Just the Thought

Prefuse 73

Shit is traveling, hehe, yeah
Uh, and you don't dare stop
Come alive party people give me what you got
Uh, yeah, hidden gun spot

It don't take long to write a song, when the beat is strong
Check the bicep, flex the tricep
When I hold a microphone, you can't take it
When I start to spit the dart, you can't escape it
Trace it, and guide for you to write ya next shit
Supposed to be bitten, and sent three times a day
Fully automatic word spray, hold 'em at bay
Red dragon slay, turn M.C.'s to souffle
M.K. outta B.K., flight outta J.F.K., on his way to the U.K.
Heard the fans wanna see me and GZA perform
When Math throw the "Liquid Sword" on, we gettin' on

Check it, darts fly, through the air, hit the M.C.
I lay 'em all out, til my clip is empty
No one can take the hate, from the Clan
We execute, carry out the plan
My pen glides across the paper, like skates on ice
Makin' rappers think twice
You don't want to enter this deadly chamber
Even on the same track, you still a stranger
Just the thought, raise the hair on your skin
And once you step in, you feel the forceful winds
Prefuse 73, lace the track, and the DJ
Put many cuts on your back
Even in the foreign land, we still reign supreme
Whether solo, or the entire team
All over the globe, we represent the hip hop
Hoes and forces are bound to get dropped, what?

Wu World Wide, GZA, Masta Killa
Saga continues...

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