

# Digi Warfare

Masta Killa

[Intro: Masta Killa]

We gon' take this back to old school  
Off the head one time  
Get the DJ set right here  
Give 'em somethin' to scratch  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
My nigga Choco  
Jam Master Jay on the 1's and 2's  
This is how we do  
Red Alert, Marley Marl  
Funkmaster Flex and uh, Mr. Cee  
I can't forget, Sway and Tech  
Jazz, Joyce, DJ Clue? Cocoa Chanel  
I be Jamel, I rocks the mic well, well  
Rock the mic well, well

[Masta Killa]

On and On, to the break of dawn  
Come all the way home say "What the.. Pop home"  
Freak 'em to the left while we rock 'em to the right  
Brooklyn in the house, who want to fight?  
And we bounce, roll to the skate ya rock  
Hip to the hop and ya don't dare stop  
Come alive party people, gimme what you got  
I guess by now you can take a hunch  
Fine, I'm the ninth member of the bunch  
Rockin' old school ain't shit to me  
MC's OD on the shit that I wrote  
Can we smoke while I'm drinkin'? I'm thinkin' of both  
Sugar, I want to rock yo ass until the mornin'  
Dia moanin', Jamel Arief, High Chief, comin' outta East Medins

[Chorus: Masta Killa]

Ladies in the house if ya clockin' Gs  
Sippin' on drink, Long Island Iced Teas  
Lookin' all good from ya toes to ya weave  
Tell the fellas back up and like let ya breathe  
Fellas in the house if ya know ya live  
Punch killas in the face from Queens to Bed-stuy  
Handlin' the steel if the shit get real  
Just flip a pie and stack a mil'

[Masta Killa]

Activation, mind starts sparkin'  
Constant elevation, sky walkin'  
David Thompson, my Wu niggaz stompin'  
Down the boulevard, shakin' yo ass  
You better watch yo self, I'm tight slick  
with a nice size, lemme see you work it  
She full of suckin' in public  
Ol' Dirty Bastard use it on a visit in, ya wit it?  
Then holla like wheels on appeal, don't squeel  
Just keep it on the wheels for the Masta Kill  
Just givin' you somethin' that y'all can feel  
I see you in the hood, then ya fam from 'til then  
Slid through the back of the buildin', heat concealed in  
Stare to your place  
Rae bomb the elevator, an Incarcerated Scarface, staircase  
The lace from the dominant race to the base  
In ya face like paste, baby doll

Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Yes yes y'all  
Welcome to the block party  
You might want to hit our deck but stay calm  
It's only us, every thing's still, well.. plush  
We freakin' the streets, the Shiek shows the beat {\*echoes\*}  
[RZA]  
1-2, 1-2 I'ma try this one more time  
Lemme in there, yo put that nigga back son  
[Crisis]  
Yeah, hit hard  
[Masta Killa]  
Hip hop, like socialize  
Clean out ya ears and ya open ya eyes  
Liquid Sword to the city  
Peace Allah Just, one of the committee  
Let's separate the 6 for a chess contest  
Leave a little stress  
I'll snatch a bag of the Uptown's best  
Make ya love it when ya smell it  
It's the velvet  
The chocolate for a 100  
Dredd' got lbs if ya want to get down  
We can catch 'em on the next round  
My universal sound is like world reknowned  
World reknowned, world reknowned  
My universal sound is like world reknowned {\*echoes\*}  
[Chorus]