

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]