

## Junia

### "Special Efx"

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[Godfather Don]

Uhh, yeah, Scaramanga, Sun Large, Godfather  
Rasco, ask O he holds the cash flow  
Big Lance, supreme grounder, Allah Magnetic  
Uh, you know how we get down for the millenium  
Check it, while I shine bright like deep dishes  
To spite your weak disses  
Rock mics, freak bitches, freestyle technique vicious  
You pick up the mic to fight, receive stitches  
While I reap riches, this is one of my three wishes  
The other two is first I smother you fuckers who  
Chew everything a brother do, faker than the Huxtables  
Indestructible, my fat physics withered the raps  
Is it the gats clip with the aks that wax wicked, the cats  
Get addicted to, my mystical mics that inflicts the truth  
With gifted jewels uplifting fools, like .44s they be  
blazing  
Amazing like black chicks mixed with Asian, it's  
unbelievable  
How I leave a crew, lacerate letters inconceivable  
Dead your men like evil do, we knew all sluts in the  
street  
Cause once in the street with beef you can get punched  
in the teeth  
Now you're spitting bone chips, your lips and phones  
ripped  
By the rhymes and cold stripped like chicks I bone swift  
In zones, it's BK, we slay each day it's Fat Beats and  
tres  
Then we blow you away so fuck your nice day

[Scaramanga]

Scaramanga black Lex, flex the banger  
Nets ranging for crews in danger, diamond finger  
anger  
Throw up the text heavy like gold bullion bricks  
Chicks like Rolex, cheques Express for dialect  
Sunk into your set pumping 'Special Efx'  
Demolisher dropping the apocryphal  
Through the eyes of a photographer  
Polish knowledge at Wiz to a wise

Sizable, rising to the top always  
All days in more ways than advisable  
Like lah, putting a high in you  
Dying to survive, a live wire the right voltage  
Two become one with the right exaltage

[Chorus: Scaramanga]

This is for the money, on the run  
Group war entail, make jail here and overseas  
You know big Gs do our thing  
Triple ice ring, nightwing form something  
Storm comparable to lightning, on the streets we titans  
Inciting, here's the special efx

[Godfather Don]

I get biz on the table, stacking chips  
Wise smacking hips of Latin chicks packing whips  
Grabbing sips off tequila, me and my mia  
See any cheater, I beat a nigga sweeter  
Conception, when I eat her, reflection of teacher  
Frightens all you sinners, all you men are novices  
Or beginners, it's the end of who you be  
Do you see the cuckoo steez, my voodoo priest  
Even if you blew for cheese, fool don't you see  
The oeuvre of me, I [???] three folds so fool  
You need to realize and recognize, you step to guys  
Blessed with ties and connects to slide  
On your briquettes aside so you don't shine  
As much, any rapper touching my level  
You fucking devils, yo, your mind disrupts  
You're blind in crutches, nines and dutches  
It don't suit you when you say I'm a shoot you  
You sound foofoo!

[Scramanga]

Group war entail, you choose to use yours and fail  
Impale words like the Holy Grail, the Rollie swell  
Show me mail, independent cheques, still live well  
Selling sports, catch jail up north, fell off? Impossible  
Clockable ox rocks and knock chips, stock whips  
With far tips in the grill, real complex rhymes find  
Shielded with inventable steel, principal will in trust  
Dust rusty rappers when I bust my style, come across  
With the force of a holocaust, Polo boss, solo  
Show no remorse for your loss of course  
Accosted by the javelin, stay European travelling  
Slam a gavel on your temple  
My mental's all New York talk, money making  
You holding funny bacon, this one we taking over  
Scaramanga, Godfather Don: the last soldiers

[Chorus]

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