

## **Inspectah Deck**

### **"A Lil Story"**

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[Intro: (sample) Inspectah Deck]

(Everything's black, black is death  
I knew there was something wrong when I saw that light  
Am I... Am I going blind? Tell me, am I going blind?)  
House Gang, Urban Icon  
Your big brother Deck in ya face  
A/K/A the General Maximus  
A/K/A Radar, A/K/A Excalibur  
Sword Bearer, RZA, what up?

[Inspectah Deck]

I keep a blunt lit, holding my nuts, dark Caesar cut  
Throw some dough on the wood, things can be  
discussed  
I stay thirsty, grind and play Dirty  
Worthy like James, with Nikes and game jerseys  
Third degree penmanship, flow is effortless  
Make the mass congregate, like they methodists  
Specialists, I'm ya draft pick, catch ya flicks  
Heads get right off of this, it's that shit  
Killa Hill madness, we at it  
Fantastic like the Four, it's automatic  
Off with the hinges, when it come down to legal  
tenders  
It's business, we get in ya blood with no syringes  
Certified live, provide the dope side  
Both coasts slide, my vibe is so fly  
Sick kid, see me get big with six fig's  
I flip wigs, let it be known, the kid lives

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

Here's a little story, that I got's to tell  
About the R to the E, to the B-E-L  
Dipped off the scene, niggaz throught he fell  
But now I'm back making heads spin like Sprewells

[Inspectah Deck]

With the, eye of the tiger, like Stallone  
I hit the microphone, my life can't be cloned by Spike  
Jonze  
While y'all busy Being John Malchovich, ain't even bout

it  
Come out the house and see the streets, coward  
With a fainted heart, make easy pray for the sharks  
And bravehearts, bang hard, and aim sharp  
On every block, something sold, is something cold  
At ya back, so nothing's told after the fact  
Yeah, I dwell where they bring the hell, kings'll fell  
I try to leave the light, still my name ring bells  
And I'mma be here for a minute, all in it  
From the scrimmage, I was born with it, come on, get it  
If you want it bad, we got automat's for ya fags  
Take ya manhood, along with all you have  
It's the Undadogz, hunger, dog, we run the yard  
Dance with the wolves, and that's the fun part  
I get my weight up, benchin' the world  
Me, my man and my girl, thorough in my sec', reppin'  
my borough  
Head shots of Henny, plenty broads in they cut offs  
Send 'em on a date with your boss, when ya nut off,  
you done off  
Blood lost, is more than a game, torture and pain  
It's all for the fortune and fame, I said  
Blood lost, is more than a game, torture and pain  
It's all for the fortune and fame

[Chorus 2X]

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