

# Genius/GZA, Sparring Minds

(GZA)

Designer and most of man  
stands the front-end loader  
hold enough weight that'll compensate the share-holders  
Powerful motor controls are mad stable  
No room for error, injury proves fatal  
Hundred ton air-jack, quickly raise the steel  
After blowin' out the belt drive, Math' change the wheels  
Bust ya, slash ya, we still thick like plaster  
There's always potential full-on scale disasters  
In the rec' (?) narrowly missin'  
My camp be forced into periless proposition  
We must come see ya, despite imminent danger  
Was short on fuel, before he flew out the hangar  
From the cold dirt, rocks and all, rap galore  
Watch the river flow backwards once we storm the shore  
Nigga, mark with razor-sharp eyes of the scope  
On the ropes, hanging from the towel and cliffs and slopes  
The magnitude of the devastation untold  
The collective laws of countless souls lay in the road

(Inspectah Deck)

Insane flower, vein blower  
Aim and it's game over  
You know the name, flame-thrower  
Got the code to the game and I hold the main controller  
Soldiers from the jump, and today the same soldier  
I stay low, play close to bank rolls  
Parly with the greatest who walk the same road  
Oh you ain't hear? Ain't nuttin' new but the gear  
The crew of the year, kid too much to bear  
Find out what I'm about, know the legend  
The slight disrespect, of his name provoke tension  
No threat, bringin' the force like Bobo-fet'  
The old vet' WHOSE PRESENCE alone control the set  
I'm next level, ya best settle, bless Rebel  
I shine like a vessel, with strength to bend metal  
Guns, head first in the grunge, become emerged the drums  
The verse is murder one

(GZA)

We rhyme back-to-back, deangerous emcees  
Move on track-to-track 100 bar measure  
Lost treasure, those crews who never gave us much pleasure  
Agreed the sound was good, shoppin' in the state, city, town and hood  
eventually they would  
Lay down the trademark with god that built wealth  
To dip-dive in the beehive was on self  
For the power struggle, never clown but did juggle  
The heavy load made it explode to mad rubble  
I thought of this tune on a blackout guided by the light of the moon  
on a camp-out, the kerosine lamp out, so we walked the road we paved  
with trails that left vinyl foot-steps engraved