

## Mad Cobra

### "Careful - Alles Real Mix"

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\* send corrections on the German to this typist

[Curse]

Yo, yo, es macht kein Sinn mit mir Streit zu beginn'  
Denn ich fÃ¼hl' mich so wie's Mike Tyson ging  
Ich hab nix zu verlieren und beiÃ' dir ins Fleisch und  
bring'  
ScheiÃ Ã¼ber MC's die nur Battle Vergleiche bring'  
Ich zerreiÃ euch Kasper durch Rhymes die gewichtig  
wie Eisen sind  
Wenn ich rappen muss rap ich, auch wenn ich heftig oft  
heiÃ bin  
Ich bin heiÃ auf den ScheiÃ zerreiÃ euch das Mic in  
Gesangskabinen  
Du singst doch weiterhin verbreit ich was ich will und  
schreib das hin  
was ich wichtig find, ganz egal ob du's cool oder  
scheiÃe findst  
Und da es so scheint als wenn 'n Part nur bedeutet  
Leistung zu bring'  
Erschein Rhymes mit Sinn die voll weise sind meistens  
wie Geisterstimm'  
Auch wens keiner peilt ist es halb so schlimm,  
bald beginnt meine Zeit bestimmt  
Schreib bis mein Stift den Geist aufgibt,  
kein VerschleiÃ der's mit mein aufnimmt  
Kulis und Bleistifte sind wie mein SchweiÃ der auf  
Seiten rinnt  
Bis der ScheiÃ ertrinkt bin ich Geistesbliz reichlich  
und weiÃ euch hin  
Ich rap jetzt langsam, weil schnell rappen meistens nur  
Zeit gewinnt  
und ich mehr sein will als der Beste,  
ich will das euch der ScheiÃ was bringt

[RZA]

Wait, hold up, chill, what's that son?  
got (shots), huh?!  
By his back, watch (sword) run  
Seven the center of your eight point sun  
Hold tight grip on the +God-U..Now+ you best be

careful!  
Can't dodge two (??) aimed at your domepiece  
+Father-U-C-King+ police!!

[U-God]  
Somethin in the slum went rum-pum-pum-pum  
Somethin in the slum went rum-pum-pum-pum

[Masta Killa]  
Yo Rae it's been a long time son since we bust  
Gunclap +Glaciers+, ran the world and snatched  
paper  
Return to the 36th Chamber  
Proceed with caution as you enter  
We have an A.P.B., on an MC Killer  
Looks like the work of a Masta!!

[Cappadonna]  
Yo somethin in the street went, BANG BANG  
Makin it hard for you to do your THANG THANG  
Somethin in the street went, BANG BANG..

Up in the force game wildin, money for grabs  
I ain't (shot) with crabs, out of state copped two labs  
Hopped two cabs, back on the Ave.  
Stab you with the vocab, catch me at the big dough  
rehab  
Tryin to re-up, keep my feet up  
Snake (whip) in the cut, hold the product  
Time is up, no luck, heat start to bust  
(shot) you can't trust, dealin with lust  
Seen him at the ballgames with James

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Somethin in the street went, BANG BANG  
Makin it hard for you to do your THANG THANG

[Ghostface Killah]  
Somethin in the hole went {Click Click}  
The boxcutter went {Click Click}  
Somethin in the hole went {Click Click}  
The boxcutter went {Click Click}

These are the bones, bones from the grave of Houdini  
G-Deini, razoni noodles sprinkled on your embryo'  
Climb like the deficit, profits, death threats  
to Israel slid through Bethlehem bong on one wheel  
Syringes, rubber bands, needles, the 60's  
Granddaddy Caddy was coppin 6 G's  
Begosh all that Oshkosh jumpers

Pink Champelle, brown paper bags, wall to wall  
bumpers

[U-God]

These (??) camera guys, cause, turn your eyes  
Sweat on the hammer fly, ways, of the Samurai  
Newsflash bulletin, Gods on the prowl  
We full again, ruff men scuff Timbs  
Sonic bionic lens, RZA console  
Is it Bush or the Dole, front row of the superbowl  
Black gold in my soul, on a hoe stroll  
Don't go boy you on parole you don't know?

[Inspectah Deck]

Someone in the back went, CLACK CLACK  
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, CLACK CLACK  
Someone in the back went, CLACK CLACK  
Money is stacked, now bust your gun, CLACK CLACK

Made 'em throw they hands up, but then lay flat  
Rat pack eat up, the average alley cat  
Prepare for the impact when we contact  
Known to drop backs that crack your hard hat  
Must I show and prove, trust I, bust I  
Make your head spin like chrome 20's on the buggy-I  
Benz  
Who contends, Wu like the Superfriends  
Who's your rhymin hero? Wu-Tang rules again

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