

Masta Killa

"Secret Rivals"

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[Intro: Killah Priest (Method Man)]

Uh... musical clever

You know what time it is (Ooh-ahh, Meth Tical)

Yeah... what... (Hey, did you turn my mic down

Oh.. my headphone fell off.. damn..)

[Killah Priest]

Death come to those who oppose

Knockin' at the door, holding a rose

In plain clothes, when the face ice cold

Lock your windows, still I come in when the wind blows

Come in slow, suddenly your eyes close

Then your body set through your soul, it rose

Turn into a black crow and fly into the internal night

That's when I also take flight

I turn into a great falcon

With mighty wings, when they flap, they move
mountains

I leap on your back, like a wild fucking monkey

Eyes are blood shot red, with a growling tummy

Beat your fucking back out, like a gorilla

When I was tore, I figure my, out the house of mirrors

I show up to a recording session, with no facial
expression

I'm just there like I crept in

Escape through the east gate, return through the west
ends

When the son said, I'm like the westerns beneath the
moon light

And the crescent, Priest, I have a stance, that's strong

When I perform, I transform, into a sandstorm

Leaving one third of the land torn

I'm like mice, I react strange

'm like a terratrane, I react crazy when the weather
change

Then the father of a hurricane, handcuff pain

I whip tornados with iron chains

I make volcanos scream out my name

Niggaz kill me, try'nna escape my wrath

Through death, don't you know, I'm crazy muthafucka,

I hold my breath..

[Interlude: Method Man]

Flicks... sluggish... one time
For your muthafuckin' mind
Wu-Tang Forever, this is just the next chamber, baby
(Fish filet, fish filet) Ah, ah-ah-ah

[Method Man]

We walking dogs, foot soldiers, fuck you all
Guns and roses, play the wall
The final curtain calls every day, all day
We hurtin' ya'll, project hallways is triffin'
Public Enemy, number one, still fightin'
The power, like Tyson
When nothing else work, start biting
Swallow up that weak shit, they writing
Spit it out, frustrated with the line
Hard for me to get it out
Intellectual, architect, bomb threat to a vegetable
Mr. Meth, you can get the left and right testicle
Step to the rear, Wu-Tang on arrival
Raised in the ghetto, singin' songs for survival
Nothing else matter, suspect chin niggaz shatter
Clap a mad rapper, red dot beemin' on the blood,
splatter
University, anniversary of terror
It's now, or it's never
Ain't no in between in the cold war
Can't hold it down, got a thousand that can hold yours
Starvin', pardon me, God, I get a charge
Like a human lightning rod, strike back with no regard
For the innocent, harder than the bricks in my
tenements
Wu-Tang, forever and a day, webe killin' it

[Masta Killa]

So patient, they sat there in the aisles and waited
For the testimony, hungry, for a statement from the
one and only
Thirsty for the ceremony at and, true Wu die hard fans
Now look how we rock, make a freestyle drop, old
school like the wop
My grandaddy used to do this dance called the slop
I keep it hip hop for ya'll, we don't stop
Got ladies by the flock, no safety on the glock
Stop, look and listen when the semi auto's pop, your
neck
Mock with the rope, who can match palm
I'm strong as a nuclear bomb, dangerous armed
Have you not prepared yourself, you've been warned
Gun shot to the informer, Killa Bee Swarm

Caught 'em on the corner of Lavonia
Reported missing, found him in the fetal position
Shot twice, armed with the rocket
Blind for the target, dipped on arrival
Suspenseful, kill or be killed, pass the rifle

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