

Inspectah Deck

"Show & prove"

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* evil laughter *

* sounds of sword fight *

"Words don't help you" (x4)

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo I got sight beyond sight like the sword of Omen
Beats are left broken by the wise words spoken
Survive livin driven by blood money hunger
Snakes lay waitin impatiently to steal your thunder
We stay sharp state of the art tear the stage apart
Razor Sharp poison darts raid the charts
Through the underground, some are found changin
bounds
The gun sparks like the bloodhound and hunts ya down
The hood life, I'm in it to the limit
Wouldn't quit it for a digit, die for it cuz I live it
Before I let go, have correct dough
I Bust my shit off, I'm out to blow the lid off, alert the
metro
I glow like a lazer lights show, your eyes squint
Vibrant, true colors, I move swift and silent
Livin by the day, hearts are cold like winter nights
Got a hot 10 on the dice in this game of life
A-alikes in tune, immune to snake bites
Roll like the blue coats with no lights, late night
Smooth criminal, born original on a lyrical high
Perform miracles before your 3rd eye
Sir I light up the round table
Lockin the king's crown, able to hold it down stable
Fatal tech 9's could make mines deadly duties
Fatal beauties seduce me, used by a hootie and the
blowfish groupie
Unruley, fists of fury fly loosely
Cash still rules, ain't nothin new, tuck your jewellery

"Words don't help you" (x2)

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

Some sound-sound like they real top guns

but this a true sound, it's a champion
Rock the mic in every session
Reign number 1, no competition

[Inspectah Deck]

Just when you thought it was safe
to make a name for yourself, the blows delf
You get stripped for your belt, run your garments
Feather-weights don't know what you involve in
Revolvin in fantasy, ya dilute the solvin
My hip hop quoted as an Uncontrolled Substance
Rough from the beginnin, whispered in my blood
Since my child days, blazed, workin on entry level
50 metal jackets are found, no sign of Rebel
The lyatollah, Kenny Rogers in the game of high rollers
Side-kick, Lucky Hands the dice thrower
Amputate tracks, blow back the mic holder
Godlen ax blade come down, the mic's over
Takin flight in the Rover, nobel street soldier
Deep cover mission, rap spies be my folder
I.N.S. a.k.a. J. Hunter, vocal gunner
Known to choke-hold the funky drummer
Hunter city tour for the summer
The last dog, Wu Forever roar through your 4 runner
My all-star team put up Jordan-like numbers
Small wonder, get your welcome mats snatched up
from under
your cold feet, jacked your whole feat and mad a whole
mil'
No frills with no skills and bounded to steal
This is real, Wu part 2 spark you
Reality bites with teeth marks like a shark do
Niggaz dick-ride by the carpool, Gods rule
If I could own rocks, got me toxy at the bar stool
Me and my girl boost the underworld, duckin feds
Can't trace the blood of my swords, double-edged

[Chorus]

"Words don't help you" (x4)

[Outro: sampled girl]

nothin you sell, oh, oh...

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