

# Genius/GZA, Shadowboxin'

(feat. Method Man (Johnny Blaze))

[Intro: Method Man/Johnny Blaze]

[special technique] Fuck that  
[special technique of shadowboxing] God damn  
(The GZA, god damn!)  
(The GZA, god damn!) Pledge allegiance to the hip-hop!  
(Method, god damn!) I pledge allegiance to the hip-hop  
(Maximilli-on, Maximilli-on)  
(Uh, yeah, ahh, uh) Johnny Blaze  
I pledge allegiance to the hip-hop  
(Johnny Blaze) Maximilli-on  
Maximilli-on

[Verse One: Method Man/Johnny Blaze]

I breaks it down to the bone gristle  
Ill speaking Scud missile heat seeking  
Johnny Blazing, nightmares like Wes Craven  
Niggaz gunnin, my third eye seen it coming  
Before it happen  
You know about them fucking Staten  
Kids they smashin  
Everything huh, in any shape form or fashion  
Now everybody talking bout they blastin, hmmm  
Is you bustin steel or is you flashin? Hmmm  
Talkin out your assHOLE  
You shoulda learnt about the flow and peasy afro  
Ticallion stallion, chinky eye and snot nosed  
From my naps to the bunion on my big toe  
I keeps it movin, know just what the fuck I'm doin  
Rap insomniac, fiend to catch a nigga snoozing  
Slip the cardiac arrest me, excorcist hip-hop possess me  
Crunch a nigga like a Nestle, you know my STEEZ  
burning to the third degree, sneaky ass alley cat top pedigree  
The head toucher, industry party bum rusher  
You don't like it dick up in ya fuck ya

(allow me to demonstrate) That's right, you corny-ass  
(the skill of Shaolin) rap motherfuckers  
(The special technique) Better go back and check  
(of shadowboxing) your fuckin stacks  
(Shadowboxing) Cause your naps ain't nappy enough  
And your reefs ain't rugged enough  
Bitch

[Verse Two: The Genius/Maximillion]

I slayed MC's back in the rec room era  
My style broke motherfuckin backs like Ken Patera  
Most rap niggaz came loud but unheard  
Once I pulled ut, round em off to the nearest third  
Check these non visual niggaz, with tapes and a portrait  
Flood the seminar, tryin to orbit this corporate  
indsutry, but what them niggaz can't see  
must break through like the Wu, unexpectedly  
Protect Ya Neck, my sword still remain imperial  
Before I blast the mic, RZA scratch off the serial  
We reign all year round from June to June  
While niggaz bite immediately if not soon  
Set the lynchin, and form the execution date  
As this two thousand beyond slang suffocate  
Amplify sample through vacuum tubes compressions

cause RZA, to charge niggaz twenty G's a session

[Verse Three: Method Man/Johnny Blaze]

When my mind start to clickin, and the strategy  
is mastered the plot thickens, this be that Wu shit  
I don't give a cotten-pickin FUCK  
about a brother tryin to size a nigga up, I hold my own  
Hard-hat protect your dome  
Look at mama baby boy actin like he grown  
No time for sleep, I gets deep as a baritone  
Killa bee, that be holdin down his honeycomb, loungin son  
Wu brother number one, protect your neck  
Flying guillotines here they come, bloody bastards  
Hard times and killer tactics, spittin words plus  
semi-automatic slurs, peep the graphic  
novel from the genie bottle, hit the clutch  
shift the gear now, full throttle, time to bungee  
To the next episode, I keeps it grungy  
Hand on my nutsac, and spittin lung-ghies  
At a wack nigga dat, don't understand the fact  
When it come to RZA tra-cks I don't know how to act  
Real rap from the Stat, killa hill projects  
How to be exact, break it down  
All and together now  
Things are getting good looking better now

(Allow me to demonstrate the skill of Shaolin)  
(Sha-shadowboxing, the special technique of shadowboxing)  
(Shadowboxing)