

Brokop Lisa

"When the Fat Lady Sings"

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[GZA]

Yeah..

Test, test, yeah

{From the East coast to the West coast, ? battleground
?}

Check test, yeah

{Represent everything, everything is real now..}

Wu-Banga strangler

Whether describin facts or interrupted by quotes
Cease the bullshit, rely on volts
just like watts push the juice through amps
Rap generals runnin troops in camps
Armed with heavy slugs, under rugs, thoughts bugged
No holds barred, live and unplugged
Trapped on the other side, of electrified, steel doors
Once in, greeted with thunderstorm applause
The message breaks the concrete barrier
Launch the vessel, known as the A-1 carrier
Sound goin through a cable, who the fuck able
Mix this shit, but your turntable unstable
So if the beat smash your eardrum, you heard well
Then the tube tech equalize the Kurzweil
Beats straight off the box, rhyme unorthodox
From the Isle', where the drinks splash straight off the
rocks

{*walkie talkie interlude*, *fat lady singing*}

[GZA]

The witty unpredictable, outcome critical
Nigga quick to forfeit, portrait visual
Analyze the picture, memorize the scripture
Seperate the cut from uncut with the sifter
Rap wall designed from the best, bricklayers
Names tagged in prints from the best paint sprayers
Unheard of, two-thousand feet deep in the planet
Surrounded by the most thick massive walls of granite
Certified A-side Wu-Banga strangler
Control slide time in the multi-disc changer
+Liquid Swords+ and razor sharp shanks leave the

tank
on the seas file in eighth rank, ship sank

{*walkie talkie*, *fat lady singing*}

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