

## Guillotine (Swordz)

Raekwon

Allow me to demonstrate the skill of Shaolin  
The special technique of shadowboxing'  
Poisonous, poisonous  
(Word, word, word)  
I should slap all y'all niggaz for comin'  
In my fuckin' face with that shit  
Alright cool yeah, go ahead man  
Poisonous

Poisonous paragraphs, smash ya phonograph  
In half, it be the Inspectah Deck on the warpath  
First class leavin' mics with a cast  
Causin' ruckus like the aftermath when guns blast

Run fast, here comes the verbal assaulta  
Rhymes runnin' wild like a child in a walker  
I scored from the inner slums abroad  
And my thoughts are razor sharp I sliced the mic from the cord

First they criticize, but now they have become  
Mentally paralyzed with hits that I devise  
Now I testify, the rest is I, Rebel in S  
Ya highness, blessed to electrify

With voltage of an eel, truth that I reveal'll  
Rush the amateurs who screamed to keep it real  
Caesar black down hoodied up and fatigues  
Part time minor leagues receive third degrees  
Attack like a wolf pack, once I pull back  
Then guard you, and bust through like a fullback

Yo, you fourteen carat gold slum computer wizard  
Tappin' inside my rap vein causes blizzards  
Do I like the kills for ice trife like botta digits  
Gorillas injected with strength of eighty midgets

The Earth spins, ruins, rap exotic blends  
Let my peeps in, niggaz gaspin' swallowin' aspirins  
What a dosage, you overdosed in rap  
High explosives my post-its hypnotize with hypnosis

I sell goods, my whole Clan is on the run like Natural Born Killers  
Record-breakin' the album Thriller  
Now access the jig who has bombs and rocket launchers  
Float like dope killer bees is what I sponsor

Ya entrepreneur, pens and gear like Shakespeare  
When I fuck I grab hair, collect drawers as souvenirs  
Fuck yeah, my crew down German beers  
My career is based on guns, throwin' cats in wheelchairs

Etcetera, damage any lame ass competitor  
Who try to front, get broken and passed like leathers  
Whatever hot hard heads get shattered like mirrors  
Beretta shots splatter your goose, scatter ya feathers

Say never poetry chumps crumbs deal with graphic

Blew my family overseas in mansions  
If rap was crack, fully packed I be tour cats  
Tax the kingpin of the rap drug traffickin'  
Village niggaz get slapped in Manhattan  
For rappin', big Ghost steps off laffin'

Were you just using  
The Wu-Tang school method against me?  
I've learned so many styles, forgive me

Sit back relax, fake niggaz don't get turns  
Watch me massage ya brain with slang that's king  
Projects filled with young men 'cause threats  
Who is that? Thousand dollar chains and techs

Focus, the brokest niggaz of life shit  
These mics is like cocaine Sun, check the suicidal hype shit  
Exchange mad blunts taste the sweepstakes  
Keepin' up on fakes outta state for cakes

No doubt, plus nobody amount, we makin' dough off of  
Puttin' fifty on the Land and Allah, it's like that  
Pull ya shoes up black, matta of fact just adapt  
Tie up, ya black Nike's and tight hats

Corners, stay surrounded with foreigners  
Whattup dread? Feds caught you grudgin' for his bread  
But regardless, peace to jail niggaz with charges  
Unify layin' in the guard with La

My Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta, with stamina  
Clingers and gamblers, and gram handlers  
Tical like the Isle, so God, let's get steamed  
Infrared guard yo' Beem, so seek nuff respect

Rude bwoy you bet, keep it movin' par shallah  
Pro black like tar  
Designin' the fly shit and stay shinin'  
And the RZA pours more beats than Cristal's fine wine

Concrete raps go to black  
With 50 other niggaz on the other side of the map  
Knew it's all good and all done what, we want some  
Mike Tyson of this rap shit, pullin' out Macs for fun

The nigga don't get mad, I got mad styles of my own  
And it's shown when my hands grip the chrome microphone  
Verbally I catch bodies with cordless shotties  
Intriguin' emcees, I keep 'em trained like potties

I bomb facts, my sword is an axe  
To split backs invisible, like dope fiend tracks  
Sky's the limit, niggaz are timid, and nobody knows  
How we move like wolfs in sheep clothes

Producin' data, microchips or software  
Undaground and off air, the Land of the Lost  
Notorious henchman from the North  
Strikin' niggaz where the Mason-Dixon line crossed