

Valeria

"Investigative Reports"

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[here we go, come on]
[A, A battle was fought, in Brooklyn...]
[Hessian Soldiers killed 3,000 men; much of the
fighting
took place in what is now Prospect Park in Greenwood
cemetery,
as well as the Park Slope and Gowanas
neighborhoods.]
[This was the first battle, of America.]

[Intro/Outro: U-God]
Rugged rhymsters, crooked crimesters
Dime droppers, Twenty-five-to-lifers
Backstabbers, low blowers
Illegal... cocaine growers
Starvation, profanity
Anxiety, brothers tryin me
Gun slingers, dead ringers

[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef]
Yo, my slang's out of this world
Mix collaboration man, little man and his girl
Way of life got me thinkin, plus I'm analyzin young
youths on roofs, you know, three time felony brutes
Roll together, tropical trees puff, whatever
Yo we could go run up on, kids for leathers
What drug? Faculties bubble ki's for G's
Cream flow like seven seas, hit chicks Guayanese
Word up, hold your head before you fall out
The morgue route, the devil want that
Let's get my niggaz locked all out
Change for better, that be my only vendetta
with life, feed your seed right, he's breathin indeed
right
Chef, remarkable, sparkable, raps and tackable gats
Never get jacked, see ya then move black
Paradise trife, plush with much ice
Gettin nice, layin back, sleek all my life
Word up!

[The battle of Brooklyn depicted was the bloodiest

clash of the American revolution. Soldiers killed
3,000 men, much of the fighting took place in what is
now...]

[Chorus: U-God]

Crack patients, dime smokers
Vial carriers, mocha tokers
Burnt buildings, brothers buildin
Save the children, investigative reports!

[Verse Two: GZA]

Callin all cars, callin all cars! Ghetto
Psychos, armed and dangerous, leavin mad scars on
those
Who are found bound, gagged and shot when they
blast the spot
Victims took off like astronauts
Get with this, even your best can't
come on down, you're the next contestant!
Get your pockets dug from all your Chemical Bank-ins
Caught him at the red light - on Putnam Avenue and
Franklin
They used to heat up the cipher with a shot that was
hyper
than your average JFK sniper
He just came home to Spofford
Rollin like Kaufman, and laid that ass out like carpet
Stop the stutterin boy, save the planes for the five-oh
Then praise the God - chk-a-chk POW!
They release shots and premeditate to grab...
...and then they jet back to the lab
And then remain in Shaolin, an endangered island
Where shorties lose blood by the gallon

[Have integrated a number of corrupt cops, judges...
...into high-level positions, to insure the continued
success of the drug smuggling and money laundering
operations]

[Chorus: U-God]

[Verse Three: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, I grab the pen for revenge and let loose, see
Like Muslims, standing on the block, rocking a khufi
The hundred-dollar kick rockin kid's back for more
startin gold wars, with black Reeboks and Velours
Jungle way of life, livin villain
Packed with visions, copywritten
Throwin bread to pigeons, Christ has risen, King
Elegant
Slang-Master jackets, expensive noodle hats

In sixty-nine, old timers time that brothers shot craps
The baggy blue Guess jeans, pull strings off in Palm
Springs
I'm locked in the bing, Rocky ring labelled rap king
The corner emperor - the golden thieves play the
benches
Rednecks be hanging big niggaz down in Memphis
Back in Now-Y, hit the bull's eye with loaded nines
Life is like Tarzan, swingin from a thin vine
Shatter dreams, then mirrors don't need a press
spirals
Aim at the white shadows with big barrels
of Moet-ahs, the baldheaders, milk and Amarett-ahs
who fear none, question all personal vendettas, yo
They use guns, while we angrily shot arrows
You better keep your eye on the sparrow!

[Intro/Outro]

[Have integrated a number of corrupt cops, judges and
lawyers
into high-level positions -- to insure the continued
success
of the drug smuggling and money laundering
opertaions.]

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