

Afu-Ra

"Mortal Combat"

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[Featuring Guru, Hannibal]

samples: "Now here in the studio..
where its all knuckles and know how..
but when that red light goes off..
just a friendly word of advice.."

[Afu-Ra]

You don't need your fuckin make-up, soon as my ink
strike the paper
Its the trilogy of terror, don't step outside your area
Heavy verses cause curses, and worsens
Some'll search this, while my crew, they must re-earth
this
Thing called terror in the book of mental pages
Five stages of rage unable to be caged in
Or cornered in or ran up in, fuck running
Annihilate your database quick, before you come in
Or maybe summon, gods of, lyrical warfare
Shine like fireworks, so you forget your flares
Kick shit straight up and down, like nigga chases
If you basin, one verse, have you cased in
Like that rock from that spots thats on your block
They made up, that shit called T.N.T. that get me
knocked
Kick lyrical losenges, kick shit like harsh bitches
And if you fuck around, you unsung like hostages
You got the message? You think you got theology?
About the science when you fuckin with this trilogy
samples:

"We interupt this scheduled transmission to bring you
an
announcemet of national importance... ladies and
gentleman"

[Hannibal]

I'm the world terrorist, HazMat explosive specialist
Hannibal Stacks the treacherous millenial expedition
chief executive
Perpetual design, give me mines, I hit ya consecutive
Competitively, how dare you try to get the best of me
Stress me, I test your chest out, like air yourself out
(poof)
Leave ya shiverin, left out in the cold, no clothes, no

support, no
soul
Face me, I make the sky roll back like a scroll
As I blaze thee, my special teams'll have your punk
patrol on stroll
Its on you, make it all fold or hold your own
You see I'm known for throwin rocks, fuck around and
get stoned
Plus fam done snuffed my gun wrong in this
Its only right I click on y'all, bring it back home and shit
Recusant, like what the fuck you expectin
This the trilogy, you feel how ill it be
Respected, if not, we get on that, stereo type hiphop
And spit shots off the corner, get props, plot
Get your knot rocked, and your whole spot blotted out
See we about what we about and thats that, three the
hard way
Guru, Afu-Ra, and Stacks, chain-reacts
Go 'head and try to front, get your back collapsed,
motherucker
samples: "Attention...AAHHH...
Be on look out...Let's get down to business"
church bell tolls 3:00
[Guru]
The richeous man of God Universal, Ruler of the
Universe
Every mic I bless with or without a curse
So fuck the dumb shit, you could get stuck dumb quick
Or get smashed in a dump with a symbol or a
drumbstick
Afu-Ra he summoned me, to capture your entity
Its three of us, terror trilogy
Yeah the driller be, tearin your bitch-ass heart out
I was way iller killer, before you started out
The words I Manifest will let you know it's Hard To
Earn
So Take It Personal, like KRS nigga You Shall Learn
Who's Gonna Take The Weight? You shut the gate
Don't ever try to underestimate Guru the great
Though you was the boss and got tossed up in a lake
No wake, cause everybody knew you was a fake
You shield your fate, cement blocks for socks and
ankle weights
I'm older plus I'm wiser, surprise cause I'm nicer
Push me to my limit, punk nigga, your gonna get it
One by the gun, two stomped out by my shoe
three you get strung up by the limb of a tree
I never rhyme for free, so A & R's they got to pay me
When you speak of real rappers, you chumps best to
say
it's the trilogy, uh

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