

Madonna & Joe Henry

"The Countdown Theory"

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(Intro by Celph Titled)

It's the collapse of the earth as you know it. Holdin' it
down, Celph Titled
in the same brigade with the universal Walkmen. Start
the countdown...

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 murder 1 lyric at your door" -->

Method Man

*repeat 4X

[Celph Titled]

Recommendation, hold somethin' heavy, prepare for
combat

Translation: Atomik niggas constantly stay blazin'

Every syllable spit is accurate, holdin' down the
immaculate position

I call the shots, perform executive incisions

Speak to my own outside of language barriers for my
brethren

The veteran who caught a piece of shrapnel from the
Tower of Babel

Praise God, respect is due, while I'm infectin' you

Never spit rhymes in a cipher, I siphon blood from ya
veins

With the straw the broke the camel's back, disrespect?

Never that, off the map, chrome nine design specialist

Leave deceased niggas with walkmans in their coffin
blastin' my shit

Infinite longevity, reconstruct my structure with
dyslexic lepersey

Malevolent ministries revealin' false prophecies,
retrieved my past life

They called me Yahweh, slit the throat of Leviathan,
slain sideways

Now I just made you a star, enjoy your fifteen minutes
of fame

No room for garbage fake five-percent MCs in this real
terrain

Drop your album on TDK, listen closely what our CD say
You couldn't put out one record if it was your life you
had to pay

I'm feelin' this joint, I hope you niggas is to
Beef with one man in my crew therefore we strike back
with the 7-S platoon
(Uh-huh...)

Chorus:

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 murder 1 lyric at your door" -->
Method Man
*repeat 4X

[Tino Vega]

The Spanish Prince, my mind's convinced, dent all
intelligence
Those who breathe, freeze at the sight of elegance
Cause static jolts similar to lightning bolts
Slash clans of devilish cults, catch boostive energy
(energize!)
Deadly antidotes inflict a fatal remedy
Walkmen triangulate to form a spiritual entity (are you
feelin' me?)
Nigga, my rugged data will cause your mind structure
to shatter
Memory banks has been erased, Celph, Storm and the
Soldier
All up in ya face, leavin' glowing footmarks throughout
the underground
No room for feeble minds and shook hearts
Start the countdown, soldiers in the killing fields
I hold up my shield to block immortal curses
Spittin' verses, peep my verbal slang analogy
To a dragon spittin' flames, while the others are being
bothered
By hungry pitbulls that drool when they look at you
The 7th Squadron droppin' toxins in the place of
oxygen, what!

Chorus:

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 murder 1 lyric at your door" -->
Method Man
*repeat 4X

[Storm Trupa]

Nova watchin' over your shoulder, roamin' through an
open folder
Slippin' through a paradox, mental coma
Eternal Nightol, impact from a rhymin' wreckin' ball
One on one street compete, complete
Composition, physique physician, fight with might
Strike precise with my device
I ignite my vocal tenacity, define mankind
Flux capacitate linear time, enigma, snake slither

Extension across the Nile River, bless myself
The Ark Angel - my fingers make contemporary poetry
Historical, biographical oracle
Open memories like new vicinities
Fuck those who oppose me, I throw heat ferociously
Cleverly expose the life that you live to the Walkmen
Nomadic men, commit mad sin
In the Vatican upon the day of Armageddon
Tai Chi master, absorbin' the powers from the Seven
Tectonic tremblin' witnessin' the wrath that you're facin'
Atomik devastation - strategically
Organize elevation, the dynasy, mathematically
Strong minds combine to redesign the fabric of time
On some enormous shit, now watch the clock tick

* the sound of an old clock ticking *

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