

# 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/>