

Mathematics f/ Cappadonna, Ghostface Killah, GZA, Masta Killa, Raekwon "Wu Banga"

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[samples cut and scratched by Mathematics]

"What we're gonna do right here is go back, way back,
back into time"

"Here we go!"

"OK everybody!"

"Sing my song" "Step up to this" (Both X4)

[GZA]

Yo, too advanced, Digi' stance, made the CD enhanced
I move with the speed and strength of ants
Identical in form with the Beez they swarm
Hold up the cold current appear warm
My first verbal brawl, started on some yes yes y'all
to the beat y'all, break your windshield, your Jeep stall
Mr. Traffic, dumbin shit, from ecclesiastic
Cashier, holdin now, fine, cut off the plastic
See the logo? A monument in hip-hop
Carved out, in the giant landscape, of broken rocks
Whether heard in herb spots, jukebox or malt shops
Uncut live, drop eighty-five, in one shot
Spotlight hits the metal mic, majority stare
Heard the Wu snare, while my iris cut down the glare
Walk a road the great length you find too long to
measure
My Clan done make me rhyme like D. Banner under
pressure
No surprise, double disc touched five
Those elements, kept environments colonized
with the high flyin death-defyin flow like the Rebel
Right there, but you're one light year, from my level

[Ghostface Killah]

Uh-huh.. yeah.. yo.. check it.. yo..

Bottles goin off in the church, we broke the wine
slapped the pastor, didn't know Pop had asthma
He pulled out his blue bible, change fell out his coat
Three condoms, two dice, one bag of dope
Oooh! Rev. ain't right, his church ain't right
Deacon is a pimp, tell by his eyes

Mrs. Parks said, "Brother Starks, meet you at the
numbers spot
Heard you got red tops out, and I want a lot"
Shirley fainted dead on the spot
Two ushers slipped eighty dollars right out the pot
Oh shit!

[Raekwon]

Egyptian, brown skin brown suede Timbs
Masqueradin X-rated throw blades, all occasions
Round nozzle touchdown, Haagen-Daas gobbles White
House
Gucci flag on the roof, call us rock groups
Mere intelligent, buy Nieman Marc' it out
No doubt, all we saw he bought, Lori mom's all blow
was simple, blamp instrumentals run camps the
stamps get you
The way we lamp, fans come and get you
Play, fullback strapped like a fuck, war at
the black, Carlo Gambino's stash house in Hackensack
Pack capsules, Green Bay 'em lay 'em down like wax do
It's all actual we build, like Crash Crew
Coconut, incense, one sentence, aiyyo
Control the holy flinch hit this, new whips
Roman numerals, sun splash them niggaz like, Tango
and Cash
Alcatraz cats roll out fast..

[samples cut and scratched by Mathematics]

"OK everybody!" (X3) "Ri-right!"

[Cappadonna]

Wu thousand nuthin but hardcore
We tryin to get land bitches and more
Ghost put me on to it
We just do it, floss or whatever
Take care of the business, there's too many
roughnecks
Give two of these to Flex, tell him it's real rap like Ghost
Had to beat niggaz with toast
Clubs we at Clientele we lay it down flat
Poot out on y'all kid, now where your mans at?
Fakin the real like, "Damn I can't stand Cappa"
Then my wardrobe flooded the next chapter
Y'all heard about us like we heard about you
Bless the mic with reality, hit you with the virtue
Calm down not tryin to hurt you, burst through
Phat shit, phatter than all y'all niggaz outfits
We the glitch like Y2K
Catch the ball when it drop, guns pop, y'all have a nice
day

"Doctor Kanabuta, Iron Man, he is invincible.
His remarkable armor is supreme!"

[Masta Killa]

Sometimes I'm liable to spaz and break fool
Grab my gun, select one, snatch son
Put the barrel by his face, blast one by his eardrum
Piss run, you drop thinkin you shot
Screamin like a bitch, kicks to your face
Shots to the body that shake like the bass
I'm Ghostfaced up, military style down
Nuff ammunitions of rounds across the chest

[Ghostface Killah]

Skip to the intro, rap through po'
Smashed a fresh ball of wax ceasar
Flashy penthouse that overlooks the vista
Wally Moc' have tie, swim in chunks
Three chunks of ice sit in Johnny walk in for advice
Catch the moment, fundraiser at will, work with the
homeless
Polished dahma edge twist dome shit sealed in the
chrome pit
carefully, swing the B seven series Christmas lights
too bright Ghost is comin y'all fix the mirrors
Relax like pudding, confidence strangle my man
couldn't
ex' out, he no longer in the hood
Bless the kid that max the most
Me I turn a wedding into hoax
Roses tied to bombs on posts
On commercial breaks, piss in the apple juice
Rasta nigga rock the big do's
Jiffy Pop it's only chant Wu
It's all good, armors for days, brand new biscuits
Fiend to get caught up in the mischief
Jury swift, afro Tec, seventy disc bank
Glossy, Betsy Ross up in the fish tank
Australian, Ghost, Mount Everest, cactus heads
Raid the desert, clench a camel thirst
Polish Spring breath itch

[samples cut and scratched by Mathematics]

"OK everybody!"

"These niggaz.."

