

Gza "Unstoppable Threats"

Visit "[Unstoppable Threats](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come on

This is hip hop, MC's get busy
It's not pop, you'll front and you'll get dropped
You're listening to slanged out goodies
And Timberlands and hoodies
With the rhythm that came from the streets

I was a young one at the time but started mic trippin'
Had rhythm like Ali when he was rope skipping
I got crazy when I heard the break beat
I used to lose it on niggaz on 4th and Main Street

They couldn't stop the attack once I moved forward
Many was drawn back, assault was seen awkward
Only armed with the bow and a mad flow
Poisonous arrows on a mark that was set to go

Traveling at high speeds towards a target
I never hit bystanders in crowded markets
Documenters catch this most intimate footage
In the center they come close, label it the hooded

Remarkable clips of an uncut episode
They was given the safe but never was left the code
Close up of those who have paved the road
Invincible armor like that nigga we call The Toad

This is hip hop, MC's get busy
It's not pop, you'll front and you'll get dropped
You're listening to slanged out goodies
And Timberlands and hoodies
With the rhythm that came from the streets

This is hip hop, MC's get busy
It's not pop, you'll front and you'll get dropped
You're listening to slanged out goodies
And Timberlands and hoodies
With the rhythm that came from the streets

Havoc on the block, shots from the ratchet, sizzle pop
Slugs spinning outta control, body's drop

You know the saying in the hood, fuck the cops
Certified on the clock, them ducks with metal glocks

It takes place on the planet in rocks
Take nothing for granted, raised by these thieves and
bandits
The enchanted, sticky green keeps my eyes slanted
Hard times coming up in the ghetto but the Sunn
manage

Watch me take advantage, get it, split it, panoramic
The notes I quote, water like the great Atlantic
Never catch me frantic, swift with the antics
Bitch, niggaz vanish, niggaz, they run rapid

Sun of a man, son of the sun, son of a gun
Breaded from the slums of each one and teach one
What's done is done, son, the game is made
Stay sharp like switchblades, continue to get paid

This is hip hop, MC's get busy
It's not pop, you'll front and you'll get dropped
You're listening to slanged out goodies
And Timberlands and hoodies
With the rhythm that came from the streets

You know a muthafuckin' hit when it split ya wig back
Young gatling, strapping a .38 revolver
It's going down, wait for the sound, my soldiers rally
'round
Ninja men, blending in with the surrounding

'Nuff gunmen, 'nuff flatbush, yardmen strapped with
the vest
No pussy test the God, the grounds is well held
Illegal desert eagle, cadaver dog
Search for the body that's lost, of course it's BK

You heard niggaz got killed for sheik coats and big
ropes
Legendary students that sold coke
Some blocks that's still hot from shots popped back in
'88
The black gate where son lay, never made the paper

Just another caper pulled by a masked killer, broad day
light
Crown Heights, some are Fahrenheit, heat blazing
Cops on the beat, stop the money flow of the street
My dough is whole wheat, the fam gotta eat

This is hip hop, MC's get busy
It's not pop, you'll front and you'll get dropped
You're listening to slanged out goodies
And Timberlands and hoodies
With the rhythm that came from the streets

This is hip hop, MC's get busy
It's not pop, you'll front and you'll get dropped
You're listening to slanged out goodies
And Timberlands and hoodies
With the rhythm that came from the streets

Come on, this is hip hop, come on, come, come on
This is hip hop, come on, come, come, come on
This is hip hop, come on, come, come on
This is hip hop, come on, come, come, come, come on
This is hip hop

Visit [Gza](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.