

## **Cappadonna F/ Method Man, U-God**

### **"God - Supa Ninjaz"**

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(repeating in background: "rock, the body body -- rock the body body")

[U-God]

Dino the dart specialist

Knahmean?

Golden Arms, yo

Meth-Tical, John John do your thing thing

What? Check it

The all eye seein, heavenly divine

The truth brings out, the temper in my spine

A Hill sound again, feelin symptoms that bit me

I feel for you victims, with everything up in me (uh-huh)

A head ringa, stuffed in sidewalls of frenzy

Back the fuck up, cause I'm stimmi off the Remi

A semi bloodshot eye, donkey dick of nuts

Every cut, I split and try and felt the guts (what?)

Nigga what, earthquakin speech, woofer hiss in

The razor faced victims, WHEW, that's what kissed em

Appropriate precaution, surroundin, certain it curtains

I'm dumbfounded, I'm poundin, the pavement

for mental enslavement, I'm cravin, a misbehavin savior

America the grave for gun wavers (what?)

The wave runners, what the blood seed again

Make you wonder, about the thunder underneath the skin (hmm)

The sapphire rhymes slap fire out your minds with right timin, bite with vampire rhymes

[Method Man]

Hmm, eye spy, with my crooked eye

Full metal street soldiers, born to die

Put em up yeah fuck yeah, when it's Hammertime

niggaz can't be touched here, the true and livin

Night vision unseen, like Jean

when I hack men The Unforgiven, left in prison

in the Wu-Tang dirty dungeon, now you succumbin

to my twelve part dirty dozens, flabbergasted

by tracks that be Tru Mastered, opposites attract

beef plus they ass backwards, stick yourself  
til I'm felt, this ass whoopin, is bein dealt  
Like hot beans-and-butter nigga, I got the belt  
What the deal huh? Swing low, sweet chariot  
I walk the Underground Railroad, with Harriett  
Just a slave to the rhythm - victims I'm like alien  
About to put that shit up in em, I Can't Live  
Without My Radio, a 100 Miles and Runnin  
T2 Judgment comin, nobody's safe  
when I reminisce about Case, still hit the staircase  
when the coppers give chase, I give em finger  
The only hip-hop singer, to tell America  
to kiss his Killer Bee stinger, nothin can save ya  
from this major misbehavior, heavy hands  
layin corners in the elevator, guard your grill

[Cappadonna]

I speculate, get my darts straight, don't exaggerate  
Dictate, do it with the Papermate, set the plate  
set the bait, checkmate, fuckin with cha mental state  
Double take, meditate, earthquake, VGL contemplate  
Big boys integrate; catch you at the sess skate  
Army tank, high rank, got the bank  
Got the shank talk the talk walk the walk from New York  
to Up North to downstate to L.A., to all day  
To cliches to instant replays, to all the DJ's  
To BJ's in the PJ's, equality days  
With money like legs I plant eggs, Pele roundhead  
The dog bred, snakes runnin from red, catch dead  
Raekwon is on, take your uniform, we perform  
shit like gangs in Now Born, check for new Don  
Fuck a Yukon, you been warned, we the realest  
We never were conned, duffed out and knowledge  
born

("Rock, the body body - rock the body body") - repeat til  
fade

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