

## Gza "Pencil"

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[GZA]

The echo chamber enhance the flow wit the block party  
Keep an MC head spinning like Dark Bacardi  
This B.A.C. is 2.3  
Now the liver's damaged, but his lungs are joint free  
So inhale, exhale, breathe and get well  
Kick something live stop chirping like Nextel  
I'm All In Together, a swordsman forever  
I paint the town red, with many heads are severed  
R-A-W, I still bring trouble to  
Throw your raps in the sleaphold, quick to snuggle you  
Dart heat your breastplate, meet ya death date  
Rook down a E4, look, it's checkmate  
No other way to describe a catastrophe  
The plan was drawing blood and displayed it  
graphically  
Direct order, hit the border, then slaughter  
Horrrific torture, by prolific authors  
Shape and mold MC's, like I'm playing the skelly top  
It's getting 'hot in here' like the single that Nelly  
dropped  
So take ya clothes off, the track is so soft  
A little rock'll turn 'em into Ivan Koloff  
Why do the Gods make MC's study from  
Thirty five, and fifty year, then try to become  
Under the study with the sword above the head  
So he would keep in mind under the open pledge

[Masta Killa]

Fierce glisten, something so sharp  
Piercing, swords cling, the vigilante intimate  
Close combat, this is MC'ing at it's best  
But there is no contest, sent I'm this  
Speaking of a test, this and try to question this  
He so different with the swiftness, godfather  
civilization  
Shell casing, universal nation  
Could he be the one predicted, presidential sent in  
Old school soul to war us, be the growlest  
Asiatic arctic flow is so frigid

[RZA]

Is it, the Zig Zag, I'mma pay you a visit  
Somehow mistake me as an old wise wizard  
World, I'm not the same  
I go somewhere, don't remember how I came  
Is it the weed, the hash or the 'caine?

Or the Digi being stained on my brain  
Appear from a cloud of smoke, the voter's on choke  
If surrounded, seven men drop from one stroke  
Even if my feet was shackled down to one handcuff  
To defeat me, ten demons wouldn't be enough  
I sleep in the lion's den, without the steel iron  
Ascended like Wu, so coming down from Mt. Zion  
Superlogical this, superlogical that  
Digital, take it back with superlogical rap  
Have a shootout, at midnight, the sequel's quicker  
Forty four colt jolt, all you seen was the flicker  
You distressed like the damsal, lost like little Hansel  
Your flame couldn't generate the heat of a candle  
Me, I be a Killa Bee, keeping exilery  
Gold-plated desert e, shoot ten millime'  
Master the millipede, you try to end the sea  
Your body being found in the neighbor yard artillery  
A black blind governor, a rich white mayor  
Man, this whole city ain't got a prayer  
Bobby has invaded, now the whole town's slated  
Your decapitated head is being took and operated  
Up and down the avenue, I drive a shatterproof  
Benz, and all my men's are tattle proof  
My mic is a dyke, my life is a light  
A Day to God is a Thousand Years, how long is a night?  
You get trapped in my shadow of dark, ark, who goes  
there?  
Power-U smells like carp, don't put your nose there  
Drop you to a tank of sharks, your wound's bleeding  
And it's been two weeks since they had their last  
feeding  
Ain't nothing but bones, we plotted the sand  
And spread it out, over 20 acres of land  
Some call me Steels, cuz it's hard to bend me  
C-Cypher Pigs, can't apprehend me  
In a no smoking zone, I smoke bones of hash  
Niggas see me, then I disappear in the flash  
Next time I'm spotted, I got the fatter wallet  
Moving with a click that stick like dry porridge  
Someone's been sitting in my chair, who goes there?  
To sub zero cold, your words can't flow here  
Glaciers of ice, plus layers of spice  
Say your prayers at night, 'fore you touch that mic

