

## '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 pedastool  
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 beaten  
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