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Amil F/ Beyonce ''The Abduction''

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[GZA] Okay.. the GZA Tony Touch classic, knowhatl'msayin? We gonna bang y'all, in the head one time Blaze up on y'all one time real fast (Do the mix and all that shit) Knamsayin, word up (Make it make it a record real quick, do yo' thang) Throw ya seatbelts on, ahhight? (Yeah, hook it up, make it a record, get down yo)

I take y'all niggas straight, +Beneath the Surface+ to the core, if it ain't raw its worthless Pentab professional, hold the ink while river rats fall off the raft and sink Tony let a brother Touch, twenty bar rush The way we push through equivalent to rocket thrust Allah just, I lay it for the mix tapes Quick to quake a label-mate The sound came outta rusted crate Surrounded by cobwebs Beat smooth enough to slide through like bobsleds On a cold white snow, plus with the right flow Wu-Tang niggaz they shine and make the mic glow

[Masta Killa] We killin all gorillin with all that screwfacin Pacin back and forth looking savage, stop it

[RZA aka Bobby Digital] Whether plugged in or plugged out Iron drill mugged or thugged out Blood in or blood out, son was bugged out Might look at you and slice you Buck fifty face stupid and say but run Nike swoop Who the fuck you think let y'all wild niggas in Allowed you to put down ya guns, and raise ya pen Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig, we don't fuck with no pig We teach the kids, you rather have a bullet or a word to your wig Murder rates increases, bullet holes the size of fifty

cent pieces

Don't worry about the weed or pussy, I read books I'm liable to mate'cha king with three rooks You see the Wu W raised in black fists Maybe Tony Touch, Concord needle will scratch this The ice cube link you bought, from the Jew for 80 G's was only appraised at fourty-two Gazed upon by the eyes of multitude of people, who would trade gold for food I heard boar's head killed more than nuclear's warhead Or street serfs who walk around dressed in all red Bobby Digi said if you ever in Compton or Long Beach Break my sons Doc Doom and Crisis wit a nice piece

[Masta Killa]

Penetrate on mix tape, with the legislation Illustrate constant elevation Spark friction, Shawshank Golden Arm Redemption Endorsed my the Masta inscription signature

[Inspecta Deck]

Off top my unorthodox style of attack is like Hannibal rollin on elephant's backs Pack a long barrel, bustin off strong ammo My light so vast I cast twenty foot shadows First family, fifth cappo, micro to macro Load it in ya head play it back slow Act like you know, this is no drill Murderous rap revealed goin for kill On these New York city sidewalks we walk Camoflauge, dodgin the eyes of the hawk Kani Sport, totin the fifth, slidin off My live source movin across with brute force Bloodsport, anymore heads face the blade Fakers must fade, the stakes are now raised Words of murder, suspense, and intrigue Make major league niggaz show signs of fatigue My Killer Bees span wider than seven seas Squeeze on MC's, with bullet train speed Tony's Touch create more gold than Midas Ya highness, all in ya head, like ya hair stylus

[Ghostface Killa]

Frosty mug, big ring leaders top secret thug Lampin in cheaters Orenthal with the murder glove Boat of the town, devilish grin look peculiar Swung on this faggot, knocked the windows outta Silvia's

Timb's got scuffed up, my ankles got sprained, that's my word

To ever single seat I smack flames

Staten Island's bayside of teachers of Elijah Thrown out the temple, non-calodic wit the father Nickname's Pudding, Clarence 13X before the Will Smith's and the limelights of Cuba Gooding Lost in the cosmos, explodin through a quasar Be duckin pulsars, organic stay still be the Gods Tony Touch, Tony Touch Word up Big Face Ghost in effect

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