

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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