

# Assassination Day

Ghostface Killah

It's assassination day, I stalk

I move through the third world, my third eye's the guiding light  
Invite the fight, we all die tonight  
The life I live's a twenty-five to life bid  
Parole reneged, I stroll the globe fugitive  
CREAM is short, Cee Ciphher Power stalk, plus the fiend talk  
Three Gs the cost in Supreme Court  
White lies and blackmail land me back in jail  
We're all for sale, a stolen goal but it fail  
Stranded on the front line  
I shine to the dumb and blind  
It comes time I take back what was once mine  
Crunch time in the first quarter  
From the worst slaughter  
Devil's poisoning the birth water  
The earth daughter rest her head on my chest  
Through the struggle we cuddle under half-moon crest  
While the press plant fear and exploit the gun blasting  
Central broadcasting is shackling, nerves are unfastened  
Trapped in deep water, gasping  
I clash with the titans for my half on the action

I stop producers careers, the weak spot was the ears  
Scorpion darts hits the mark  
Pierce the heart with silver spears  
You're bewildered  
My unsaturated, low filtered  
Devils still feel this so you're living build tilted  
MC's upon their axis, their body hazard tactic  
Lactic acid, desert drop cactus, practice  
You can never match this invincible  
Wu-Tang indispensable  
One nation under God  
Indivisible  
With liberty and justice  
The mic is in my clutches  
Thugs who bring ruckus leave in crutches  
Unforgivable snakes face the double-edged swords starts to swivel  
Decapitates the head, makes the projects more livable  
Interchangeable, caution: flammable  
My chamber is ninety-nine plus one unnameable angles  
And strangles, microphone cords start to dangle  
Silent as the gases that pass throughout your anal  
Retreat through your doors  
Seep out like sweat through the pores  
Destroy your internal organs with the biological warfare

First of all before we move on, this shit is like a Yukon, don  
Spread it out like Grey Poupon  
Splurging, merging in the suburbs  
Using this just like an adverb  
Action word, flowing like a blackbird  
God came in, aiming like Terry Bradshaw  
He hit the crash bar, stay relaxed God  
His shit is smashed Pa  
You handle this just like algebra

UFO spot 'em like Galaga  
Holding like bullet-proof Acuras  
You so fly, yeah right, you want to get me high  
Yo Bobby, you hear how I'm shooting it like they blue tops know  
You won't play me like your lady  
Pay me three-eighty spit it at you like a baby  
Final destination Haiti

War's extremely serious and it saddens me  
To have to take tings to deadly measures  
And have you measured and shot for no pay  
It's assassination day I stalk my enemy like prey  
Tranqued by deceptional sounds that deceives  
And lures MC's to the lair  
With a mic-like bait, then awaits to be bitten by greed  
Temptation tempts my victim to proceed  
Forward, ignorance wouldn't allow retreat  
You'd rather pursue death than admit defeat  
Now who's best to describe for what I specialize in  
Murderous rhyming, constantly inclining  
My mind spits with an enormous kickback  
Your brain didn't absorb the impact  
Disorderly conduct from the crowd is the feedback

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