

Gza

"Destruction Of A Guard"

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At the holy city of Mecca, great fan of Colon
Crazy ammo get blown wherever I sit, son
That is my throne
(You know how we do it)

Aiyo, pop, pop, pop, pop, when it shots, whose to
blame?
Three get dropped and removed from the game
One get knocked, now his whole life is changed
'Cause he's so far from freeing the world that seem
strange

I come from a place where they say death comes too
soon
Where the hoods on the block dance to a different tune
Every night and every day hotels of foul play
Turns fatal when this hostile land of AK's

On any date not wait to pump them rounds
The reminder, it's a murderer stomping ground
With one less witness gunned down in the staircase
Who had led his crew but he was moving at a snail's
pace

Many suspects, many possible motives
Just kept coming with unstoppable explosives
The weak fold in these most extreme conditions
While the rivals quickly strengthen their position

The mission was to move in with sheer brute force
And lives they get lost on a collision course
The streets are fascinating so they gotta explore it
more
But not without walking through some hurricane
corridors

Become the most wanted, life can seem haunted
Thugs and agents who work closely up on it
Patriotic hustlers that kill for presidents
Conceal the truth but can't hide the evidence

A man died holding some dice that he was shaking

Like a bank stop but no valuables was taken
Shot at 8:45 but he died at 9
A video was the most precise witness to the crime

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The story had a familiar ring of truth
But it needed a little more tangible proof
He was blown off the map behind the aggravated
kidnaps
Shrap' metal everywhere the bomb was gift wrapped

The problem had became increasingly urgent
Since the product was nothing but bags of detergent
In all the years of war this was the most
Vicious battle and mainly fought from up close

A bundle burglary with no surprise
Just another sloppy murder that was in disguise
Now they can do nothing but hope and pray
That the boys don't come through with the scope and
spray

Valuable time comes with a price to pay
Smoke on a deserted street just a mile away
Tusslin' with those cannibals right from the start
That'll rip out your heart and consume the fattest part

Better watch from the eye of federal agents
Selecting cams while they was disguised as vagrants
Not knowing that a prisoner had held the key
Of a co-defendant he was so far from free

Detectives search into a distant past
Of a young gun who made the block grow fast
Narrow ducks who were cooked and came home to
roast
The suspects would seek refuge off the coast

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Word up, holding it down
Holding the fort, nigga, you know what I sayin'?
All we need is a bunch of red coats coming through
Stayin' official on some gangster shit
Bloodhounds, thirsty, lurking in the bushes
Yeah
(B4, now at six, C4)

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