

# Koto Chotan

Rza

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Yo, yo, Ruler Zig-Zag-Zag Allah, I'm not reneggin'  
I don't fuck with dead pigeons or the pigskin  
You fuckin' fake 85 percent snake  
Derelict ass bitch, your class in dead weight  
Ain't no fire escape from hell, every devil ain't pale  
I blast like H.G. Wells, 'War of the Worlds'  
Allah is Lord of all, you sure to fall  
Collapse like the Berlin Wall, while I'm just hurlin' y'all  
Lightin' bolts by writin' quotes  
Strikin' jolts that frightenin' to adults  
A to Zig-Zag you get smacked, all in a shit bag  
Bust like the sperm bag, because your germ had  
You on some ol' fake thug shit  
Drunk from the drink, gassed up by the drug shit  
Wrong analysis, kidney shot cause dialysis  
While the Gods rebuildin' Jerusalem, golden palaces  
Babes in Wonderland wonderin' where the fuck Alice is  
While you're jerkin' your dick catchin' mad callouses  
Slave labor steel drivin' like John Henry  
Layin' down underground tracks for nine pennies  
Huh, get you amped off the anthem  
Yeah, I get you amped off the uh  
Yeah, look, another smash hit  
My niggas from the Boulevard  
East New York Squad in the yard gettin' ripped, at least 25 a clip  
A 100 men stompin' your face the wolves barkin'  
Careful, you might get trampled, caught flashin'  
Wrap him in the maskin' tape, Jimmy Baskin  
Murder was the case when the crowd break fool  
Iron Mic Duel, held down by the poolside  
Along came a spider spun spools in the cipher  
Swing with all your might, lead spray from the sawed-off pipe  
Stenographer type, the ghetto hype slang  
Flow like water off the brim in the rain  
No escapin', Iron Maiden, check matin'  
Grandmaster Flash spinnin', P.F. cuttin'  
The sticky Ave. gooey, roll in the frontal leaf  
Jamel Irief smash teef in be

Some people lyrics ain't hot  
My delivery is ill on the mic and I rock  
So hot, this stage should be a stainless steel pot  
Leavin' burnin' pains Neosporin couldn't stop  
On cats who couldn't rock would shook 'cause I drop 'em  
Fear is a problem in this game if you got 'em  
My mic I carry the heat for rappers playin' possum  
'Fraid that I'm a see 'em, spit a rhyme, lyrically drop 'em  
Just to say I got 'em, but it's realer than that  
I'm about more than what you see and what I speak in my rap  
So be conscious of that grand told you  
"Watch the quiet ones, you didn't get it?"  
You think that you could rip a chick who spit her lyrics  
Pretty rhymes so tight my lyrics did it  
Got you open and it worked it and you won't admit it  
Hopin' that we both forget it  
These ain't no one night stand lyrics  
I'm never really finished  
Got you duckin', tryin' to pivot, beware  
Next time, come wit' it  
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