

Eminem F/ D12

"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 forty-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 cappa, 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
Camoflaug, 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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