

## Lyrics by Ross Diana

### "To the Rescue"

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[U-God]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Vendetta inside, swiftly start stabbin

One second to meltdown, feel the twin cannons

Burn, handgun hems, standin firm

Return from mega-death, I'll tell you what's left

Dilemma, Earth tremor, up by man

With the Grand Canyon rap, U dynamic wingspan

The Power from the Clan, yo, is more than fantastic

Pull pins out the hazard, on this Battlestar Galactic'

Skull tactic, sporadic, Asiatic, long awaited

Son of Sam, mention the mic mutated

You hated us, cuz we immortal on wax

Rip the China White shit, flip a dynamite ax

Shillac em perhaps, the heart pump an anti-toxin

Feed me the Power, meteor shower when I'm boxin

[Chorus: U-God]

Professional vets, now comin through vexed

I'm testin you vets, what you claimin that you best?

The S on your chest, better stand for Super-stress

And Leatha Face pressed, next, here to set you

REC! I suggest niggas come To the Rescue

[Leatha Face]

I know how to part your medula, oblong gotta

Test the rocket launcher, they'll get conquered

By my block sponsors, monster Tonka truck ya

The whole train conductor

A hole in your spine, rip your stomach mothafucka

Brotha suffer, my Dutch puff as sinister as the Feds

Infrared, signin on the glock, splittin ya head

Drippin wet from death threat messages I inject

Intellect reflects worldwide over Internets

Heart colder than Winter Fresh, chest smokin like incense

Vets broken into the flesh, soakin in ya own mess

Chrome bleds, some of the known best soldier vets

Over cassette, you get smashed like crashed desert air shows

Holdin ya breath, gaggin for a bit of oxygen

Submission put a stop to men, reveal the foul  
document  
Lockin position, invision, adapt critical condition  
Pitiful you didn't listen, now we're spiritual blessin  
Viewer discretion advised, sabotage satellites  
Splatter guys, get ya food ate like I'm Big Mac and fries  
Trap nines in the thighs, symbolize real lives  
Instill a rocket fuck from the inside to the outside  
In ya mouth lied the barrel, subdue bone marrow  
Ya tone shadow, blown from high-explosive poem  
battles  
Dome smack, you live, projectiles effectin you  
Incredible new wave heart, blade sharp verses sexin  
you  
Claim professional, but I never met you  
Son I never forget you  
I slaughter foes when my particles wet you  
To the Rescue

[Chorus: U-God]

Professional vets, now comin through vexed  
I'm testin you vets, what you claimin that you best?  
The S on your chest, better stand for Super-Stress  
The Golden Arms pressed, next, here to set you  
REC! I suggest niggas come To the Rescue

[U-God]

Slash hope, raw burnin, freezin thoughts are cold  
Ballistic missile lift off, now one behold  
My throat harden for Harlem, harness the volume  
With grief fallin on me in a breeze, the seas partin  
It's two men awesome, uncanny  
The handy man crook, the rap gank where every damn  
nook and cranny  
Plus four more opponents couldn't throw me, couldn't  
slam me  
I told you before, this is war, it's radical claw  
Menate the the law, practice my ambition  
Understand determination, plus my burnin condition  
Rebuild 'em, sing a song strong for disaster  
Scorch 'em on a letter, clever, bled 'em much faster  
Exotic lens, bionic Timb's, hardco' organic  
The floor panic when revolvin, Shaolin dodgin  
Potion of my juice, it's "Houston we have a problem"  
Its Basic Instinct, motor mouth, hold is sacred  
The Rushmore Rock Face, one four shot with the  
greatness  
Raw shoulders, sword colder, no remorse  
The crash course, the portions of my Porsche  
Divorce it, the Holocaust exhaust, driven with force  
Mighty ship back on course, I almost lost it

Toss the smokin corpse, seldom sing  
Shells amongst men, rebellion, teens formin and  
swarmin  
Vikin style, strikin without warnin a nation  
Standin ovation, rap devastation  
New animation, the scandal  
Bundle the best part, damsel in distress, I'll bless you  
God damn you! To the rescue

[Chorus: U-God]  
Professional vets, now comin through vexed  
I'm testin you vets, what you claimin that you best?  
The S on your chest, better stand for Super-Stress  
The Golden Arms pressed, next, here to set you  
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