

# GZA/Genius, Legend Of The Liquid Sword

(feat. Anthony Allen)

[Verse 1: GZA]

Who won the covenant role, based on a nationwide poll?  
For the grip tells told and rap scrolls  
Perfect pitch for language that's built within  
Where half the rap ink couldn't hold my pen  
Meanin' When Emcees Came, To Live Out The Name  
They signed the documents with the, blood of the slain  
Far removed from this hip hop life off course  
But the confidence and resilience was never lost  
In the think tank and research labs I laid tracks  
Seen work rule my life but it never broke my back  
Destiny forever shake from the events to come  
From the (?) and the chemical contents of the sun  
A solid gold figure with a verse that glitters  
Until the platinum beat comes increasingly bitter  
They joined in a likely alliance with the rest  
Schemin' with unsuccessful in a zealous Quest  
We all see, with a degree of certainty  
Who the fake, cowardly cats behind the curtains be,  
(Yeah, yeah...)  
They hunt, for the skin, flesh, the blood, and bones  
In front, want to impress with studdes stones

[Chorus: Anthony Allen]

Now who's the man who brought you the Legend of the Liquid Sword?  
Rap critics say "Damn" you're sick with your's  
4th Chamber and the Shadowboxin' too  
That Nigga be the GZA from Wu  
And if you odn't know  
About the piroclastic flow  
Hotter than the spark that made it blow  
You better recognize, recognize....

[Verse Two: GZA]

Why U-N-I-verse run like clock works forever?  
Words pulled together, sudden change in the weather  
The nature and the scale of events don't make sense  
A story with no warnin' you're drawn in, environments  
Gravity that's gone mad, clouds of dust and debree  
Moving at colossal speeds, they crush an emcee  
Since this rap region is heavily packed with stars  
Internal mirror in the telescope, noticed the Czar  
From far away, they blink as the lightnin' strolled  
Great distance of space between precise globes  
That travel in a circle of order  
Like the tape in your cassette recorder filled with cult for slaughter  
(Yeah, yeah...)  
Meaning the con-tracts manifestly work  
The hitman for hire, weapon in his hand he lurks  
Inspite of the strange appearance he laid a clearance  
on his target through a crowded market  
No interference  
The microphone left on the scene without a serial  
Evidence consistent with organic material (Well)  
Surprisingly, as we marched lively with great size and degree  
Till it spread widely

[Chorus]