

Genius, High Price, Small Reward

(GZA)

I wiped the chrome off wit the dust cloth
'Fore I bust off
What's the cause, life loss, high price to pay
For a small reward, kill for that Bushwick and Horsely broad
I provided the jump cables, through to boost the mini-pack
Based on the drama unfolding in a track
I dont' hold back, I spare no one
Swords swing like shogun, now who want it?
You see the truth, then act upon it
Or feel the fire's fore view
Ain't a MC that I hit can pull through
That niggas are like kid, flashin plastic tools
Unaware of the most-year dynastic rule, what stupid!

(Masta Killa)

Without a doubt, it's in the heart where the best darts were written
Sittin at the window of the grand old earths
Youths thirst for knowledge, I teach but hold heat
'cause some savage niggas are lost beyond reach
Broken homes breed seeds of no guidance
Left to wonder the streets and experiment wit devilish men
Violent, felon offenders, supreme folders
One-twenty bomb holders let em off and explode
The battefield haunting the daunting
Wu-Tang dance deadly emits six pence
Spiral rifle, barrel pointed, elastic noose
Plastic head wrapped stifle, survival
Tribal, title secret rival
?Archual? subliminal message throwin
Bitch niggas holdin on labels
Mic cables, capable of slowin down jets on deck
F**kin you straight through continuously
Justice, wit more of the critical penital
Some long overdue, now served by the chiefs on cheat
Drummer bills is the street prophecies fulfilled
Better chill, currents to the invited
Bang for the 'phones, live niggas on they way home
Snatch poems from clones, we got it sewn