

# Rumble

## Studio Allstars

[U-God]Countdown...  
Are you ready? Are you mad inside?  
Got you strapped down to your seats  
Outta the doorway, bullets ripped, full clip  
God speed, approach follow my lead  
Firewinds gust, empire crush  
Full thrust, fall in the hole, roll wit the rush  
Untouchable chunk of ?air, wax and soul?  
Soundwaves slay out the back, ?cave? smoke  
My belly-full prance dance, avalanche quote  
Down slope, elegant as Fantasia  
Killer whale tale inhale, black male from Asia  
All out the wood works, hood shirts and wizards  
No match, unhatch, the rap is rigid  
In the shaft, shotty cop, hip hop to the limit  
Nightwatch, pad mark  
Sparks spin a quake nuclear blast, heavy on the cash  
Gimmie what it takes NOW!!  
[Chorus (U-God) 2x]RAGE ROCK ROLL FIGHT  
BRAWL FALL RUMBLLLLLLEEE!!!  
[Letha Face]The diabolic witty, dialect's darker than Gotham City  
Wit the possibilty to stop your walkin ability  
God forgive me, spark enemies wit pistol grips  
The missle tip's impact hit you so hard, you shit through your dick  
Official scripts strikes when physical hits  
You physical bitch, watch for the imperial blitz, serious shit  
Submit, subject to the wreck wartone, and thought poems  
Liver than WWF Warzone  
Walk upon ? tracks, bodies collapse  
Rap for lottery stacks, shatter like when pottery cracks  
Logical facts from the terror dome  
Spill from the guts, trail to you ?puss? from where you bust  
In God you now entrust  
Dog you like hound and mutts, Pound Pups get sound struck  
Clown what? You'll get drowned in the cut  
While crowd round up  
[Chorus 2x][Inspectah Deck]  
Aiyyo yo  
I spit bars

Travellin tremendous speed measurin far  
    Been bustin satellites circlin Mars  
Verbal onslaught, bring forth physical force  
Of a hundred wild niggas piled in a Trojan Horse  
    Thought method, set it on generic mic ethic  
    Professional neck shit, left foes beheaded  
    This music, is mind control like computer chips  
    Been doin this for numerous years, refuse to lose it  
    Wit turbo tactics, manuever like a trained soldier  
    Hall of Fame flame thrower, take game, it's game over  
        Ayatollah, high roller nine totter  
        Mind controller, 2009 time folder  
        My coalition, bring the demolition  
Wu-blade decision, slate the competition, wit no intermission  
    Spittin hazardous darts, up front like Rosa Parks  
        Makin million men march  
[Chorus 2x][Method Man]Yo, who got next? Meth got next  
    I chin check, all these MC's line em up god, I go ? hard  
        Declare holy war, it be hard to dip and dodge  
        Police squads tryin to bogard, we rip and rob  
    The boulevard ain't safe for your kids, that's how it is  
    In the ghetto, we ain't scared to death, but scared to live  
        So Goldy, mosey to the spot, get that moldy  
        Rusty-ass .38 Special, niggas owe me  
        Slowly I turn, face the one and only  
Naughty By Nature, I Do My Dirt All By My Lonely  
    Ask Pretty Tony, when I got a bitch I keeps a bitch  
        36 Chambers, Enter at your own risk  
        Take that watch off and tuck your necklace  
        City never sleeps, streets is restless  
    Rap style'll slave you, when you least expect it  
    Pull the plug on your respirator, leave you breathless  
    Wu-Tang forever and a day, better warn your boys  
        I deploy battleship rap, seek and destroy  
[Chorus 2x]

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