

Impossible (Feat. 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 utmost
[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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