

Eazy E F/ M.C. Ren

"1112"

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[GZA]

Bobby said, "Fuck spendin 50 on a whip, buy equip"
Mental flip, got a thousand tracks stored on a chip
Said he had mad toys to make noise
You split and separate drums like asteroids
The concerned producer sampled this question
Hit him with the beat for the answer, with extra
compression
When sound travel, it quickly grab you
and equalizes the pitch up, until it have you
Bugged out, tryin to think you can match this
The portrait's too graphic
Panaramic view for you, stamp Wu
The feature gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic
We wrote block-tic checkpoints on your next joint
and who the nigga you annoint?
700 volts on the track to slay
Murderous wordplay displayed, for killin cascades
Throwin bullets in the air to test wind
and which way the cyclone spins
Counter on clockwise, still civilized
Kill spies on the wall, that still flies all dies

[Masta Killa]

Give no extension on the lynchin
It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned
It's the aura that's felt, that causes one to flash his gun
and reveal how he really feel, confirmed
He'll never live after the show, see the promoted for
the dough
I'm takin, breakin his wax
Throw my shit on to perform my selection from the
Swarm
Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday
My ninjas lay in revines and ditches
Underneath shrubs and leaves
They breathed thru underwater reeds
The enemy walks above, Clan remain subterranean
mud
Off shore banks, tanks approach the location
Bombarded by the circle of death formation

Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude strikes
Shatterin bulletproof helmets with scrap nail fragments
of cell, inhale these venomous thoughts that I propel
thru the north facility, the city must suffer at the hand
of the Chief's command, volts is in
At 3 minute intervals the heat intensens
deadenin the power from electrical fences
Defences are down, shake a nigga up, bounce him off
the sound

[Interlude: Killah Priest of Sunz Of Man]
You know what I'm sayin?
The God ca-diver, in the streets of Iris.
We talk about sex, money and drugs.
(Ruled by power.) And y'all cats don't know
what it's about. (Love and power.)
It goes deeper than what you see on TV.
Killah Priest, come on.

[Killah Priest of Sunz Of Man]
Burnin desire, ebony eyes
Painted toe nails, legacys die
Drivin by the well, egyption queens, arabian shieks
are paid to knock off rich kings, for the joy some sing
Graveyards filled with scarlet widows, who stabbed
they husbands
Sleepin on silk pillows, blood on they robes
Disguised as beggar in cheap wool clothes
Lambs and wolfs in black hoods, pull out they gats
like magic wands, castin spells, sendin niggaz to Hell
Trappin they souls in realms, baptize em with holy
water
Springin on the heads of plenty witches' daughters
Interviews with the richest reporters
Silent nights over the dividers, a 1000 muslim bibles
for the cobbler, hebrews flee to the hills of Masada
for the love of God, guns make a loud sound
I'ma show you how thugs get down
Shoot outs, bullets turn into bloodhounds and hunt you
down
Cursed nation, lost generation
X-Files, describe them in the future as cosmic rulers
Fallen angels from space intruders
Dyin saints, blood spilled on the floor like wet paint
See it in the pictures, read it like the lost scriptures
Dissolve it with your 100 proof liquour

[Njeri]
Ha, I shot the sheriff and the deputy secondly
Threatenin the lives of those who threaten me

Lessenin my chances of defeat by predeterminin the
victory
As taught by Sun Tzu in the chapter, after the third one
I heard my words shall be bombed, regardless to
anything or anyone
I die by the gun, my life has just begun
Thought I was livin all along, but I was wrong
This long road I have to travel in countless battles
These filthy snakes with poison fangs and rattles
Kings, queens and pharoahs change to cattle
I'm able to subtract the devil's arrow
Singin at his eyes on the sparrow, mind narrow
2 positions, horoscopes and tarots
Hark harolds, angels and Christmas carols
Raven images hang from the mantels
Man made slaves and modern day babbles
Raw from Africa and golden ropes and sandles
by wicked thieves and vandals
who man-handled us with leather whips and burnin
candles
and rambled thru our castle, leavin niggaz shambles
Stole our golden sodas like some arab camels
We gazed, amazed and baffled as he loaded his
ammo
with to the barrel and blasted out our bone marrow
We went to Gretal and the Hansel, tricked by this
wicked jackel
Children of my grand old daddy, have me
In mind were they lost in this wilderness blind?

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