Inspectah Deck "Grand Prix"

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[inspectah deck]
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the lyrical grand prix
We have our drivers racin for a \$3,000,000 purse
Winner takes all, gentlemen start your engines...

Give me room, hit the tune Feature presentation comin soon, early june Killa bee platoon, well groomed Spells doom, raise the volume You react like a werewolf in a full moon With the force of a trojan horse Pushin, flowin, have your seatbelt fastened We blastin into orbit, wu restore the new chamber Wu-banger number 9, expert precision and design Mastermind the plan took a matter of time >from the confinds of the cold world I shine It's amazin, the grace, changin in the place Blazin the brakes, invadin your space Which remains in the race, claimin first place Raisin the stakes, it's a game to disgrace I hold many jewels, drop more than I wear I come in peace, prepare for the warfare The invincible fold, when they're caught in the square And the talk mad shit when the coast is clear

Yes, ladies and gentlemen We've just completed the first lap

[street life]

Blood kin, knowledge, knowledge, I build with rap scholars
Guns and wallets, prowess, staten island stylist
12 men roster, live long, prosper
Street philosopher, you end up like jimmy hoffa
Ain't a damn thing changed but the aim, bullet range
Strange universe, I was nursed to blow your mainframe
Think first, convert, all verse live in concert

Pull a skirt, burst, while y'all niggaz star search Mind your's, why you eyein mines for Posin like a matten dog, I must got somethin you wanna die for Touch mine, reach him up, his headline, both grant 9 inch rusty splint push through your nose is vent Got my eyes on the grand prize, place your bet Watch me win it by a landslide, pull off an upset Hold the burner close by my hands and my pocket Hold the trophy high and keep my eyes on the prophet

[inspectah deck]

And a new driver has entered the contest Ladies and gentlemen, driver number 99 In the red car...

[u-god]

Fog lights beam, car 99 supreme
A high-powered machine spits sparks of baroline
The smell of gasoline, motor roar, the crowd roars
The rag tuck rip, box cut caught in my jaws
Enforcin my laws, rap mirage in my garage
The grease lightnin, dusty rose, shake him, bon
voyage

Now duel of the iron, flyin fued for you writers The speed demon, rebel talk, triggers, freedom fighters

Was tracked in the cock pit, I'm writin exact I'm crushin corners, who that kid ridin the track With the wu helmet, 6th nigga, 5 cars track The last but not least, I bliss through the scrimmage No brakes, I dart, I'm racin for the finish Understand my hunger for my land down under It's the thunderous rush, after the sounds get crush The purse snatchin pound, by all means snatch cream Tear your ass out of town

[inspectah deck]
As we near the final lap
Team wu-tang seems to be buildin
A sizeable lead on the competition

Yo, I know how to fold 'em like kenny rogers
Popular demand, overstand these pirahnas
Movin on the track like a monaco gt
I stand out similar to 3d on your tv
Easily breezin watchin the speed dial climb
Style of rhyme, left the foes miles behind
Leavin skid marks on the charts
Aimed at the hearts of the fake, sparked on the tapes
It's starts from the gate, darts penetrate
Freestyle as the decoy to sharpen the bait
Holdin major weight, my supreme team dominates
Circulatin, takin all bets you plates
In and out of state, twirlin I's on the freeway

Ny to sc, nc to va, ga to md, ca to ky Fl to il, tx to mi

As we near the checkered flake, ladies and gentlemen Team wu-tang's holdin down the 1st, 2nd and 3rd positions
And it looks like it's goin to be another sure win for team wu-tang
As they take home another pot of gold with this \$3,000,000 purse
Rebel ins, u-god, street life

Get the loot, get the loot Cash money y'all, cash money y'all, cash money y'all

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