

Friction (feat. Masta Killa)

Inspectah Deck

Is you ready?
Back by popular demand...
Murderous specialist tactics
Wu-Tang Clan, no rehearsal or practice
Niggaz ain't ready for this...
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Niggaz ain't ready for this...Chrome dips beamin off July sun rays
Trees are fade, blendin with the side burn shades
Cotton club status, clientel, SL, heavy jewel
Niggaz jail, young niggaz screw well
Swingin like Smokey on the slow beat
Shiny walker hold me, closely as I mosey on the low key
If you don't know by now, you'll never know me
You know me, I swing it to the young-ins and the OG's
Witnessed by notary public, certified rough shit
Does it feel good, how was it? Gritty like the subway tracks
My protocal permanate like graffiti on the project walls
On the AWOL, alias Jamal Duval
Roam through the uni, plans of roamin it all
In the meantime, in between time, we shine
Dangerous minds travel on this uphill climb
If you want some, get some
This is it, son, this one
Make 'em feel the friction
Guarenteed hit, son, miss none
Flip one, you better bring your big gunSome niggaz I'd rather not spar minds with
They can't simutale my thoughts or fuck with
Creative testosterone, mic-phone calms the menopausable hormone quakage
trapped like estrogen, we makin, all of the above
supremely I hold my shit, when I run, I hesitate to stomp the come
bring water from the brain, nigga, they tried to send me back, but still I
Teraform mindframe contains elements of iron which began steel
Healin men life, Allah just brought me forth to bust mine
This time I spare no one, poison sword seed technique
Breathe the Earth, take the head of those and feed 'em to the uni
Blessed with volts of electric, life threatnin segments, it's hectic
Poetry in motion, east to west coastin
Oas blowin with lines tightly woven
Still goin full speed, pullin g's
Tryin to eat 'til my mouth gets too full to feed
I excel, cast spells similar to Merlin
Mic surgeon, hang like Dr. J. Erving

Splurg inner city like uncensored version
Mergin with the fast lane, stained with the urban
Word in the street, his work was dirt teeth
Synthetically weak, make the fans start beef
Any comeback attempts would only be in repeats
They soon fall off, be mentally lost beyond reach
My technique's heat leaves a permanent crease
Plant my 2 feet, shootin with the quick release
Never cease fire from a Street called Desire
The sire, disturbin the peace with c-ciphers Who dare comes amongst and tries to peep it
The secret of the deadly art, then leak it
Snakes, leeches surround the righteous
I link the diversion shot, then slip with the swiftness
The weaver raindrop, leavin the eye confused
Understandin blurred, cloudy electrical storms occur
from the Masta, classical head bang slang
The deaf tone rises like the blind and dumb
Lickin shots at the microphone, Iron Lung
We the first to set off shit, last to run
Who want some, come and get some
Motherfucker!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>