

Dave Dee

"Friction"

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck]

Is you ready?

Back by popular demand...

Murderous specialist tactics

Wu-Tang Clan, no rehearsal or practice

Niggaz ain't ready for this...

Niggaz ain't ready for this...

Niggaz ain't ready for this...

[Inspectah Deck]

Chrome dips beamin off July sun rays

Trees are fade, blendin with the side burn shades

Cotton club status, clientel, SL, heavy jewel

Niggaz jail, young niggaz screw well

Swingin like Smokey on the slow beat

Shiny walker hold me, closely as I mosey on the low key

If you don't know by now, you'll never know me

You know me, I swing it to the young-ins and the OG's

Witnessed by notary public, certified rough shit

Does it feel good, how was it? Gritty like the subway tracks

My protocal permanate like graffiti on the project walls

On the AWOL, alias Jamal Duval

Roam through the universe, plans of roamin it all

In the meantime, in between time, we shine

Dangerous minds travel on this uphill climb

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

If you want some, get some

This is it, son, this one

Make 'em feel the friction

Guarenteed hit, son, miss none

Flip one, you better bring your big gun

[Masta Killa]

Some niggaz I'd rather not spar minds with

They can't simutale my thoughts or fuck with

Creative testosterone, mic-phone calms the

menopausable hormone quakage

trapped like estrogen, we makin, all of the above

supremely I hold my shit, when I run, I hesitate to

stomp the come
bring water from the brain, nigga, they tried to send
me back, but still I
came
Teraform mindframe contains elements of iron which
began steel
Healin men life, Allah just brought me forth to bust
mine
This time I spare no one, poison sword seed technique
Breathe the Earth, take the head of those and feed 'em
to the universe
Blessed with volts of electric, life threatnin segments,
it's hectic

[Chorus]

[Inspectah Deck]

Poetry in motion, east to west coastin
Overseas blowin with lines tightly woven
Still goin full speed, pullin g's
Tryin to eat 'til my mouth gets too full to feed
I excel, cast spells similar to Merlin
Mic surgeon, hang like Dr. J. Erving
Splurg inner city like uncensored version
Mergin with the fast lane, stained with the urban
Word in the street, his work was dirt teeth
Synthetically weak, make the fans start beef
Any comeback attempts would only be in repeats
They soon fall off, be mentally lost beyond reach
My technique's heat leaves a permanent crease
Plant my 2 feet, shootin with the quick release
Never cease fire from a Street called Desire
The sire, disturbin the peace with c-ciphers

[Masta Killa]

Who dare comes amongst and tries to peep it
The secret of the deadly art, then leak it
Snakes, leeches surround the righteous
I link the diversion shot, then slip with the swiftness
The weaver raindrop, leavin the eye confused
Understandin blurred, cloudy electrical storms occur
from the Masta, classical head bang slang
The deaf tone rises like the blind and dumb
Lickin shots at the microphone, Iron Lung
We the first to set off shit, last to run
Who want some, come and get some
Motherfucker!

[Chorus]

