

Masta Killa f/ Justice, Shamel Irief, Young Prince

"Then & Now"

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[Intro: Justice]

Yeah... what? What?

Justice.. yeah.. check it out

[Justice]

I never hesitate to drop a verse, I rhyme first

Repeat it so often, it's well rehearsed

Rap stars, come through, rock the universe

I watch from afar just to see what they be doing first

Some was at they worst, dying of thirst

Others push through like the troops in Iraq, yo

But what did Bush do? See, I don't know a thing about politics

But flowing to the beat, is as dirty as my collar gets

The wildest child is gifted and talented

But change they style, will never wanna challenge it

You telling me to rhyme to the melody

I take time with my words like I'm in the spelling bee

If I don't make the grade, I don't make the record

Once that's accomplished, then my rhymes respect it

As long as we stay on track, and then

We can rhyme back to back, whatever, kid

[Chorus: Shamel Irief]

One, two, we coming with the Wu

Three, four, we knocking at your door

Five, six, we eat them grits

Seven, to the eight, we don't hate

Nine to the ten, and we still wanna win..

(Wanna win, wanna win...)

[Shamel Irief]

Yo, I terrorize shorty with the Iron Palm

When I step on stage, I clutch the mic strong

That melody was flowing, while that beat was going

When the waves connect in my ear, that pen starts going

Cuz when I get on the mic, I rock it so ill

That's why they call me the Little Masta Kill'

I'm like rock and stone, put together

These dudes come in my face like "blah blah whatever"

So I had to hit the dude in the chest, B
These little fake MC's just want to test me
I thought I told you before, I'm not a toy
I'm just a young boy, what? Doing my thing
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, with the Brooklyn slang, come on

[Chorus]

[Young Prince]
Wu-Tang Clan Killa Beez
Rock all my enemies, with the double D's
Double CD's, ride for the enemies
With the rocking-the-mic right, roll up with the typewrite
Rocking my Nike Flight, ballin' with the nice
And I'm rippin' the mic right, and you know who it is
It's the Young kid P, from the Brooklyn side
Brooklyn's Finest, Brownsville
Knew our attack, and what the gats do, Plaza, all day,
baby

[Outro: Masta Killa]
Yeah... can't lose, and we still gon' win forever
Young Godz forever
Peace to the Gods and the Earths forever
Kareem Just, Shamel Irief, the Young Prince
Yeah, yeah, Allah Just you know how do this thing, man

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