Genius/GZA, Lyrical Swords

[Intro: Ras Kass]
Uh, Dreddy Kruger, what up, my nigga?
Yeah, GZA, you know, uh, Rassy, you know
Shouts out to my nigga Wreckonize, all my MIA

[GZA]
Formed in very a strong advanced post, east to west coast
Ahead of time, competition not even half close
Let's say, by no means, an equal value
Prematurely brought to play, I'll never allow you
To strike first, so precautions must be taken
And what's worst? When you're just fronting and faking
It's a shame when the sixteen bars are just a waste
And every line or word, is badly placed
Even dealing with the narrow window of time
My arrangements, are quick, shutting down your power lines
On a bunch of small puppets, with a wack ass team
That only move, at a push of a button that pull strings
Bad boys move in silence, secretly fading in
Unlike fake gangstas and ya wannabe made men
Acting like they carry the gun that killed Lincoln
Or they rolling with two hundred murderers from Kingston

[Ras Kass]
Our goal is to learn y'all niggaz, about this new world order
But I'm still try'nna run up in the president's daughter
He the auditor, ain't let the NARC's see this barker
Stick to bitches walls like I'm Peter Parker
The Vida Guerrera sidekick hacker
Five niggaz licked, on the Internet jacked her
Dog, I'm not a rapper, I'm the black Dracula
Nosferatu, spitting darts at you, out of black Acura
Homies is gat packers, rat packer
Fly nigga, I'm the venomous stack attractor
Mack attacker, pimp slapper, the track cracker
Epitome of nice, after rainbow, press the laughter
And y'all niggaz is the worst, like fat chicks with little kicks
If your names not YKK, then get off my dick
Bitch, I hang with the trillest, and that's why 5 percent
Is college kids and next felons fillers
I'm sick with the words, Waterproof and Liquid Swords
The world never heard this before, call me Mr. More
'cause more money, more murder, and more spit to serve