

Murder one of y'all niggaz..  
Get to hurtin one of y'all niggaz..  
Bitches, snatch the shirt off one of y'all niggaz

... kick dirt  
Color glocks splitters just listen there's UFO visitors  
Fly paintings remainin, reclinin pro-comissioner  
One boot off he Rudolph, know he hyped flew off  
Hibernatin, dead in the makin, ear-rake him, gear-rake him  
Technician murderer, Wu hit the universe  
Our words is crush, fingers icy slush, ringers wants Mercedes bust  
Tip bottles, Movado, sailin in some Wu googles you follow  
Mail and jail letters, sendin niggaz lottos  
What made you murder my flow, what made you rival my clothes  
What made you -- fuck it, yo son these niggaz gotta owe  
I think a lot of flows, I flip exotic hoes  
We paintin pictures if it's (?) I seen a lot of those  
Gettin fly with Ghost, power just buy the boats  
RZA your vision is exquisite, daddy hide your scrolls  
Platonic chronic shows, tonic prose  
Off the meter Panasonic know, son line me a ho

Devestatin shockwaves strikin the nation  
Newsflash, warn the people, assassination  
The hour of detonation, pure untampered or mixed in any form  
In any form mixed untampered it's pure  
Dissect each line of the rhyme  
Find my ingredients and nutrients  
Teach patience and obedience before movement  
Killer bee student enrollment  
I'm out your control and expose if it's synthetic  
Quote these plush degrees as I inject, there's many at risk  
Slang therapist Shallah Rae  
plus the people, with magnificent wordplay

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Aiyyo you know the half, some get respect, most we show the path  
They quoted tracks while we spoke math, blowin fast  
Expose the craft, first picks chosen in the draft  
I don't flash, hoes love me cause I hold a stash  
Known to blast, paramedics couldn't close the gash  
Floatin past in an alley with the oak dash  
Show the cash, watch it blow in half, it's no fair  
They goin mad, check their tape recorders and their notepads  
Crabs wanna play me close and grab  
Can't believe you on the canvas, I'm just throwin jabs  
Where the powers you supposed to have, hand in your soldier rag  
You posin bad, show your ass son, you won't last  
With heavy weights that elevate the whole mass  
Compose a smash, rollin grass at Ghost lab