

# Impossible (f. Tekitha)

## Wu-Tang Clan

[RZA] Yo... check check it  
[Tekitha] You can never defeat  
[RZA] Yo check the method of this shit right here one time  
[Tekitha] The Gods  
[RZA] Sparkin your braincells to the upmost  
[Tekitha] Impossible  
[RZA] Unlimited epidemics bein spread  
[Tekitha] You can never defeat  
[RZA] You know, we try and add on for y'all niggas  
[Tekitha] The Gods  
[RZA] Yo, yoVerse One: RZAFusion of the five elements, to search for the higher intelligence  
Women walk around celibate, livin irrelevant  
The most benelovent king, communicatin through your dreams  
Mental pictures been painted, Allah's heard and seen  
everywhere, throughout your surroundin atmosphere  
Troposphere, thermosphere, stratosphere  
Can you imagine from one single idea, everything appeared here  
Understanding makes my truth, crystal clear  
Innocent black immigrants locked in housing tenemants  
Eighty-Five percent tenants depend on welfare recipients  
Stapleton's been stamped as a concentration camp  
At night I walk through, third eye is bright as a street lamp  
Electric microbes, all body clothes  
Taking telescope pictures of globe, babies getting pierced with microchips  
stuffed inside their earlobes, then examined  
Blood contaminated, vaccinated, lives fabricated  
Exaggerated authorization, Food and Drug Administration  
Testin poison in prison population  
My occupation to stop the innauguration of Satan  
Some claim that it was Reagan, so I come to slay men  
like Bartholemew, cause every particle is physical article  
was diabolical to the last visible molecule  
A space night like Rom, consume planets like Unicron  
Blasting photon bombs from the arm like GalvatronVerse Two: you-GodUnited Nations, gun fire style patient  
Formulatin rap plural acapella occupation  
Conquer land like Napoleon, military bomb fest  
We want sanitary food, planetary conquest  
Thug peoples on some hardco' body shit  
Get your shit together 'fore the fuck Illuminati hit

Dreams is free in escape of sleep  
For a fool peep jewels, keep tools for tough time  
The rule of rough mind, elevate, stay behind  
The sun gotta shine, keep on, cremate  
the whole Babylon, times up, move on  
Kings on your pawn, checkmate, no fakes  
opposed through the gate, case closed  
Things get froze, when it comes time, chosen ones  
were holding guns, we take flight with no fright  
and attack, never fear cause our words is clear  
What's been done can't be undone Son, we can't care  
Cause the last days and times are surely here  
Snakes and flakes get blown, by the righteous ones  
Divine minds bind, we unified as one  
Half of black hope, we half broke, smoke a bowl of weed shit  
Our everlastin answers stay flyin over Egypt  
Chorus: Tekitha For you to defeat, the Gods  
Impossible, you can never... defeat

The Gods, impossible  
For you to defeat, the Gods  
Verse Three: Ghostface Killah  
Call an ambulance, Jamie been shot, word to Kemit  
Don't go Son, nigga you my motherfuckin heart  
Stay still Son, don't move, just think about Keeba  
She'll be three in January, your young God needs you  
The ambulance is taking too long  
Everybody get the fuck back, excuse me bitch, gimme your jack  
One, seven one eight, nine one one, low battery, damn  
Blood comin out his mouth, he bleedin badly  
Nahhh Jamie, don't start that shit  
Keep your head up, if you escape hell we gettin fucked up  
When we was eight, we went to Bat Day to see the Yanks  
In Sixty-Nine, his father and mines, they robbed banks  
He pointed to the charm on his neck  
With his last bit of energy left, told me rock it with respect  
I opened it, seen the God holdin his kids  
Photogenic, tears just burst out my wig  
Plus he dropped one, oh shit, here come his Old Earth  
With no shoes on, screamin holdin her breasts with a gown on  
She fell and then lightly touched his jaw, kissed him  
Rubbed his hair, turned around the ambulance was there  
Plus the blue coats, Officer Lough, took it as a joke  
Weeks ago he strip-searched the God and gave him back his coke  
Bitches yellin, Beenie Man swung on Helen  
In the back of a cop car, dirty tarts are tellin  
But suddenly a chill came through it was weird  
Felt like my man, was cast out my heaven now we share  
Laid on the stretcher, blood on his Wally's like ketchup

Deep like the full assassination with a sketch of it  
It can't be, from Yohoo to Lee's  
Second grade humped the teachers, about to leave  
Finally this closed chapter, comes to an end  
He was announced, pronounced dead, y'all, at twelve ten  
Intro: Raekwon and Tekitha  
Now what my man is  
trying to tell y'all  
Is that across the whole globe (you can never)  
The murder rates is increasin, and we decreasin (you can never)  
So at the same time, when you play with guns  
When you play with guns Son (you can never defeat)  
That causes the conflict of you goin against your own (the Gods)  
You hear me, so let's pay attention  
Straight up and down, cause this is only a story  
From the real

Songwriters

WILSON, MARIE / HUDSON, MARK / VALLANCE, JIM

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