

Inspectah Deck "Friction"

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Is you ready? Back by popular demand
Murderous specialist tactics
Wu-Tang Clan, no rehearsal or practice
Niggaz ain't ready for this, niggaz ain't ready for this
Niggaz ain't ready for this

Chrome dips beamin' off July sun rays
Trees are fade, blendin' with the side burn shades
Cotton club status, clientel, SL, heavy jewel
Niggaz jail, young niggaz screw well

Swingin' like Smokey on the slow beat
Shiny walker hold me, closely as I mosey on the low key
If you don't know by now, you'll never know me
You know me, I swing it to the young ins and the OG's

Witnessed by notary public, certified rough shit
Does it feel good, how was it?
Gritty like the subway tracks
My protocol permanate like graffiti on the project walls

On the AWOL, alias Jamal Duval
Roam through the universe, plans of roamin' it all
In the meantime, in between time, we shine
Dangerous minds travel on this uphill climb

If you want some, get some, this is it, son, this one
Make 'em feel the friction
Guaranteed hit, son, miss none
Flip one, you better bring your big gun

Some niggaz I'd rather not spar minds with
They can't simulate my thoughts or fuck with
Creative testosterone, mic-phone calms
The menopausable hormone quakage
Trapped like estrogen, we makin', all of the above

Supremely I hold my shit, when I run, I hesitate to
stomp the come
Bring water from the brain, nigga
They tried to send me back, but still I came
Tera form mind frame contains elements of iron which

began steel

Healin' men life, Allah just brought me forth to bust
mine

This time I spare no one, poison sword seed technique
Breathe the earth, take the head of those and feed 'em
to the universe

Blessed with volts of electric, life threatnin' segments,
it's hectic

If you want some, get some, this is it, son, this one
Make 'em feel the friction
Guaranteed hit, son, miss none
Flip one, you better bring your big gun

Poetry in motion, east to west coastin'
Overseas blowin' with lines tightly woven
Still goin' full speed, pullin' g's
Tryin' to eat 'til my mouth gets too full to feed

I excel, cast spells similar to Merlin
Mic surgeon, hang like Dr. J. Erving
Splurg inner city like uncensored version
Mergin' with the fast lane, stained with the urban

Word in the street, his work was dirt teeth
Synthetically weak, make the fans start beef
Any comeback attempts would only be in repeats
They soon fall off, be mentally lost beyond reach

My technique's heat leaves a permanent crease
Plant my 2 feet, shootin' with the quick release
Never cease fire from a street called Desire
The sire, disturbin' the peace with c-ciphers

Who dare comes amongst and tries to peep it
The secret of the deadly art, then leak it
Snakes, leeches surround the righteous
I link the diversion shot, then slip with the swiftness

The weaver raindrop, leavin' the eye confused
Understandin' blurred, cloudy electrical storms occur
From the Masta, classical head bang slang

The deaf tone rises like the blind and dumb
Lickin' shots at the microphone, Iron Lung
We the first to set off shit, last to run
Who want some, come and get some, motherfucker

If you want some, get some, this is it, son, this one
Make 'em feel the friction

Guaranteed hit, son, miss none
Flip one, you better bring your big guns

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