

# La Sinfonia Dei Topi

Afterhours

Featuring Masta Killa

[Afu-Ra]

Nine-nine style, you know what'm sayin? Comin at ya

This is how we do...

Parapalegic, my fighting stance too strategic

No shadows on my kicks too much cheap

Horrific, to be specific, I'm comin through with gugitzu

Bone-crushin, bone-breakin, as I get into

Scorpion styles, with the speed of a cheeta

Hit your pressure points with light skills I be the

Master, Iron palms is elemental

Combinations damaging nations in the mental

Cerebral cortex is obselete

You'll die ten times if your tryin to test me

Tae-ous master, rhyme styles disaster

Studied on the cliffs of mountains readin scrolls

Holdin it down, Iron Sheik, she come

Apprenticed in the temple with the ???

I went through torture, deadly styles I'm the author

Ingested metals, yeah, they make me supernova

Triple-spinnin, kicks, side-kicks, and hook-kicks

They comin chiller, so, you must be Masta Killa

Chorus: Afu-Ra

Its Afu, change my style, change the weather

Its Afu, change your mind, just too clever

Its Afu, all the weak styles I sever

Combinin two styles on the mic with Masta Killa

\*repeat\*

[Masta Killa]

Comin through, nuff respect due, check...

The great ones have searched for the richeous data

To show and prove and master the seperation of matter

The ?? rep, never lose conscience of self

Shed a cell, keep it moving factor

Sword swing in the temple, mental state, danger chamber

Eight yang slang, Wu-

Tang train vibrant soldiers in this rap game

Like that Shanghai, chinky-eyed chick from Bed Stuy

Win Chung from Lafayette, prophecy of Malcolm X

57 park it, might spark, it's the heart

One blood cell featuring Masta Kill

At