

Eve F/ The Lox

"Digi Warfare"

Visit "[Digi Warfare](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Masta Killa]

We gon' take this back to old school
Off the head one time
Get the DJ set right here
Give 'em somethin' to scratch
Know what I'm sayin'?
My nigga Choco
Jam Master Jay on the 1's and 2's
This is how we do
Red Alert, Marley Marl
Funkmaster Flex and uh, Mr. Cee
I can't forget, Sway and Tech
Jazz, Joyce, DJ Clue? Cocoa Chanel
I be Jamel, I rocks the mic well, well
Rock the mic well, well

[Masta Killa]

On and On, to the break of dawn
Come all the way home say "What the.. Pop home"
Freak 'em to the left while we rock 'em to the right
Brooklyn in the house, who wanna fight?
And we bounce, roll to the skate ya rock
Hip to the hop and ya don't dare stop
Come alive party people, gimme what you got
I guess by now you can take a hunch
Fine, I'm the ninth member of the bunch
Rockin' old school ain't shit to me
MC's OD on the shit that I wrote
Can we smoke while I'm drinkin'? I'm thinkin' of both
Sugar, I wanna rock yo ass until the mornin'
Dia moanin', Jamel Arief, High Chief, comin' outta East
Medins

[Chorus: Masta Killa]

Ladies in the house if ya clockin' Gs
Sippin' on drink, Long Island Iced Teas
Lookin' all good from ya toes to ya weave
Tell the fellas back up and like let ya breathe
Fellas in the house if ya know ya live
Punch killas in the face from Queens to Bed-stuy
Handlin' the steel if the shit get real

Just flip a pie and stack a mil'

[Masta Killa]

Activation, mind starts sparkin'
Constant elevation, sky walkin'
David Thompson, my Wu niggaz stompin'
Down the boulevard, shakin' yo ass
You better watch yo self, I'm tight slick
with a nice size, lemme see you work it
She full of suckin' in public
Ol' Dirty Bastard use it on a visit in, ya wit it?
Then holla like wheels on appeal, don't squeel
Just keep it on the wheels for the Masta Kill
Just givin' you somethin' that y'all can feel
I see you in the hood, then ya fam from 'til then
Slid through the back of the buildin', heat concealed in
Stare to your place
Rae bomb the elevator, an Incarcerated Scarface,
staircase
The lace from the dominant race to the base
In ya face like paste, baby doll

Uh, uh, uh, uh

Yes yes y'all

Welcome to the block party

You might wanna hit our deck but stay calm
It's only us, every thing's still, well.. plush
We freakin' the streets, the Shiek shows the beat
{*echoes*}

[RZA]

1-2, 1-2 I'ma try this one more time
Lemme in there, yo put that nigga back son

[Crisis]

Yeah, hit hard

[Masta Killa]

Hip hop, like socialize
Clean out ya ears and ya open ya eyes
Liquid Sword to the city
Peace Allah Just, one of the committee
Let's separate the 6 for a chess contest
Leave a little stress
I'll snatch a bag of the Uptown's best
Make ya love it when ya smell it
It's the velvet
The chocolate for a 100
Dredd' got lbs if ya wanna get down
We can catch 'em on the next round

My universal sound is like world reknowned
World reknowned, world reknowned
My universal sound is like world reknowned
{*echoes*}

[Chorus]

Visit [Eve F/ The Lox](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.