

Cappadonna, '96 Recreation (demo)

Cappadonna
Miscellaneous

'96 Recreation (demo)

I conquer my opponent, and feed him baby food
Cuz he's childish and illiterate, and ye has been rude
To the father year me, o-r-i-g
Respond to the war wit the killa bee law

[ol' dirty bastard]

Scavenger nigga, you's a shhriimp
A full line of shhiit, my ear can digest iit
Stop drinkin all that water, let's take it to the land
So i can godzilla up your shit mister tiny tim man
Niggas be creepin up my beanstalk
When i start to come down on your fuckin ass
You tried to chop shit on up
Played my shit like parks bitch, i'm that

[rza]

Legendary microphone's weaponry
You secondary bitch-ass fairies
Scary cats won't survive this verbal attack
You think you're slang can match
The wu-tang, emphatically now cypher
You fake crumbs, you should be stung on your tongue
While you young guns bunge, we plunge into the grunge
Deep into the dark dungeon, we come in one wind
Nine minds combine to form the wisest rhyme force to summon
I be the quoted mathematical combination
Unloadin mysteries of life, you feel my solar wind blowin

[cappadonna]

Just then, i came on the stage like wind
Blew slang in your face and it touch your skin
You felt chilly, just like you smoked a bag of illy
You need a coat just to protect your throat
Two pairs of socks, kid i'm cold like ice rise
Chap-lipped duds can't fuck wit the chatterbox
Cherry heads felt the draft of the ox
Shaolin niggas won't fuck wit one block *pause*
Broke forgot about half the slang murderer
Down wit the union big street sling murderer
Terrorizin, move i'm tranquelizin
Fast getaway wit the slow speed drivin
Two miles an hour, cappa do it wit the power
Somebody blow something, cut fool in the tower