

# 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