

Handwriting On The Wall

RZA

We on some Phantom of the Opera shit
It's the gothic shit as I produce the waterproof mask
You never ask the question, "Who's the man behind the red mask?"
"

About to a drive-by on MC's so listen, ayyo

Yo my mic check is Robo-Tech
Run over the track till my lyrical GigaPet slow flow
Cardiac arrest like FloJo, rock ice Ro-Ro
Pack fo-fo fo' sure though

More and more cream, and niggaz still love you Rakeem
The game of death, we kickin' niggaz in the chest like Kareem
My wingspan is wider than Rodan
My sweet and sour niggaz wit' nose candy sniff blow by the gram

I gramatically slam, before I eat a groupie bitch pussy
The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan is eatin' ham
So catch me in Deep Space Nine
Wit eight million stories on seven continents

And six billion bullets on the Star Trek
Solid state logic thug niggaz electronic
Eat, drink, sleep, shit, fuck, build and smoke chronic
Playa, this is not a game, I said it before

Went through the door I came wit Wu-Tang
The artist formerly know as you
Got snatched out his truck on Florence and Normandy Duke
We strictly Digital

Yo, yo, yo, yo
The Last Starfighter, my thoughts make the sun shine brighter
I bust in a bitch mouth to make her teeth seem whiter
Roam like space drones through all time zones

Your face get blown, I make home, Bobby'll fuck Grace Jones
Mocha caps without lithium cristal
Raise the pendulum cuts through your ear tissue, Digital signal
Scramble your brain then we gain the visuals

Like Microsoft, I might micro-walk before the lights go off
You develic bitches, I give your tonsils eighty stitches
Bobby long storm, even fuck the Eastwick Witches