

Missy Elliott F/ Jay-Z

"Shellshocked"

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[Chorus] (2x)

This is the way we rock from our block to your block
Masterminds is first to burst and you shellshocked
We can't stop (can't stop) Don't stop (don't stop)
Won't stop (won't stop) Hip-Hop (Hip-Hop)

[Kimani]

I be giving rap cats a back slap to flash back
To the last time Kimani's in town you catch that?
Like half-backs splashing in Crystal Lake
Returned with a mask and a flask full of jack to kill
fakes
I'm out for stacks of papes like Bill Gates
Give it to you raw uncut like Nicholas Cage's 8 Mil tapes
In a steelcage match I'm Goldberg, flow with words
Of course all your vision is blurred while you cold
served
Now observe the plot we drop the hottest shit
We all equipped, bump this while your pumping your
whip
Your girl be cuffing dick, trick nasty type shit
You ain't seen naan, naan mc's that can rock it like this
We be the M-A imperial ST - the serial
Son of Sam Masterminds be sunning your mams
And drop a ton on your fam, quote from a humble man
I'm eating from the tree of life and throw away the
verbal ham Man it's
scalding, prolific with words like James Baldwin
So when we bring the fire next time I leave you calling
out
For medics and niggas know the time when I set it
Or else your card gets pulled like a debit
We stepping it on the 1,2 Masterminds poised we run
through
Like Sun Tzu, you wanted a war? So come through
We got more beats, more cuts, more rhymes
Don't ever in your life think you can fuck it Minds

[Chorus] (2x)

[Oracle]

Ay yo settle down 'cause we got the tripple crown
And pay attention to this precession that takes you sky
bound
Fasten your seatbelts -Are you ready? 'cause it's time
now
For this ride you may collide with these sounds
Like little kids falling from park swings
We make you heart spin just before reality sets in
We're hittin' hard like Ike Turner in a bar
Drunk with a bunch of trash talking broads acting large
Yo we use your lyrics like band aids and gauze
'Cause you'll lose your head like victims of Native
American wars
Once we walk in ya'll get open like automatic doors
You beggin like Keith Sweat in a house of whores
Yo we gave you what you came for- plus the cure
Cause it's sickening to hear ya'll bitching
for some more pure fluid rhymes
Gather for the slaughter I'm producing the juice like
Jamestown
E and Kimani will leave you face down
Tryin ta' clown our shit your esophagus split
From trying ta bite what we spit
It's hard like yelling in sign language
Hip Hop the game and we're it- so vanish
Or you'll get tagged like the walls of a graffiti artist
You're out of time like broken clocks
We're hear to open shop
quick like a Chinese fast food spot on your block
You make the heavy metal pop
We make the underground rock and shake
Like an apocalyptic earthquake

[Chorus] (2x)

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