

GZA, La the Darkman, Ras Kass, Scaramanga Shallah

"Verses"

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[Intro: Ras Kass (Scaramanga Allah)]
Yeah (yeah) yeah (Sham's nine times ultra)
Wu-Tang (herbs two times great, you heard of me)
Nigga, L.A.D. (six times ill)
Rest in peace O.D.B. (La the Dark, Sun large)
GZA, Ras Kass, yeah (what's up, Wu-Universal)
Legendary...

[Scaramanga Shallah]
Now it's the real beginning of the pages of Shams
Spit that heat rock, that make fiends make vapors of
grams
Sham's is the greatest fan, rock big cables of sands
Valleys and trunks, I got the mack ten
We can hit the alley with iron and thumper
Take it to the hands like the brand new Leonard
Niggaz goin' no mas, when the bullets go in him
You dealing with a night stick toker
The ice pick poker, trust, you ain't like this joker
And the set, devoted to opening your neck
With the tech, as you sit in a Lex'
Your next move, is slipping, your last move is shitting
As your body gets soft, the shotty went off
Little soldiers, you're out of position
Guns go off, Shams is a greatest fan
A rhyming gallop reporter, columns are lost
White five, black five, with dollars to toss
Twisted by the dark side of the force
Black biscuit, by park side in a Porsche
You're off sides in the fort
We are survivors of the war of good and evil
I'm in the hood, in the hood with a desert eagle
With my Brooklyn peoples, now feel it..

[La the Darkman]
Darkman, my persona's like Tony Montana
How we used to sniff coke, how I puff marijuana
Try, play me today, I'mma kill you manana
From, far with the K, or up close with the llama
I'm like an African king in a castle in Guana
Chest dripping with jewels, one hell of a rhymer

Study lessons in Athena, building with an old timer
So I, always been wise ever since a young minor
Get CREAM by any means, follow Malcolm X theme
So I'm often posted, in a rumor with that thing
Got a limited support from the Sing Sing regime
I'm Hannibal Smith and they like the A-Team
Keep my head on the swivel, when I serve a dope fiend
Upgraded, to a digital, from a triple beam
Fucking with me, you better be real as you can be
La Trapacanti, a well known rhyme general

[Ras Kass]

Who say Ras Kass don't spit fire, he a liar
That's like your favorite rap star claiming he gon' retire
When you mention me, not about penitentiary
Wins and rhyme skills, both twenty second century
Ahead of my time, school niggaz like Timbuktu
Cuz I'm original, like rap feeling the jewel
Galosh us by boom fool, buyers, fuck you
Try us, fuck you, you die, y'all got gats, but him buck
too, nigga
Sip the Grey Goose, and conned it, they know the room
service
In Hotel Rwanda, reminder to honor these street
scholars
Who ask why U.S. Defense is twenty percent of the tax
dollar
Bush gave 6.46 billion to Halle Burton
For troops support efforts in Iraq
Meanwhile, the hood is hurting, please believe that
The rape over, Chaney talking, 25 dollars for a case of
soda
Draining tax payers, eighty five thousand dollar oil
filters
But won't pay they soldiers, Halle Burton workers make
Fourteen thousand dollars a month, privates earn
thirteen g's a year
Please who 25 extra, taking fire in combat
Recruit all the niggaz, that die from where I'm at
18 years old, talking 'Kill, where Saddam at?'
But can't have a gat, to protect where my moms at
I love to crunk, so what, plus I'm gangsta enough
To piss in pimping cans, pimp cup, rack again and
pump it up
How bitches still get fucked, niggaz just want a forty
and a blunt

[GZA]

Yo, these youngsters they grow up on the block
With the product in they socks, and the fully loaded
glocks

Too many die in vein, and it's a crying shame
The murders and the hustles, won't stop as they shoot
for the top
Acquiring apparel, through growth and development
On they most dangerous missions, excuses were
irrelevant
The brutality of war, never changes
And the out of control desire to win, makes it
dangerous
Fire engulfed the set, they feel the threat, greater than
What they ever had, experienced yet
Indictments, sparked excitement, and the thrill to kill
Suddenly they felt the need for a challenge in they
field
The great boundaries of both man and machine
Can have one at the point, to murder all in between
Yellow tape scene, dead teen, the mob was his idol
Giving a grim new meaning to the neighborhood's title,
what's up?

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