

# Genius/GZA, Animal Planet

Welcome to the Jungle where the cat loves to scratch  
The rat squeals and the polar bear feasts on the blubber of seals  
The pack of wolves be scheming on a bunch of gazelles  
Where the leopards grab the wilderbeast down by it's tail  
You see the chimps they grow \*hemp\* they hustle and sling in trees  
Elephants for security that move tons of leaves  
The bluebirds arrest parrots that love to talk  
Of eagles that stalk fresh-water trout under the wing of the hawk  
You see the vultures pick the pocket of whatever remain  
In the brain we watch but a shadow of the lion's mane  
Whose roar is loud enough to take the stripes from a zebra  
He camouflage his bets in the spots of a cheetah  
Shouldn't gamble with a cheetah and not expect to get beat  
You silly goose you know he move fast on his feet  
Now you're neck deep in depth with a bunch of lone sharks  
So you move on a colony of ants with aardvarks, you see  
Most of the everglades was controlled by the gators  
It was crashed by the crocs who came years later  
See the locusts had swarmed with the bees, the tick moved with the fleas  
The dragonflies and the wasps shared with the seas  
The crab and the leeches sucked your blood flow  
And they laugh like hyenas when they out to catch dough  
See a million mosquitos from the West Nile  
Carrying the virus that made the boars less wild

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Out of fear of the deer watch for the eye of the tiger  
The Clutch from the Cobra and the venomous viper  
Boa-constrictors that cut your circulation  
Mosts of their prey and die from broke bones and suffocation  
The owls are private eyes that watch from the bark  
Black panthers are the militant who strike in the dark  
Porcupines had a rep' for sticking everything that moved  
In areas that the rhinos and hippos approved  
And the giraffe was a look-out for gorillas in the mist  
And the bats use their sonar to guide and assist  
Those pelicans who smuggle contraband for the whale  
While the skunks spray the scent to keep the dogs off the trail  
The scorpion set up a sting for sly foxes  
That use stool pigeons just to keep them in the boxes  
While the black widow laid a web for the bachelor  
Like daddy-long-leg and his hype man, tarantula  
They both prey on grasshoppers beetles and flies  
And they all become instant meals the moment it dies  
What costs little, is a little worth  
So some lose they lives wandering on the wrong turf  
From birth they grow up walking the thin line  
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