

Emergency Procedure

Ghostface Killah

Doctor X enter the crib, worked on the kid
Created a mask that allowed me to breathe
But couldn't extract the chemicals from my body
Poisonous lethal doses, comatosis
In and out of conscious, drugs is ferocious
The mass release the gas that simmer the soul
So my adrenaline stays level not out of control
I been contaminated, physically awkward
Got wrong for doing right, my attitude salted
I'm bitter, I clean up the community
Fuck these New York City cops
I don't need the 'mmunity

Fuck the hour one, prowl the doctor on speed dial
Slid to the aisle fixed up the golden child
Exquisite doctor, his work of art
Created a gas mask to save Tony Starks

I specialize in telekinesis, recognize the thesis
The leading expert on war, and weaponized diseases
The brilliant Doctor X, no scientist is colder
The master specifically protects you from Ebola
Its destruction is impossible, totally irrelevant
The compounds are not found on a periodic table of elements
Adamantium plus Vibranium the fords fills your bill
Will shield your cranium
If anyone would try to place the mask upon their face
The mask corrupts yah
It's designed to match your molecular structure
Plus the goal was to give it a touch of luster
To match the eagle bracelet adjust to your repulsive thrusters
Busta psychology, the wallaby that adapts to the environment
That's the militant technology
But I digress, I must confess
The mass is unequivocally my best invention yet, Doctor X

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