

# Uncontrolled Substance (feat. Shadii)

## Inspectah Deck

\*eerie winds blow\*  
\*winds die down as beat drops\*It had to be this way  
This is for real  
Nobody said it would be easy  
So let it be (ooh. oh yeah)Aiyyo, S.I.N.Y., Killa Bee hive  
Eastside, duckin' the 5, roll wit' the live  
Sweet Love, sweep me in the bug eye, we 'bout to glide  
Head fried, spittin' the scribe, move in disguise  
Wan' test I? Access denied  
I live and die by the motto: let none survive  
Livin' off my last cut, can't hold the sword up  
You can have that for free before I take your best offer  
Stalker, preparin' for your sianora  
Torture, test my word as I come like orca  
Niggaz need life supporters, for bein' so weak  
I speak as a veteran and lace the heads I've creased  
and live my footprints wherever I've blessed my presence  
I.N.S., livin' legend 'til the essence  
Givin' with no prescription, this is the medicine  
Settin' a new standard, they fail measurin' up to  
They suck too, thorns in the hustle  
Pawns in the struggle, darts fly like C.I.s beyond the jungle  
Trouble Man can't dance the Hollywood Shuffle  
Knees buckle when the Killa Bees come thru  
All you heard was "1, 2", then the gun blew  
Question is, "From who?", numb you  
like a 100 CC's of morphine and daily  
Keep out of reach of your offsprings  
Too hot to handle, too cold to hold  
You pumpin' that Substance, that's Uncontrolled  
\*repeat 2x\*Too cold to hold, Substance -- Uncontrolled  
5-0 said, "Tell it to the judge", I never told  
Never fold, know some turn like fake gold  
Young and old I look down like parole holds  
In the midst where the clips blow, I rip shows  
Hit your zip code, my sick flow condones  
Soon to spread like Ebola, the autopsy showed  
the reports, another Jon Doe -- overdoser  
Overexposure, facin' the flame thrower  
I hold you hostage, the code name's the Iyatollah  
Mind controller, 2009 time quota  
The high roller, sting like a King Cobra

Blow the whistle on kids who unofficial  
Pistol pops, ceremony deep within the gristle  
Nickel and dime, rhymes sign of the times  
My life line, buckle like a fine wine, dyin' for mines  
The dopeman, still livin' like the postman  
Patrol man, saw the hand-to-hand, did I run?  
They know I got the teens strung, plus the fiends come  
in abundance, lined up, spendin' 100's  
The Substance provides, continuous high  
I'll give you one free for every 5 sides you buy  
Gettin' high off my own supply, low in the ride  
with the low eye, daybreak and makin' dough rise  
My style's so underground, I write rhymes on fossils  
Use as directed and wear protective goggles  
Shaolin's the burough, rap Picasso  
Blow like a holo-point, foes sure to follow  
Pop a bottle forever, can't stop tommorrow  
Chewin' all food for thought, hard to swallow  
Cold like Chicago winds, taps on my convo  
El Diablo cross the Verazanno  
P.L.O. Style, released while the beasts raid  
and those who can't stand the heat, they seek shade  
The rapture was told of how one man tackled the globe  
We go so deep, it rattles your soul  
I see many have come, but few are chose for the role  
in this ritual, rhymes walkin' on hot coals  
Quick to spot those who pose as friends and foes  
Wind up violated like I was the P-O Satisfaction or your money back  
Gotta keep to makin' comebacks  
It's the best that you ever had  
Got you fiendin' on the next bag Uncontrolled...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>