

# GZA/Genius, 1112

(feat. Killah Priest, Masta Killa, Njeri)

[GZA]

Bobby said, "Fuck spendin 50 on a whip, buy equip"  
Mental flip, got a thousand tracks stored on a chip  
Said he had mad toys to make noise  
You split and separate drums like asteroids  
The concerned producer sampled this question  
Hit him with the beat for the answer, with extra compression  
When sound travel, it quickly grab you  
and equalizes the pitch up, until it have you  
Bugged out, tryin to think you can match this  
The portrait's too graphic  
Panaramic view for you, stamp Wu  
The feature gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic  
We wrote block-tic checkpoints on your next joint  
and who the nigga you annoit?  
700 volts on the track to slay  
Murderous wordplay displayed, for killin cascades  
Throwin bullets in the air to test wind  
and which way the cyclone spins  
Counter on clockwise, still civilized  
Kill spies on the wall, that still flies all dies

[Masta Killa]

Give no extension on the lynchin  
It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned  
It's the aura that's felt, that causes one to flash his gun  
and reveal how he really feel, confirmed  
He'll never live after the show, see the promoted for the dough  
I'm takin, breakin his wax  
Throw my shit on to perform my selection from the Swarm  
Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday  
My ninjas lay in revines and ditches  
Underneath shrubs and leaves  
They breathed thru underwater reeds  
The enemy walks above, Clan remain subterranean mud  
Off shore banks, tanks approach the location  
Bombarded by the circle of death formation  
Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude strikes  
Shatterin bulletproof helmets with scrap nail fragments  
of cell, inhale these venomous thoughts that I propel  
thru the north facility, the city must suffer at the hand  
of the Chief's command, volts is in  
At 3 minute intervals the heat intensens  
deadenin the power from electrical fences  
Defences are down, shake a nigga up, bounce him off the sound

[Interlude: Killah Priest of Sunz Of Man]

You know what I'm sayin?  
The God ca-diver, in the streets of Iris.  
We talk about sex, money and drugs.  
(Ruled by power.) And y'all cats don't know  
what it's about. (Love and power.)  
It goes deeper than what you see on TV.  
Killah Priest, come on.

[Killah Priest of Sunz Of Man]

Burnin desire, ebony eyes  
Painted toe nails, legacys die  
Drivin by the well, egyption queens, arabian shieks  
are paid to knock off rich kings, for the joy some sing  
Graveyards filled with scarlet widows, who stabbed they husbands  
Sleepin on silk pillows, blood on they robes

Disguised as beggar in cheap wool clothes  
Lambs and wolfs in black hoods, pull out they gats  
like magic wands, castin spells, sendin niggaz to Hell  
Trappin they souls in realms, baptize em with holy water  
Springin on the heads of plenty witches' daughters  
Interviews with the richest reporters  
Silent nights over the dividers, a 1000 muslim bibles  
for the cobbler, hebrews flee to the hills of Masada  
for the love of God, guns make a loud sound  
I'ma show you how thugs get down  
Shoot outs, bullets turn into bloodhounds and hunt you down  
Cursed nation, lost generation  
X-Files, describe them in the future as cosmic rulers  
Fallen angels from space intruders  
Dyin saints, blood spilled on the floor like wet paint  
See it in the pictures, read it like the lost scriptures  
Dissolve it with your 100 proof liquor

[Njeri]

Ha, I shot the sheriff and the deputy secondly  
Threatenin the lives of those who threaten me  
Lessenin my chances of defeat by predeterminin the victory  
As taught by Sun Tzu in the chapter, after the third one  
I heard my words shall be bombed, regardless to anything or anyone  
I die by the gun, my life has just begun  
Thought I was livin all along, but I was wrong  
This long road I have to travel in countless battles  
These filthy snakes with poison fangs and rattles  
Kings, queens and pharoahs change to cattle  
I'm able to subtract the devil's arrow  
Singin at his eyes on the sparrow, mind narrow  
2 positions, horoscopes and tarots  
Hark harolds, angels and Christmas carols  
Raven images hang from the mantels  
Man made slaves and modern day babbles  
Raw from Africa and golden ropes and sandles  
by wicked thieves and vandals  
who man-handled us with leather whips and burnin candles  
and rambled thru our castle, leavin niggaz shambles  
Stole our golden sodas like some arab camels  
We gazed, amazed and baffled as he loaded his ammo  
with to the barrel and blasted out our bone marrow  
We went to Gretal and the Hansel, tricked by this wicked jackel  
Children of my grand old daddy, have me  
In mind were they lost in this wilderness blind?