

Mr Sandman

RZA

Lyrical shots from the glock
bust bullet holes on the chops I want the number one spot
With the science, of a giant
New York defiant, brutal like domestic violence
Silence of the Lambs, o-ccured when I slammed in
Foes grab their chairs, to be mad as Ralph Cramden
Others come with shit, as silly as Art Carney
But my Tetley triplizes, more kids than Barney
Never need for stress there's three bags of sess
a damn I rest, playing chess, yes
My thoughts be sneaky like a crook from Brooklyn
When you ain't lookin, I take the queen, with the rook then
I get vexed, layin phat trax on Ampex
Morphous God, gettin drunk, off a Triple X
Violent time, I got more love than valentines
The violent mind, I blast with a silent nine

My hazardous thoughts to cut the mic's life support short
Brains get stained like tablecloths when I let off
Powerful, poetry pushed past the point of no return
Leavin mics with third-degree burns
Let me at 'em, I cramp your style like a spasm
Track em through the mud then I bag em
We're screaming hardcore, hip-hop drips out my balls
and I be raw, for four score plus seven more
I strike like a bowling ball, holding y'all hostage
like hail, electrifying the third rail
Peep the smash on paragraphs of ruckus
Wu-Tang (Clan ain't nuttin ta fuck wit)
Hot time, summer in the city
My people re