

Master P F/ Westside Connection

"Secret Rivals"

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[Intro: Killah Priest (Method Man)]

Uh... musical clever

You know what time it is (Ooh-ahh, Meth Tical)

Yeah... what... (Hey, did you turn my mic down

Oh.. my headphone fell off.. damn..)

[Killah Priest]

Death come to those who oppose

Knockin' at the door, holding a rose

In plain clothes, when the face ice cold

Lock your windows, still I come in when the wind blows

Come in slow, suddenly your eyes close

Then your body set through your soul, it rose

Turn into a black crow and fly into the internal night

That's when I also take flight

I turn into a great falcon

With mighty wings, when they flap, they move
mountains

I leap on your back, like a wild fucking monkey

Eyes are blood shot red, with a growling tummy

Beat your fucking back out, like a gorilla

When I was tore, I figure my, out the house of mirrors

I show up to a recording session, with no facial
expression

I'm just there like I crept in

Escape through the east gate, return through the west
ends

When the son said, I'm like the westerns beneath the
moon light

And the crescent, Priest, I have a stance, that's strong

When I perform, I transform, into a sandstorm

Leaving one third of the land torn

I'm like mice, I react strange

'm like a terratrane, I react crazy when the weather
change

Then the father of a hurricane, handcuff pain

I whip tornados with iron chains

I make volcanos scream out my name

Niggaz kill me, try'nna escape my wrath

Through death, don't you know, I'm crazy muthafucka,

I hold my breath..

[Interlude: Method Man]

Flicks... sluggish... one time

For your muthafuckin' mind

Wu-Tang Forever, this is just the next chamber, baby

(Fish filet, fish filet) Ah, ah-ah-ah

[Method Man]

We walking dogs, foot soldiers, fuck you all

Guns and roses, play the wall

The final curtain calls every day, all day

We hurtin' ya'll, project hallways is triffin'

Public Enemy, number one, still fightin'

The power, like Tyson

When nothing else work, start biting

Swallow up that weak shit, they writing

Spit it out, frustrated with the line

Hard for me to get it out

Intellectual, architect, bomb threat to a vegetable

Mr. Meth, you can get the left and right testicle

Step to the rear, Wu-Tang on arrival

Raised in the ghetto, singin' songs for survival

Nothing else matter, suspect chin niggaz shatter

Clap a mad rapper, red dot beemin' on the blood,
splatter

University, anniversary of terror

It's now, or it's never

Ain't no in between in the cold war

Can't hold it down, got a thousand that can hold yours

Starvin', pardon me, God, I get a charge

Like a human lighting rod, strike back with no regard

For the innocent, harder than the bricks in my
tenements

Wu-Tang, forever and a day, we be killin' it

[Masta Killa]

So patient, they sat there in the aisles and waited

For the testimony, hungry, for a statement from the
one and only

Thirsty for the ceremony at and, true Wu die hard fans

Now look how we rock, make a freestyle drop, old
school like the wop

My granddaddy used to do this dance called the slop

I keep it hip hop for ya'll, we don't stop

Got ladies by the flock, no safety on the glock

Stop, look and listen when the semi auto's pop, your
neck

Mock with the rope, who can match palm

I'm strong as a nuclear bomb, dangerous armed

Have you not prepared yourself, you've been warned

Gun shot to the informer, Killa Bee Swarm

Caught 'em on the corner of Lavonia
Reported missing, found him in the fetal position
Shot twice, armed with the rocket
Blind for the target, dipped on arrival
Suspenseful, kill or be killed, pass the rifle

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