

Assassination Day

Ghostface Killah

It's assassination day

I move through the third world, my third eye's the guiding light

Invite the fight, we all die tonight

The life I live's a twenty-five to life bid

Parole reneged, I stroll the globe fugitive

CREAM is short, Cee Ciper Power stalk, plus the fiend talk

Three Gs the cost in Supreme Court

White lies and blackmail land me back in jail

We're all for sale, a stolen goal but it fail

Stranded on the front line

I shine to the dumb and blind

It comes time I take back what was once mine

Crunch time in the first quarter

From the worst slaughter

Devil's poisoning the birth water

The earth daughter rest her head on my chest

Through the struggle we cuddle under half-moon crest

While the press plant fear and exploit the gun blasting

Central broadcasting is shackling, nerves are unfastened

Trapped in deep water, gasping

I clash with the titans for my half on the action

I stop producers careers, the weak spot was the ears

Scorpion darts hits the mark

Pierce the heart with silver spears

You're bewildered

My unsaturated, low filtered

Devils still feel this so you're living build tilted

MC's upon their axis, their body hazard tactic

Lactic acid, desert drop cactus, practice

You can never match this invincible

Wu-Tang indispensable

One nation under God

Indivisible

With liberty and justice

The mic is in my clutches

Thugs who bring ruckus leave in crutches

Unforgivable snakes face the double-edged swords starts to swivel

Decapitates the head, makes the projects more livable
Interchangeable, caution: flammable
My chamber is ninety-nine plus one unnameable angles
And strangles, microphone cords start to dangle
Silent as the gases that pass throughout your anal
Retreat through your doors
Seep out like sweat through the pores
Destroy your internal organs with the biological warfare

First of all before we move on, this shit is like a Yukon, don
Spread it out like Grey Poupon
Splurging, merging in the suburbs
Using this just like an adverb
Action word, flowing like a blackbird
God came in, aiming like Terry Bradshaw
He hit the crash bar, stay relaxed God
His shit is smashed Pa
You handle this just like algebra
UFO spot 'em like Galaga
Holding like bullet-proof Acuras
You so fly, yeah right, you want to get me high
Yo Bobby, you hear how I'm shooting it like they blue tops know
You won't play me like your lady
Pay me three-eighty spit it at you like a baby
Final destination Haiti

War's extremely serious and it saddens me
To have to take tings to deadly measures
And have you measured and shot for no pay
It's assassination day I stalk my enemy like prey
Tranqued by deceptional sounds that deceives
And lures MC's to the lair
With a mic-like bait, then awaits to be bitten by greed
Temptation tempts my victim to proceed
Forward, ignorance wouldn't allow retreat
You'd rather pursue death than admit defeat
Now who's best to describe for what I specialize in
Murderous rhyming, constantly inclining
My mind spits with an enormous kickback
Your brain didn't absorb the impact
Disorderly conduct from the crowd is the feedback

It's assassination day

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