

## **Inspectah Deck f/ Masta Killa**

### **"Sound of the Slums"**

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\*kung fu fighting\*

[Inspectah Deck]

It's the sound of the slums, drama with drums  
You pop shots with the corks, cause a problem for  
some  
Got the whole city up, floatin' with the semi tuck  
Roamin' out of zone, and I'm known in the gritty cuts  
And a Wu Killa Bee co-d, dumpin' off  
Broad day, no macks, so you know it's me  
Notice me, I shine like July sun  
Live son, I'm a rider through provide one  
Show the CREAM, I bust and blow the scene  
In a fast car, kickin' up dust and smoke screen  
Hit a nigga hard as Joe Green, his whole team  
Feel it, swollen veins, a dope fiend feeling  
Coming out the mouth, like you won't be killing  
Yeah, you sold three million but you banned on the  
block  
Long guns to your face, pass the mansion and yacht  
And you ain't retaliatin' man, you ran to the cops

[Masta Killa]

Uh, all gangstas and fellow MC's, we now meet  
The threat is now an actual fact, and that's the least  
The lion paw, ripping your jaw, dismantle face piece  
You may not have heard of seen, my Murder One Team  
Something's best untold, crime related  
I am who I am, so fuck it, if son stuck it  
We all lay to play to the best, sip the fine grace  
My rugged lifestyle is survived, I don't apologize  
Hustle is the road I chose, there's no compromising  
When the guns is drawn, shots fire  
Son, all my killas is fam, nothing hired  
Ya'll faggot niggaz wired for sound, before the things  
blast  
Wait for the train to past, man, face down  
We straight from the murder capital town, it goes down  
Daily on the regular, dressed in assassin attire  
The bulletproof rap, strap 'em with the bomb to his  
body

Ain't no coming back...

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