

# Genius/GZA, Verses

(featuring La The Darkman, Ras Kass & Scaramanga Shallah)

[Intro: Ras Kass (Scaramanga Allah)]

Yeah (yeah) yeah (Sham's nine times ultra)  
Wu-Tang (herbs three 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 Raiders 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 linen  
Niggaz goin' no mas, when the bullets go in him  
You dealing with a night stick choker  
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 Raiders fan  
A rob and gather 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 Ghana  
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 window 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  
F\*\*king with me, you better be real as you can be  
La Trapacanti, a well known rhyme general

[Ras Kass]

Whoever 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  
Rims and rhyme skills, both twenty second century  
Ahead of my time, school niggaz like Timbuktu  
'cause I'm original, like blacks for larger jewels  
Velour's by BUFU, Buy Us F\*\*k U  
Try Us F\*\*k U. You die. Y'all got gats but him buck too, nigga  
Sip Grey Goose and ponder. 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 Haliburton  
For troops support efforts in Iraq  
Meanwhile, the hood is hurting, please believe that  
The rape over, Cheney charging 45 dollars for a case of soda  
Draining tax payers, eighty five thousand dollar oil filters (damn!)  
But won't pay they soldiers, Haliburton workers make  
Fourteen thousand dollars a month, privates earn thirteen g's a year  
Plus a 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 pimpin kids pimp cup. rack again and pump it up  
How bitches still get f\*\*ked, 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?