Feel Like An Enemy

Gza

[Hell Razah]
Yeah, yeah yo
I'm like a whirlwind spinnin wit words of wisdom
In the ghetto only promised a hearse and system
We complete like the solar system
Play your space, I get hungry off of treble and bass and beat breaks
Everyday be a court date recorded on tape
Hell Raizah grab the mic and send your show to a wake
Cut off a snakehead the same way I cut off dead weight
We negotiate wit .38's in a ?nor? face
GZA came wit the Liquid Swords killin you all
I'm the virus in the street that'll get in your paws
See me jumpin outta four-doors wit my road dogs
All you soldiers want wars when you don't know laws
You be a rap fraud, knock you off the top of Billboard
Besides keyboards, only thing I love is the Lord
G-G Maccabee, K-P-P rapidly
Aiyyo Prodical, niggas is charged wit blasphemy

Chorus [Hell Razah]
AND ALL THAT HARD ROCK SHIT (charged wit blasphemy)
AND IF YOU'RE FEELIN LIKE AN ENEMY (come after me)

[Killah Priest]
I heard the sweet words from sour tongues
Vent poison in the ears of the ?grown-z's? dead head for years
Shed a tear for the underwear under the stairs
Left naked in the shame from hunger and fear
Shots were fired in the darkest moments
Niggas missed they targets, hit the homeless when the chrome spit
Sacreligious, days of atonement
Sing a praise wit a peace pipe for niggas I zone wit
Priest I blow bread amongst twelve thugs
Drunk a cup of blood
We trained the same time Peter sprayed a slug
We all trapped in this dream scared to wake up
I seen a phantom whisper, grim shadows, shows a blurry picture
Streets are filled wit goons and bloody niggas
I seen my friend fall, clutchin holdin his stomach

Caught him off-guard, foldin his hundred
It's like a life never ends, never know when it's comin

[Trigga]
Vocal imbalance, a code of silence converses violent
Live from medalion, ?nometry? dealin equality
You could stop to see profiles of me
Mic styles of me, lifestyles of me
Parallel prophecy, three-sixty degree
Complete the formation, salute the salvation
A Wu nation, do the knowledge no hatin
No misbehavin, lyrical affiliation
Artist in occupation together maintainin
Brain stainin, metaphor mutilatin
This generation, a misleading calculation
No elevation, time wastin and live chasin

[Prodigal Sun]
A day and night crime scene, livin in the time machine
Blaze a lime green, six on the spleen over some green
Surrounded by crooks, a life wit jux and bloody heist
It's a deadly price but the gun fiend for ice price
In this hell puzzle filled wit bitches, money and trouble
Stitches, for dummy knuckles crummy fuckin up the hustle
It's a struggle, in jungle wit sin we fondle men
Plus a prison, ain't no division and no religion
And inner city chronicle, thugs get caught up astronomical
Cash phenomenal, blast at your abdominal
Niggas is comical, fuckin wit the abominal
Son, I promise you, you won't live to see tomorrow
Catch a slug in the back of your head at the Apollo
I'm a hard act to follow, rugged Smith like Rollo
(Let's mark that ass nigga)

Chorus 3x

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