

# Pencil

## GZA, RZA & Masta Killa

The echo chamber enhance the flow with the block party  
Keep an MC head spinnin' like Dark Bacardi, this BAC is 2.3  
Now the liver's damaged, but his lungs are joint free  
So inhale, exhale, breathe and get well Kick somethin' live stop chirpin' like Nextel  
I'm all in together, a swordsman forever  
I paint the town red with many heads are severed  
R-A-W, I still bring trouble to Throw your raps in the sleep hold, quick to smother you  
Dart hit your breastplate, meet ya death date  
Rook down to E4 look, it's checkmate  
No other way to describe a catastrophe  
The Clan was drawin' blood and displayed it graphically  
Direct order, hit the border, then slaughter  
Horrific torture by prolific authors  
Shape and mold MC's, like I'm playin' the skelly top It's gettin', Hot In Here  
Like the single that Nelly dropped  
So take ya clothes off, the track is so soft  
A little rock'll turn 'em into Ivan Koloff Why do the Gods make MC's study from  
Thirty five, and fifty year, then try to become  
Under the study with the sword above the head  
So he would keep in mind under the open pledge Fierce fencing, somethin' so sharp  
Piercing, swords cling, the vigilant intimate  
Close combat, this is MC'ing at it's best  
But there is no contest, sent I'm this  
You could never test, this and try to question this  
He so gifted with the swiftness, godfather civilization  
Shell casin', universal nation  
Could he be the one predicted? Presidential sent in  
Old school soul to war us, be the growlest  
Asiatic arctic flow is so frigid Is it the zig zag? Coming to pay you a visit  
Somehow mistake me as an old wise wizard  
World, I'm not the same  
I go somewhere, don't remember how I came Is it the weed, the hash or the 'caine?  
Or the Digi being stained on my brain?  
Appear from a cloud of smoke, the rotor's on choke  
If surrounded, seven men drop from one stroke Even if my feet was shackled down and one hand cuffed  
To defeat me, ten demon's wouldn't be enough  
I sleep in the lion's den without the steel iron  
Ascended like Wu, so coming down from Mt. Zion Superlogical this, superlogical that  
Digital, take it back with superlogical rap

Have a shootout at midnight, the let's see who's quicker  
Forty four colt jolt, all you seen was the flicker  
You distressed like the damsel, lost like little Hansel  
Your flame couldn't generate the heat of a candle  
Me, I be a Killa Bee, keepin' auxilery  
Ol' plated the desert e, shoot ten millime  
Faster than millipede, you try to intercede  
Your body being found in the naval yard artillery  
A black blind governor, a rich white mayor  
Man, this whole city ain't got a prayer  
Bobby has invaded, now the whole town's slated  
Your decapitated head is being taken down paraded  
Up and down the avenue, I drive a shatterproof  
Benz and all my men's are tattle proof  
My mic is a dyke, my life is a light  
A day to God is a thousand years, how long is a night?  
You get trapped in my shadow of dark- hark, who goes there?  
Power-U smells like carp, don't put your nose there  
Drop you to a tank of sharks, your wound's bleedin'  
And it's been two weeks since they had their last feedin'  
Ain't nothin' but bones, we plotted the sand  
And spread it out, over twenty acres of land  
Some call me steels, 'cause it's hard to bend me  
C-Cypher Pigs can't apprehend me  
In a no smokin' zone, I smoke bones of hash  
Niggas see me, then I disappear in the flash  
Next time I'm spotted, I got the fatter wallet  
Movin' with a click that stick like dry porrage  
Someone's been sittin' in my chair, who goes there?  
To sub zero cold, your words can't flow here  
Glaciers of ice, plus layers of spice  
Say your prayers at night, 'fore you touch that mic  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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