Rough Cut

Kid Frost

[Intro: Armel]
Uh-huh, GZA, uh, RZA, uh

[Armel]
Listen, if ya'll can spit, we can spit, please get it together
Cuz anything you can do, I can do better
Your imagine material looks, hotter behind looks
Raise the fear, no one, but self, who's shook?
Bring the plague like the revelations in the holy book
Who's spot you took? Duke off the hook
I'm from the land of the crook, life quit the end
Better known as the Brook, rather tape then lend
There's a lot of wack records, but this ain't one of them
DJ's off the books, go 'head put the gun at them
All groupie M.C.'s, I'm bout to start stunnin' 'em
Don't matter what crew, every last one of 'em
It's gettin' crowded in here, some acts got to go
Let's start by eliminatin' groups that can't flow
I better meal my deal, my career with no fear
That none of ya'll group can touch what's over here

[Chorus: GZA]
These rough cut metal tapes
Quick to break your label mates, won't hesitate
Negotiate your table stakes, you can't flow right
Or fuck with me on no night
Fuck the slow light, you need to get your show right

[Prodigal Sunn]
Yo Justice, how many M.C.'s must get pistol whipped?
Crack faces with bottles of Crys', hollow tips gobble lips
That's the penalty for poppin' that shit
Vanish in a colorless whip, bags of grip
Doo-rags and clips, tag the strip
You had the chance to advance, I'm sorry for the holes in your hip
Son, It's the way of the street merchant, live by the laws, die by the rules
My gleam play the part of a fool

Now hear these jewels from a wise king, see what my eyes seen
Ten year supreme, the theme, we sizzle-line and triple CREAM
My grip'll off that digital bream, visual scene
Roll footage on your video screen
Globe patrol, Two On The Road, we never fold
Snub react, GZA mack eliminate tracks
Stimulate phat, Sunzini, nigga, gifted and black
Now watch me mack to the kingdom of rap

[12 O'Clock]
Give me a beat, nigga dealin' battles like a thief
Done killed more niggas than Jason in part 3
Stay Wu, on the graveyard and this label
Dum dums, that battle 12 O'Clock, now it's able
So what, looked up and made the bitches clap
That was because my style's clothes, not the raps
Ain't that shit, props for the clothing
Should of brought a mirror, cuz lyric wasn't rollin'
My rhymes is all that and yours ain't shit
And at a party, your bitch takin' crazy flicks of me
She said I was nigga celebrity
But I'm from the slums, with the bums drinkin' Hennesey
Take a sip of some Jamaican rum
Put fire to my lung, tongue, teeth and gums
When it comes out my mouth, shit's hot and it burns
Make fools out of bitches like I'm Howard Stern

[Chorus 2X]

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