

'96 Recreation

Cappadonna

Yeah, start wit that one
Yo, yo, yo, my acustic futuristic linguistic rap fabric
Is a mixture of arabic sandscript in it's italics
I talk quick, y'all bitches can't comprehend my dick release spit
Wit love should I release hits
We travel through bodies like blood vessels
All y'all crab niggas try to wrestle to be on top of this pedestool
Slang doctrine, minoxin, lyrical toxin, I'm chessboxin
Words is rushin through like a herd of angry oxen!!

Fatal for these pussy cat niggas is dead weight
Concentrate, my murder rate excellerate, terminate
So spoil like coke in the foil
Knock knock, I shot the whole block
Electricity, flow splendidly
Internally inside of me like tony stark's tee
I create excellency, one-sixty call l-o-u-n-g assist me
Papi wardrobe is key, roll promptly
For slang hall, vocabulary igor, frankenstein mind
Rewind for a minute while I dig down your track, stupid
I move quick shit is accurate, kojack tactics
Chaos, killa bee minds, high society blackness, spread the rumor

My lyrical marv-el makin more cream than carvel
Y'all niggas best to hold your weight like barbell
To my verbal swordsman school, students don't play truant
My most prudent pupil, rhyme under influence
Of alcohol and to-bacco, mushrooms imported from morocco
Bellies on the rocks, and a twenty sack of choco
Wit forty tales and gold around the fist, bitch I carve
Glitters on the paper so my family won't starve

I'm deep in the shit, I stay highly involved
Never inconceited, never been beated
Been trapped in many wars but not yet retreated
My style you need it, I just write to read it
It's all fresh lyric, no nothing gets repeated
I came a long way and guess what, I succeeded
I conquer my opponent, and feed him baby food
'cause he's childish and illiterate, and ye has been rude
To the father year me, o-r-i-g
Respond to the war wit the killa bee law

Scavenger nigga, you's a shhriimp
A full line of shhiit, my ear can digest iiit
Stop drinkin all that water, let's take it to the land
So I can godzilla up your shit mister tiny tim man
Niggas be creepin up my beanstalk
When I start to come down on your fuckin ass
You tried to chop shit on up
Played my shit like parks bitch, I'm that

Legendary microphone's weaponry
You secondary bitch-ass fairies
Scary cats won't survive this verbal attack
You think you're slang can match
The wu-tang, emphatically now cypher

You fake crumbs, you should be stung on your tongue
While you young guns bunge, we plunge into the grunge
Deep into the dark dungeon, we come in one wind
Nine minds combine to form the wisest rhyme force to summon
I be the quoted mathematical combination
Unloadin mysteries of life, you feel my solar wind blowin

Just then, I came on the stage like wind
Blew slang in your face and it touch your skin
You felt chilly, just like you smoked a bag of illy
You need a coat just to protect your throat
Two pairs of socks, kid I'm cold like ice rise
Chap-lipped duds can't fuck wit the chatterbox
Cherry heads felt the draft of the ox
Shaolin niggas won't fuck wit one block *pause*
Broke forgot about half the slang murderer
Down wit the union big street sling murderer
Terrorizin, move I'm tranquelizin
Fast getaway wit the slow speed drivin
Two miles an hour, cappa do it wit the power
Somebody blow something, cut fool in the tower