

Jam And Spoon

"Masaqua Muzik"

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[Intro: sample (Raekwon)]

Wanna fuck with me? (Let's go, let's go, yo
Got my brother Cee Allah in here, no doubt, no doubt
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, aiyo, let's do it Lord)

[Wais]

It goe live from the jump off, I dump off shells
Drink liquor so pure, you get drunk off smells
Dog, I ain't rappin' to fail
I'm tryin to stash mil', so I can have money for bail
So when you actin' out of pocket, I blast rockets
Just coke, weight it up, cook it, cut it, chop it
Bag a ho, take her home, gut it, drop it
Give it six months, Ranjahz floodin' the market
With, thugs and thieves and, that come out in the
evening
And sleep all day, it's the Brooklyn way
When we cop new cars, just to build new stashes
Fuck menopause, my guns give you hot flashes
Wais, I put a rapper corks in the hole
And tattoo my skin, cuz it's only close for the soul
Bitch nigga, get you knowin' role
Hop you dancin' ass on stage, get to knowin' a pro
I flow lithium, and rap vikadin, every verse is a classic
It don't even make no sense bitin' them
Two ten, it don't make no sense fightin' 'em
We hate you, it don't make no sense likin' them
All hoods, I'm invitin' 'em
Step in the square, I'll Tyson 'em, spit with the kid
I got a sixteen gauge, that'll shift your ribs
Put my face on your record, it becomes a street hit

[Haph Dead]

This ain't rap motherfucker, this is Masaqua Muzik
Manson, Charles & Marilyn, forget about dancin'
Niggaz can't see me, forget about glancin'
Your raps too handsome, the game is ugly
My whole life is like Vegas, I live it to gamble it
This one is for my niggaz on the block, still scramblin'
Or trapped in the box, pray to be a free man again
You know the H.A.P.H. is rippin'

Bout to blow like an airbag, when the whip lose
handling
Crash dummy niggaz, I ain't worth battlin'
Spiced ham niggaz, we can never be fam again
Listen to my venom and respect how I channel it
I spit that '86, rap attack, air a staircase
Dollar bill with the straw, smack every letter
Drama crack, here a scary pity pack era
And I still don a party, if I can't get the better end

[Raekwon]

Introducing nothing but fly hands, call me Saddam
Only thing I got is bombs
Lex, let the bell ring, yo, eat well
Twelve niggaz heads and bling, if not, send 'em to jail
He got new joints, chest like bulky, similar to The Hulk
Green weed, can't believe he bumped me
Young kid, dressed flashly, peep the New York Times
Got an article on how to read rhymes
Yo, caught me in the Journal, thermal set
Feedin' 48 laws, gain power, changin' us all
Thus me, The Ranjahz, the young angels
Agust the flames, little mic piece in the Range
Top niggaz, cuz we get live, ride high niggaz
Yo, run up and body niggaz, chew 'em on stage
Yeah, criminals, have to eat food
Sit back, yo, absorb the message, grin it, cuz it's due

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