

Wu-Tang Clan F. Tekitha "Impossible"

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Yo, check check it
(You can never defeat)
Yo, check the method of this shit right here one time
Sparkin' your braincells to the upmost
(The Gods)
(Impossible)

Unlimited epidemics bein' spreaded
(You can never defeat)
You know, we try and add on for y'all niggas
(The Gods)
Yo, yo

Fusion of the five elements, to search for the higher
intelligence
Women walk around celibate, livin' irrelevant
The most benevolent king, communicatin' through your
dreams
Mental pictures been painted, Allah's heard and seen

Everywhere, throughout your surroundin' atmosphere
Troposphere, thermosphere, stratosphere
Can you imagine from one single idea, everything
appeared here
Understanding makes my truth, crystal clear

Innocent black immigrants locked in housing
tenements
Eighty-five percent tenants depend on welfare
recipients
Stapleton's been stamped as a concentration camp
At night I walk through, third eye is bright as a street
lamp

Electric microbes, robotic probes
Taking telescope pictures of globe, babies getting
pierced with microchips
Stuffed inside their earlobes, then examined
Blood contaminated, vaccinated, lives fabricated

Exaggerated authorization, Food and Drug

Administration

Testin' poison in prison population

My occupation to stop the inauguration of Satan

Some claim that it was Reagan, so I come to slay men

Like Bartholomew, 'cause every particle is physical
article

Was diabolical to the last visible molecule

A space night like Rom, consume planets like Unicorn

Blasting photon bombs from the arm like Galvatron

United Nations, gun fire style patient

Formulatin' rap plural acapella occupation

Conquer land like Napoleon, military bomb fest

We want sanitary food, planetary conquest

Thug peoples on some hardco' body shit

Get your shit together 'fore the fuck Illuminati hit

Dreams is free in escape of sleep

For a fool peep jewels, keep tools for tough time

The rule of rough mind, elevate, stay behind

The sun gotta shine, keep on, cremate

The whole Babylon, times up, move on

Kings on your pawn, checkmate, no fakes

Opposed through the gate, case closed

Things get froze, when it comes time, chosen ones

Were holding guns, we take flight with no fright

And attack, never fear 'cause our words is clear

What's been done can't be undone son, we can't care

'Cause the last days and times are surely here

Snakes and flakes get blown, by the righteous ones

Divine minds bind, we unified as one

Half of black hope, we half broke, smoke a bowl of
weed shit

Our everlastin' answers stay flyin' over Egypt

For you to defeat, the Gods

Impossible, you can never defeat

The Gods, impossible

For you to defeat, the Gods

Call an ambulance, Jamie been shot, word to Kemit

Don't go son, nigga you my motherfuckin' heart

Stay still son, don't move, just think about Keeba

She'll be three in January, your young God needs you

The ambulance is taking too long

Everybody get the fuck back, excuse me bitch, gimme

your jack
One, seven one eight, nine one one, low battery, damn
Blood comin' out his mouth, he bleedin' badly

Nah Jamie, don't start that shit
Keep your head up, if you escape hell we gettin' fucked
up
When we was eight, we went to Bat Day to see the
Yanks
In sixty-nine, his father and mines, they robbed banks

He pointed to the charm on his neck
With his last bit of energy left, told me rock it with
respect
I opened it, seen the God holdin' his kids
Photogenic, tears just burst out my wig

Plus he dropped one, oh shit, here come his old earth
With no shoes on, screamin' holdin' her breasts with a
gown on
She fell and then lightly touched his jaw, kissed him
Rubbed his hair, turned around the ambulance was
there

Plus the blue coats, officer lough, took it as a joke
Weeks ago he strip-searched the God and gave him
back his coke
Bitches yellin', "Beenie man swung on Helen"
In the back of a cop car, dirty tarts are tellin'

But suddenly a chill came through it was weird
Felt like my man, was cast out my heaven now we share
Laid on the stretcher, blood on his Wally's like ketchup
Deep like the full assassination with a sketch of it

It can't be, from Yohoo to Lee's
Second grade humped the teachers, about to leave
Finally this closed chapter, comes to an end
He was announced, pronounced dead, y'all, at twelve
ten

Now what my man is trying to tell y'all
Is that across the whole globe
(You can never)
The murder rates is increasin', and we decreasin'
(You can never)

So at the same time, when you play with guns
When you play with guns, son
(You can never defeat)
That causes the conflict of you goin' against your own

(The Gods)

You hear me, so let's pay attention
Straight up and down, 'cause this is only a story
From the real

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