

# 1112 (feat. Masta Killa, Killah Priest & Njeri)

## GZA

Bobby said, "Fuck spending fifty on a whip, buy equip"  
Mental flip, he got a thousand tracks stored on a chip  
Said he had mad toys to make noise  
He split and separate drums like asteroids  
The concerned producer sampled this question  
Hit him with the beat for the answer with extra compression  
My sound travel, it quickly grab you  
And equalize the pitch up, until it have you  
Bugged out, tryna think you can match this  
The portraits are too graphic  
Panoramic view for you, stamp Wu  
The beats are Gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic  
We roadblocked it, checkpoints on your next joint  
Now who the nigga you anoint?  
700 volts on the track to slay  
Murderous wordplay displayed from killing cascades  
Throwing bullets in the air to test wind  
Which way the cyclone spin? Counter or clockwise?  
Still civilized  
Kill spies on the wall as still flies, all dies  
Give no extension on the lynching  
It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned  
It's the aura that's felt that causes one to flash his gun  
And reveal how he really feel, confirmed  
He'll never live after the show  
See the promoter for the dough I'm taking, breaking his wax  
Throwing my shit on to perform the selection from the Swarm  
Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday  
My ninjas lay in ravines and ditches underneath shrubs and leaves  
They breathed through underwater reefs  
The enemy walks above, Clan remains subterranean in mud  
Off shore banks, tanks approach the location  
Bombarded by the circle of death formation  
Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude strikes  
Shattering bulletproof helmets with shrapnel fragments of cell  
Inhale these venomous thoughts that I propel  
Through the north facility, the city must suffer  
At the hand of the Chief's command, volts are sent  
At three minute intervals the heat intensifies

Deadening the power from electrical fences  
Defences are down, shake a nigga up  
Bounce him off the sound  
You know what I'm saying?  
The God ca-diver, in the streets of Iris  
We talk about sex, money and drugs  
(Ruled by power) And y'all cats don't know  
What it's about (Love and power)  
It goes deeper than what you see on TV  
Killah Priest, come on Burning desire, ebony eyes  
Painted toenails, legacies die  
Women by the well, Egyptian queens  
Arabian sheiks paid to knock off rich kings for the joy some sing  
Graveyards filled with scarlet widows  
Who stabbed they husbands sleeping on silk pillows  
Blood on they robes, disguised as beggar in cheap wool clothes  
Lambs and wolves in black hoods pull out they gats  
Like magic wands, casting spells, sending niggas to Hell  
Trapping they souls in realms  
Baptize them with Holy Water  
Springing on the heads of plenty witches' daughters  
Interviews with the richest reporters, silent nights over Nevada  
A thousand Muslims bow before the Kaaba  
Hebrews flee to the hills of Masada  
For the love of God, guns make a loud sound  
I'mma show you how thugs get down  
Shootouts, bullets turn into bloodhounds and hunt you down  
Cursed nation, lost generation  
X-Files found them in the future as cosmic rulers  
Fallen angels from space intruders  
Dying saints, blood spilled on the floor like wet paint  
See it in the pictures, read it like the lost scriptures  
Absorb it with your 100 proof liquor I shot the sheriff and the deputy secondly  
Threatening the lives of those who threaten me  
Lessening my chances of defeat by predetermining the victory  
As taught by Sun Tzu in the chapter, after the third one  
I heard my word shall be born, regardless to anything or anyone  
Or else I die by the gun, my life has just begun  
Thought I was living all along, but I was wrong  
This long road I have to travel in countless battles  
These filthy snakes with poison fangs and rattles  
Kings, queens and pharaohs change to cattle  
Unable to duck the Devil's arrow  
Singing that his eye's on the sparrow, mind narrow  
Superstitions, horoscopes and tarots

'Hark Heralds Angels' and Christmas carols  
Graven images hang from the mantels  
Man-made slaves in modern day Babel  
Brought from Africa in golden robes and sandals  
By wicked thieves and vandals  
Who manhandled us with leather whips and burning candles  
And rambled through our castle, leaving niggas shambles  
Stole our golden sodas like some Arab camels  
We gazed, amazed and baffled as he loaded his ammo  
Into the barrel and blasted out our bone marrow  
We were the Gretel and the Hansel, tricked by this wicked jackal  
Children of my grand-old-daddy have me  
In mind when they're lost in this wilderness blind

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