

Destruction Of A Guard

GZA

At the holy city of Mecca, Grey Flannel cologne
Crazy ammo get blown, wherever I sit, son
That is my throne (Raekwon: you know how we do it)

Aiyo, POP POP POP went the shots, who's to blame?
Three get dropped and removed from the game
One get knocked, now his whole life is changed
Cuz he's so far from free in a world that seem strange

I come from a place where they say, death comes too soon
Where the hoods on the block, dance to a different tune
Every night and every day, hotels of foul play
Turns fatal, when this hostile land of AK's
On any date, not wait to pump them rounds
The reminder; it's a murderer stomping ground
With one less witness, gunned down in the staircase
Who had led his crew, but he was moving at a snail's pace
Many suspects, many possible motives
Just kept coming with unstoppable explosives
The weak fold in these most extreme conditions
While the rivals quickly strengthen their position
The mission was to move in, with sheer brute force
And lives, they get lost, on a collision course
The streets are fascinating, so they gotta explore it more
But not without walking through some hurricane corridors
Become the most wanted, life can seem haunted
Thugs and agents who work closely up on it
Patriotic hustlers that kill for presidents
Conceal the truth, but can't hide the evidence
A man died holding some dice that he was shaking
Like a bank stop, but no valuables was taken
Shot at 8:45, but he died at 9
A video was the most precise witness to the crime

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The story had a familiar ring of truth
But it needed, a little more tangible proof
He was blown off the map, behind the aggravated kidnaps
Shrap' metal everywhere, the bomb was gift wrapped
The problem had become increasingly urgent
Since the product was nothing but bags of detergent
In all the years of war, this was the most
Vicious battle and mainly fought from up close
A bundle burglary, with no surprise
Just another sloppy murder that was in disguise
Now they can do nothing but hope and pray
That the boys don't come through with the scope and spray
Valuable time comes with a price to pay

Smoke on a deserted street, just a mile away
Tusslin' with those cannibals, right from the start
That'll rip out your heart, and consume the fattest part
Better watch from the eye of federal agents
Selecting cams, while they was disguised as vagrants
Not knowing that a prisoner had held the key
Of a co-defendant, he was so far from free
Detectives search into a distant past
Of a young gun who made the block grow fast
Narrow ducks who were cooked and came home to roast
The suspects would seek refuge off the coast

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Word up, holding it down
Holding the fort, nigga, youknowwhatisayin?
All we need is a bunch of red coats coming through
Stayin' official on some gangster shit
Bloodhounds, thirsty, lurking in the bushes
Yeah... (1. b4 Nf6 2. c4)