

Handwriting On the Wall (feat. Ras Kass)

RZA

Featuring ras kass We on some phantom of the opera shit It's the gothic shit
As i produce the waterproof mask
You never ask the question "who's the man behind the red mask?"
About to a driveby on mc's so listen Aiyyo! Yo my mic check is robo tech
Run over the track till my lyrical gigapet slow flow Cardiac arrest like flojo rock ice ro ro
Pack fo fo fo' sure though
More and more cream, and niggaz still love you rakeem
The game of death, we kickin niggaz in the chest like kareem
My wingspan is wider than rodan
My sweet and sour niggaz wit nose candy sniff blow by the gram
I gramatically slam, before i eat a groupie bitch pussy
The honorable minister louis farrakhan is eatin ham So catch me in deep space nine
Wit eight million stories on seven continents
And six billion bullets on the star trek
Solid state logic thug niggaz electronic Eat, drink, sleep, shit, fuck, build and smoke chronic
Playa, this is not a game, i said it before
Went through the door i came wit wu-tang
The artist formerly know as you Got snatched out his truck on florence and normandy duke
We strictly digital
Yo, yo, yo, yo
The last starfighter, my thoughts make the sun shine brighter
I bust in a bitch mouth to make her teeth seem whiter
Roam like space drones through all time zones
Your face get blown, i make home, bobby'll fuck grace jones
Mocha caps without lithium cristal
Raise the pendulum cuts through your ear tissue, digital signal
Scramble your brain then we gain the visuals
Like microsoft, i might micro-walk before the lights go off
You develic bitches, i give your tonsils eighty stitches
Bobby long storm, even fuck the eastwick witches
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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