Genius/GZA, Legend Of The Liquid Sword

(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

Who the fake, cowardly cats behind the curtains be, (Yeah, yeah...)

They hant for the skin flesh the blood, and bones.

We all see, with a degree of certainty

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 tane in your cassette recorder filled with cult for

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)