

# Then And Now

Masta Killa

[Intro: Justice]

Yeah... what? What?

Justice.. yeah.. check it out

[Justice:]

I never hesitate to drop a verse, I rhyme first  
Repeat it so often, it's well rehearsed  
Rap stars, come through, rock the universe  
I watch from afar just to see what they be doing first  
Some was at they worst, dying of thirst  
Others push through like the troops in Iraq, yo  
But what did Bush do? See, I don't know a thing about politics  
But flowing to the beat, is as dirty as my collar gets  
The wildest child is gifted and talented  
But change they style, will never wanna challenge it  
You telling me to rhyme to the melody  
I take time with my words like I'm in the spelling bee  
If I don't make the grade, I don't make the record  
Once that's accomplished, then my rhymes respect it  
As long as we stay on track, and then  
We can rhyme back to back, whatever, kid

[Chorus: Shamel Irief]

One, two, we coming with the Wu  
Three, four, we knocking at your door  
Five, six, we eat them grits  
Seven, to the eight, we don't hate  
Nine to the ten, and we still wanna win..  
(Wanna win, wanna win...)

[Shamel Irief:]

Yo, I terrorize shorty with the Iron Palm  
When I step on stage, I clutch the mic strong  
That melody was flowing, while that beat was going  
When the waves connect in my ear, that pen starts going  
Cuz when I get on the mic, I rock it so ill  
That's why they call me the Little Masta Kill'  
I'm like rock and stone, put together  
These dudes come in my face like "blah blah whatever"  
So I had to hit the dude in the chest, B  
These little fake MC's just want to test me  
I thought I told you before, I'm not a toy  
I'm just a young boy, what? Doing my thing  
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, with the Brooklyn slang, come on

[Chorus]

[Young Prince:]

Wu-Tang Clan Killa Beez  
Rock all my enemies, with the double D's  
Double CD's, ride for the enemies  
With the rocking-the-mic right, roll up with the typewrite  
Rocking my Nike Flight, ballin' with the nice  
And I'm rippin' the mic right, and you know who it is  
It's the Young kid P, from the Brooklyn side  
Brooklyn's Finest, Brownsville  
Knew our attack, and what the gats do, Plaza, all day, baby

[Outro: Masta Killa]  
Yeah... can't lose, and we still gon' win forever  
Young Godz forever  
Peace to the Gods and the Earths forever  
Kareem Just, Shamel Irief, the Young Prince  
Yeah, yeah, Allah Just you know how do this thing, man