's a God damn slaughter

Verse Two: Method Man

Shots in the park, it be on after dark
Hungry like the Wolf when the beef starts to cook
When push come to shove, we push through the club
Pocket full of bud, baby armed with the snub
nosed I suppose, you get body-snatched when you
doze

Recognize your friends from your foes
or here lie, another one victimized
Left for The Fly, now what size is this?
Nigga your size, and I would be much obliged
to get a fatter piece of that pie
Still got my Eyes on the Prize, and like Gloria
I will survive, at war with the warrior
Hot with the rhyme.. pennies
Turn the heat up, and bend me
Prepare for the next milleni'
I can't sleep, I'm in the shit knee deep
In a race against time, beat your motherfuckin beat
Hold your satellite Son, I'm from where you from
Same shit different slum, where we about to go
ain't no need for the gun, I treat you to a slice
when we done, and all minds are one, yo

Chorus

Verse Three: Hell Razah

I be the Rabbi watched by snake eyes as the playa hate
rise
New York state side to the West side
Fuck the best rhyme, best respect mine, from here
to Palestine watch Sunz of Man climb
I could tell a fake from a handshake for man's sake,
the hidden truth
I translate til the land quake
I plan my escape on the good fan base
Strictly satisfaction like the Sunz of Man tape
No copy or biting off of what your man make
It's 1998, get your own mindstate
In 1999 write your own platinum rhymes
Can you see my love even though we be with thugs?
Yo, words and keyboards we please the Lord
Lyrics feed the poor, while the rich receive the sword
Couldn't stay in one spot too long, split in fours
Told the truth before tours, four artists four doors
I rock the concert til my arm hurt, doin God's work
while you Star Search, I take your mind to Mars' dirt
Uhh, what
I said, can you see my love even though we be with
thugs?

Verse Four: Prodigal Sunn

This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances
my wisdom
Prodigal ? the love Islam keeps me calm
from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam

Through CD-ROM, the mega bomb severs the ice in
your charm
Too late for Salaam, slugs rip through your arm
Double lead arm supreme head some fled from the
bloodshed
Painting many in red, leavin Iranians dead
? , hangin fast on they deathbed
Out the window, lyrics flow like hot chemicals
Burning competitors, from they ears to they asshole
You wanna battle, I seperate your Adam's Apple
Crack your skully with a Snapple bottle, on the Apollo
Can you read black, ease back, we bleed tracks
Breeze through facts, contacts smack your wolfpack

Chorus

[Johnny Blaze]

Hold your satellite Son, I'm from where you from
Same shit different slum, where we about to go
ain't no need for the gun, I treat you to a slice
when we done, and all minds are one, men from the
Sun

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