

## Penny McLean

### "Collaboration '98"

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[Johnny Blaze]

So what we smoke cancer sticks and weed and all that  
good shit

Fuck the world, word up

Sunz of Man, Method Man, True Mast', collabora-tion

Chorus:

Can't you see my love even though we be with thugs  
Brothers want grub gotta take it in blood  
Because is you down or are you down just because  
Can't you see my love even though we be with thugs

Verse One: True Master

Yo, when you least expect is when we attack, in fact  
your format, is not yet suitable for combat  
Still dissident factions within the Kingdom  
Campaign desperate attempts to take your freedoms  
Emphatically, wack strategy, don't impress me  
Impulsiveness'll only bring you tragedy, test me  
Descent to the essence quickly, niggaz strictly flip  
Fuckin with this royal assembly, the Sunz of Man  
summon me, Chief Administrator of the Law  
True Master in this hardcore Art of War  
I explore the depths on conflict and with no pretense  
found the best strategy the most impressive defense  
So when you rush to attack, it be I to crush your force  
and exhaust your whole supply  
Don't send for reinforcements, give orders for men to  
maintain  
they respective borders, or it's a God damn slaughter

Verse Two: Method Man

Shots in the park, it be on after dark  
Hungry like the Wolf when the beef starts to cook  
When push come to shove, we push through the club  
Pocket full of bud, baby armed with the snub  
nosed I suppose, you get body-snatched when you  
doze

Recognize your friends from your foes  
or here lie, another one victimized  
Left for The Fly, now what size is this?  
Nigga your size, and I would be much obliged  
to get a fatter piece of that pie  
Still got my Eyes on the Prize, and like Gloria  
I will survive, at war with the warrior  
Hot with the rhyme.. pennies  
Turn the heat up, and bend me  
Prepare for the next milleni'  
I can't sleep, I'm in the shit knee deep  
In a race against time, beat your motherfuckin beat  
Hold your satellite Son, I'm from where you from  
Same shit different slum, where we about to go  
ain't no need for the gun, I treat you to a slice  
when we done, and all minds are one, yo

Chorus

Verse Three: Hell Razah

I be the Rabbi watched by snake eyes as the playa hate  
rise  
New York state side to the West side  
Fuck the best rhyme, best respect mine, from here  
to Palestine watch Sunz of Man climb  
I could tell a fake from a handshake for man's sake,  
the hidden truth  
I translate til the land quake  
I plan my escape on the good fan base  
Strictly satisfaction like the Sunz of Man tape  
No copy or biting off of what your man make  
It's 1998, get your own mindstate  
In 1999 write your own platinum rhymes  
Can you see my love even though we be with thugs?  
Yo, words and keyboards we please the Lord  
Lyrics feed the poor, while the rich receive the sword  
Couldn't stay in one spot too long, split in fours  
Told the truth before tours, four artists four doors  
I rock the concert til my arm hurt, doin God's work  
while you Star Search, I take your mind to Mars' dirt  
Uhh, what  
I said, can you see my love even though we be with  
thugs?

Verse Four: Prodigal Sunn

This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances  
my wisdom  
Prodigal ? the love Islam keeps me calm  
from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam

Through CD-ROM, the mega bomb severs the ice in  
your charm  
Too late for Salaam, slugs rip through your arm  
Double lead arm supreme head some fled from the  
bloodshed  
Painting many in red, leavin Iranians dead  
? , hangin fast on they deathbed  
Out the window, lyrics flow like hot chemicals  
Burning competitors, from they ears to they asshole  
You wanna battle, I seperate your Adam's Apple  
Crack your skully with a Snapple bottle, on the Apollo  
Can you read black, ease back, we bleed tracks  
Breeze through facts, contacts smack your wolfpack

Chorus

[Johnny Blaze]

Hold your satellite Son, I'm from where you from  
Same shit different slum, where we about to go  
ain't no need for the gun, I treat you to a slice  
when we done, and all minds are one, men from the  
Sun

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