

# GZA/Genius, Verses

[Intro: Ras Kass (Scaramanga Allah)]

Yeah (yeah) yeah (Sham's nine times ultra)  
Wu-Tang (herbs two times great, you heard of me)  
Nigga, L.A.D. (six times ill)  
Rest in peace O.D.B. (La the Dark, Sun large)  
GZA, Ras Kass, yeah (what's up, Wu-Universal)  
Legendary...

[Scaramanga Shallah]

Now it's the real beginning of the pages of Shams  
Spit that heat rock, that make fiends make vapors of grams  
Sham's is the greatest fan, rock big cables of sands  
Valleys and trunks, I got the mack ten  
We can hit the alley with iron and thumper  
Take it to the hands like the brand new Leonard  
Niggaz goin' no mas, when the bullets go in him  
You dealing with a night stick toker  
The ice pick poker, trust, you ain't like this joker  
And the set, devoted to opening your neck  
With the tech, as you sit in a Lex'  
Your next move, is slipping, your last move is shitting  
As your body gets soft, the shotty went off  
Little soldiers, you're out of position  
Guns go off, Shams is a greatest fan  
A rhyming gallop reporter, columns are lost  
White five, black five, with dollars to toss  
Twisted by the dark side of the force  
Black biscuit, by park side in a Porsche  
You're off sides in the fort  
We are survivors of the war of good and evil  
I'm in the hood, in the hood with a desert eagle  
With my Brooklyn peoples, now feel it..

[La the Darkman]

Darkman, my persona's like Tony Montana  
How we used to sniff coke, how I puff marijuana  
Try, play me today, I'mma kill you manana  
From, far with the K, or up close with the llama  
I'm like an African king in a castle in Guana  
Chest dripping with jewels, one hell of a rhymer  
Study lessons in Athena, building with an old timer  
So I, always been wise ever since a young minor  
Get CREAM by any means, follow Malcolm X theme  
So I'm often posted, in a rumor with that thing  
Got a limited support from the Sing Sing regime  
I'm Hannibal Smith and they like the A-Team  
Keep my head on the swivel, when I serve a dope fiend  
Upgraded, to a digital, from a triple beam  
Fucking with me, you better be real as you can be  
La Trapacanti, a well known rhyme general

[Ras Kass]

Who say Ras Kass don't spit fire, he a liar  
That's like your favorite rap star claiming he gon' retire  
When you mention me, not about penitentiary  
Wins and rhyme skills, both twenty second century  
Ahead of my time, school niggaz like Timbuktu  
Cuz I'm original, like rap feeling the jewel  
Galosh us by boom fool, buyers, fuck you  
Try us, fuck you, you die, y'all got gats, but him buck too, nigga  
Sip the Grey Goose, and conned it, they know the room service  
In Hotel Rwanda, reminder to honor these street scholars  
Who ask why U.S. Defense is twenty percent of the tax dollar  
Bush gave 6.46 billion to Halle Burton

For troops support efforts in Iraq  
Meanwhile, the hood is hurting, please believe that  
The rape over, Chaney talking, 25 dollars for a case of soda  
Draining tax payers, eighty five thousand dollar oil filters  
But won't pay they soldiers, Halle Burton workers make  
Fourteen thousand dollars a month, privates earn thirteen g's a year  
Please who 25 extra, taking fire in combat  
Recruit all the niggaz, that die from where I'm at  
18 years old, talking 'Kill, where Saddam at?'  
But can't have a gat, to protect where my moms at  
I love to crunk, so what, plus I'm gangsta enough  
To piss in pimping cans, pimp cup, rack again and pump it up  
How bitches still get fucked, niggaz just want a forty and a blunt

[GZA]

Yo, these youngsters they grow up on the block  
With the product in they socks, and the fully loaded glocks  
Too many die in vein, and it's a crying shame  
The murders and the hustles, won't stop as they shoot for the top  
Acquiring apparel, through growth and development  
On they most dangerous missions, excuses were irrelevant  
The brutality of war, never changes  
And the out of control desire to win, makes it dangerous  
Fire engulfed the set, they feel the threat, greater than  
What they ever had, experienced yet  
Indictments, sparked excitement, and the thrill to kill  
Suddenly they felt the need for a challenge in they field  
The great boundaries of both man and machine  
Can have one at the point, to murder all in between  
Yellow tape scene, dead teen, the mob was his idol  
Giving a grim new meaning to the neighborhood's title, what's up?