

DJ Clue, Jay-Z & Ja Rule

"Element of Surprise"

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[La the Darkman]

Bear witness to the god, young thugs don't live long
Life is a game of chess (you play the pawn),
knowledge I born
Walk a righteous path, you can never go wrong

Yo east New York gon ?skin connectin me?, this kid live
next to me
Manifests ecstasy, to specialize in treachery
Subliminal, wanted to be nuttin, but a criminal
Wit braids, and doo-loo dropped out the eight grade
Tradin rocks, mad obsessed wit guns, was infected
Should of came amongst gods, could of been
resurrected
He expected to live long, holdin the glock
Never opened up his lessons, never took us alive
Robbed a liquor store, the old man knew him since four
Still slapped him wit the toast, and son emptied the
cash drawer
Watchin news flicks, what the kid did, gettin famous
Found the owner in the back of the store, left brainless
The stainless was found, in the sewer three blocks
down
The DE's flashed his picture around the Polo Grounds
Kicked his grandmother door down, wit a search
warrant
Hand cuffed him in his boxers, tipped off by an
informer
He was sentenced to thirty-two, quite quality
Allah rules, he should of listened to his jewels

Chorus 2x

[La the Darkman and Masta Killa]

Young thugs don't live long
Life is a game of chess, and you playin a pawn
I be king, listen to the knowledge I born
Walk a righteous path, and you can never go wrong
(word up)

[Masta Killa]

This be the dance of the drunken, niggas found
slunken
Over the stand room and one to his head black
All those he drove his next destination of home
Suddenly sniped from civilization
Reality starts to set in, his last thoughts
Flashin back to where it all begun
A shorty who slum for a militant soldier
Who made his bones by holdin down the corner
Never turned snitch even though he was pinched by the
Feds
He held his weight and did a bid
A two to six, as he sinned from his cell wit a vengeance
He held in his heart like a icepick
Physically, he's cut the fuck up
Tryin to maintain but his head is fucked up
To learn, the word on the streets confirmed
Of the sickness, murderin a family member that turn
Informant, he shot this enormous in silence
Who broke it, this lead to bloodshed and violence

[U-God]

This chick Iris out in Queens had a cocaine Lexus
Dime sexes, she rock a leather G necklace
Building reckless, Queen kingpin deathwish
Hit women that'll fuck you and return them ya essence
This evil widow, she pulled a fo'-fo' out the pillow
Wit a silencer, la costra nostra cats, they admired her
They hide a force sting to hit the North Region king of
teamster
Head C.E.O. of, a major ring but one thing
Lead to another, a leaf, new recover
She got side-swiped, tied up, he buck fifty cutter
He shot her both knees then, dumper her in the gutter
It was gorry, the top nigga tortured her for glory
But, he let her live so she could about this story

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