

# 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