

# Impossible (feat. Tekitha)

## Wu-Tang Clan

Yo, check check it  
(You can never defeat)  
Yo, check the method of this shit right here one time  
Sparkin' your braincells to the utmost  
(The Gods)  
(Impossible)Unlimited epidemics bein' spreaded  
(You can never defeat)  
You know, we try and add on for y'all niggas  
(The Gods)  
Yo, yoFusion 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 seenEverywhere, throughout your surroundin' atmosphere  
Troposphere, thermosphere, stratosphere  
Can you imagine from one single idea, everything appeared here  
Understanding makes my truth, crystal clearInnocent black immigrants locked in housing tenements  
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 lampElectric microbes, robotic probes  
Taking telescope pictures of globe, babies getting pierced with microchips  
Stuffed inside their earlobes, then examined  
Blood contaminated, vaccinated, lives fabricatedExaggerated authorization, Food and Drug Administration  
Testin' poison in prison population  
My occupation to stop the inauguration of Satan  
Some claim that it was written, so I come to slay menLike Bartholomew, 'cause every particle is physical article  
Was diabolical to the last visible molecule  
A space night like Rom, consume planets like Unicorn  
Blasting photon bombs from the arm like GalvatronUnited Nations, gun fire style patient  
Formulatin' rap plural acapella occupation  
Conquer land like Napoleon, military bomb fest  
We want sanitary food, planetary conquestThug 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 timeThe 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 fakesOpposed 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  
For you to defeat, the Gods  
    Impossible, you can never defeat  
        The Gods, impossible  
For you to defeat, the Gods  
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  
Nah 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  
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

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