

Masta Killa**"1112"**

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[GZA]

Bobby said, ""Fuck spendin 50 on a whip, buy a clip""

Mental flip, got a thousand tracks thought on a chip

Said he had mad toys to make noise

You split and separate drums like asteroids

The concerned producer sampled this question

Hit him with the beat for the answer, with extra
compression

When sound travel, it quickly grab you

and equalizes the pitch up, until it have you

Bugged out, tryin to think you can match this

The portrait's too graphic

Panaramic view for you, stamp Wu

The feature gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic

We wrote block-tic checkpoints on your next joint

and who the nigga you annoint?

700 volts on the track to slay

Murderous wordplay displayed, for killin cascades

Throwin bullets in the air to test wind

and which way the cyclone spins

Counter on clockwise, still civilized

Kill spies on the wall, that still flies all dies

[Masta Killa]

Give no extension on the lynchin

It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned

It's the aura that's felt, that causes one to flash his gun

and reveal how he really feel, confirmed

He'll never live after the show, see the promoted for
the dough

I'm takin, breakin his wax

Throw my shit on to perform my selection from the
Swarm

Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday

My ninjas lay in revines and ditches

Underneath shrubs and leaves

They breathed thru underwater reeds

The enemy walks above, Clan remain subterranean
mud

Off shore banks, tanks approach the location

Bombarded by the circle of death formation

Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude
strikes

Shatterin bulletproof helmets with scrap nail fragments

of cell, inhale these venomous thoughts that I propel

thru the north facility, the city must

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