

# Genius, Highway Robbery

[GZA]

An MC stepped to me, lying about one  
Kid that rolled with him who died in the outcome  
Thinking he could get with me, gain victory  
When the season's all on his beef was hickory  
The situation at hand still remained critical  
The check analytical, reaction was pitiful  
He pushed his pawn up, yo that's a wrong move  
A hog move, some rap cat on dog food  
Microphone competition we devour  
You pull plugs but take no source of power  
Cause then in MCing, the contours of the land  
Intricate architects that's linked to a plan  
The W U hyphen T A N G  
My rap flow automatic and never empty  
Don't tempt me, quick to bust off another  
Flee in that direction you could get it from my brother  
At least then you know that you up against G-O-D  
So when we throw those grenades you better be  
Ready, not iced out and petty  
Neckful couldn't match one oil drop from Getty  
That's ran by the icon who just left Exxon  
And spilled oil so he could cash checks on  
The strength cause local niggas be hating  
But the sound still travels from state to state and  
No dress code, boot, hats and all metal  
Strictly hip hop underground and all ghetto  
So catch it, throw it on your plate and scratch it  
Mix that [shit], y'all niggas can't do [shit]

[Chorus 2X: Governor Two's]

Stick it up like it's a highway robbery  
True gangstas we run New York City  
We come fi takeover the industry

Cause you know them have fi too 'fraid of we

[GZA]

How come so much rap [shit] sound so similar  
Is it confusing for you to remember the  
Originator, paint sprayer, crafts innovators  
Quick close ups of the artform's life savors  
From tapes to decks, beats with raps, streets with gats  
Speaking of tracks, I've ran plenty laps  
The crates were packed, Farms were Phat  
Thieves would chat to stab my back, detect many traps  
Hazardous enterprise, the youths energized  
Not seeing the truth till it's in your eyes  
Burning, you learning to power your rhyme  
Exert maximum damage in minimum time  
Road L's are lit, my spears start to hit  
Strange translation of words of wit  
Through the cable transmit' and once the shoe fit  
Unlock the secret of prophecies and that's it  
Stay submerged deep as we cruise the seas  
Beneath the Surface just like Adidas and Lee's  
Or a croke head that used to walked the length  
From Brooklyn to get a beat on 43rd and 10th  
And that's just a short trip to flip without a whip  
Tried to shop this most extravagant gift  
To a cat who wasn't hemped and never opened doors  
Till he accidentally seen it on the shelves of stores  
That's more frightning than strikes of lightning  
Tearing up the storm in your average college dorm

So think about it when you trying to flow  
When you wanna step to us I think you should know

[Chorus 4X]