

# Genius, Hip Hop Fury

Chorus- Rza

You crunchy chump crabs get crumbled up like crack rock  
fuck wit the Wu we bustin ya whole snot box  
Throw ya right ear and ya bitch up in a zip lock  
Spazzola to ya fury form of hip hop

Verse 1- Hell Razah

Here's something to advertise, promote it keep the fan satisfied  
Load data for the disc drive, ghetto citywide  
Leave em paralyzed, they stolen every word i provide  
Without no clearance, I nurture this track like Amish parents  
Got requests from retail stores, for my appearance  
First we target it, then they market it, to kill ya artist wit  
The hungry shark, contra hit, whoevers starting shit  
Got as many rap soldiers for how much this record ships  
Fuck them niggaz you record with, I make them forfeit  
Send a bomb rap fed ex inside ya office,  
Son we build and deliver, came to build with the Gza,  
check the chorus from the Rza, the real album spitta  
Me and my street team be holding congress meetings  
Audio visual video treatments internationally speaking  
Got managers scared to shop you, ready to drop you  
It's the coming of the newest hip hop christ to pop you  
Try the BDS and soundskins from war fans  
Ya whole roster can't take on, one Sun of Man  
Get ya street team, get ya sickest out, put ya posters up  
Boost ya bucket up, still Razah gonna fuck it up!

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Verse 2- Gza

Industrialize niggaz change soon as ya get in  
Throw em on a auction block, CEOs bidding  
Highest price paid, for those wack rhymes made  
It's overrated, cut off, never reinstated  
I be fruitful, and multiply with marvelous tales  
Feed the hungry MCs who be starving as hell  
I laid the first verse and quenched a dry ass niggaz thirst  
Who drank my wisdom up like water, till his stomach burst  
Full tank, with the premium quality raps  
Mickey mouse niggaz get caught on the trap  
Ya cottonelle kids from scottsdale, yacleanex  
Looking like rockwell wearing V-Necks  
Ya learn from this earn from this  
Niggaz getting tossed and turned for this and burned for this  
Extort from a thousands degrees of live MCs  
I melt ya niggaz down to the size of fleas

Verse 3-Timbo King

The microphonous, collect the bonus, aiyo we on this  
House niggaz verse the homeless Ten to one,  
Tim's the one Royal famous, the verbal painless  
The dark gallery, million dollar pictures  
Import from poor to riches, leanin on doors  
We move across the broklynn bridge doing 60

Illegal driving, from dusk to red dawn  
The Gza/Genius, Wu-tang we live long

Verse 4- Dreddy Kruger

True indeed, I hook tracks like my seed  
Persona, wack MCs do me notta  
King Solomon the Great came to evaporate the fake  
Yeah you, you know your power-U  
Ya recognize the voice, it's that nigga from the Wu  
Every dart I spit gets mastered and promoted  
Ya just been demoted, cause ya sweet and sugar coated, ya folded,  
Ya style is half stale and half molded, so mold it

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