

1112 (feat. Masta Killa, Killah Priest & Njeri)

GZA

Bobby said, "Fuck spending fifty on a whip, buy equip"
Mental flip, he got a thousand tracks stored on a chip
Said he had mad toys to make noise
He split and separate drums like asteroids
The concerned producer sampled this question
Hit him with the beat for the answer with extra compression
My sound travel, it quickly grab you
And equalize the pitch up, until it have you
Bugged out, tryna think you can match this
The portraits are too graphic
Panoramic view for you, stamp Wu
The beats are Gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic
We roadblocked it, checkpoints on your next joint
Now who the nigga you anoint?
700 volts on the track to slay
Murderous wordplay displayed from killing cascades
Throwing bullets in the air to test wind
Which way the cyclone spin? Counter or clockwise?
Still civilized
Kill spies on the wall as still flies, all dies
Give no extension on the lynching
It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned
It's the aura that's felt that causes one to flash his gun
And reveal how he really feel, confirmed
He'll never live after the show
See the promoter for the dough I'm taking, breaking his wax
Throwing my shit on to perform the selection from the Swarm
Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday
My ninjas lay in ravines and ditches underneath shrubs and leaves
They breathed through underwater reefs
The enemy walks above, Clan remains subterranean in mud
Off shore banks, tanks approach the location
Bombarded by the circle of death formation
Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude strikes
Shattering bulletproof helmets with shrapnel fragments of cell
Inhale these venomous thoughts that I propel
Through the north facility, the city must suffer
At the hand of the Chief's command, volts are sent
At three minute intervals the heat intensifies
Deadening the power from electrical fences
Defences are down, shake a nigga up
Bounce him off the sound

You know what I'm saying?
The God ca-diver, in the streets of Iris
We talk about sex, money and drugs
(Ruled by power) And y'all cats don't know
What it's about (Love and power)
It goes deeper than what you see on TV
Killah Priest, come on Burning desire, ebony eyes
Painted toenails, legacies die
Women by the well, Egyptian queens
Arabian sheiks paid to knock off rich kings for the joy some sing
Graveyards filled with scarlet widows
Who stabbed they husbands sleeping on silk pillows
Blood on they robes, disguised as beggar in cheap wool clothes
Lambs and wolves in black hoods pull out they gats
Like magic wands, casting spells, sending niggas to Hell
Trapping they souls in realms
Baptize them with Holy Water
Springing on the heads of plenty witches' daughters
Interviews with the richest reporters, silent nights over Nevada
A thousand Muslims bow before the Kaaba
Hebrews flee to the hills of Masada
For the love of God, guns make a loud sound
I'mma show you how thugs get down
Shootouts, bullets turn into bloodhounds and hunt you down
Cursed nation, lost generation
X-Files found them in the future as cosmic rulers
Fallen angels from space intruders
Dying saints, blood spilled on the floor like wet paint
See it in the pictures, read it like the lost scriptures
Absorb it with your 100 proof liquor I shot the sheriff and the deputy secondly
Threatening the lives of those who threaten me
Lessening my chances of defeat by predetermining the victory
As taught by Sun Tzu in the chapter, after the third one
I heard my word shall be born, regardless to anything or anyone
Or else I die by the gun, my life has just begun
Thought I was living all along, but I was wrong
This long road I have to travel in countless battles
These filthy snakes with poison fangs and rattles
Kings, queens and pharaohs change to cattle
Unable to duck the Devil's arrow
Singing that his eye's on the sparrow, mind narrow
Superstitions, horoscopes and tarots
'Hark Heralds Angels' and Christmas carols
Graven images hang from the mantels
Man-made slaves in modern day Babel
Brought from Africa in golden robes and sandals
By wicked thieves and vandals
Who manhandled us with leather whips and burning candles
And rambled through our castle, leaving niggas shambles

Stole our golden sodas like some Arab camels
We gazed, amazed and baffled as he loaded his ammo
Into the barrel and blasted out our bone marrow
We were the Gretel and the Hansel, tricked by this wicked jackal
Children of my grand-old-daddy have me
In mind when they're lost in this wilderness blind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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