Friction (feat. Masta Killa)

Inspectah Deck

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Is you ready? Back by popular demand
Murderous specialist tactics
Wu-Tang Clan, no rehearsal or practice
Niggaz ain't ready for this, niggaz ain't ready for this
Niggaz ain't ready for thisChrome dips beamin' off July sun rays
Trees are fade, blendin' with the side burn shades
Cotton club status, clientel, SL, heavy jewel
Niggaz jail, young niggaz screw wellSwingin' like Smokey on the slow beat
Shiny walker hold me, closely as I mosey on the low key
If you don't know by now, you'll never know me
You know me, I swing it to the young ins and the OG'sWitnessed by notary public, certified rough shit
Does it feel good, how was it?
Gritty like the subway tracks
My protocol permanate like graffiti on the project wallsOn the AWOL, alias Jamal Duval
Roam through the universe, plans of roamin' it all
In the meantime, in between time, we shine
Dangerous minds travel on this uphill climbIf you want some, get some, this is it, son, this one
Make 'em feel the friction
Guaranteed hit, son, miss none
Flip one, you better bring your big gunSome niggaz I'd rather not spar minds with
They can't simulate my thoughts or fuck with
Creative testosterone, mic-phone calms
The menopausable hormone quakage
Trapped like estrogen, we makin', all of the aboveSupremely I hold my shit, when I run, I hesitate to stomp the come
Bring water from the brain, nigga
They tried to send me back, but still I came
Tera form mind frame contains elements of iron which began steelHealin' men life, Allah just brought me forth to bust mine
This time I spare no one, poison sword seed technique
Breathe the earth, take the head of those and feed 'em to the universe
Blessed with volts of electric, life threatnin' segments, it's hecticIf you want some, get some, this is it, son, this

one
Make 'em feel the friction
Guaranteed hit, son, miss none
Flip one, you better bring your big gunPoetry in motion, east to west coastin'
Overseas blowin' with lines tightly woven
Still goin' full speed, pullin' g's
Tryin' to eat 'til my mouth gets too full to feedI excel, cast spells similar to Merlin
Mic surgeon, hang like Dr. J. Erving
Splurg inner city like uncensored version
Mergin' with the fast lane, stained with the urbanWord in the street, his work was dirt teeth
Synthetically weak, make the fans start beef
Any comeback attempts would only be in repeats
They soon fall off, be mentally lost beyond reachMy technique's heat leaves a permanent crease
Plant my 2 feet, shootin' with the quick release
Never cease fire from a street called Desire
The sire, disturbin' the peace with c-ciphersWho dare comes amongst and tries to peep it
The secret of the deadly art, then leak it
Snakes, leeches surround the righteous
I link the diversion shot, then slip with the swiftnessThe weaver raindrop, leavin' the eye confused
Understandin' blurred, cloudy electrical storms occur
From the Masta, classical head bang slangThe deaf tone rises like the blind and dumb
Lickin' shots at the microphone, Iron Lung
We the first to set off shit, last to run
Who want some, come and get some, motherfuckerIf you want some, get some, this is it, son, this one
Make 'em feel the friction
Guaranteed hit, son, miss none
Flip one, you better bring your big guns

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