

# GZA/Genius, Beneath The Surface

(feat. Killah Priest, RES)

[GZA]

On a man-made lake, there's a sheet of thin ice  
Where unskilled skaters, couldn't figure-8 twice  
At 16, uncut, direct from the cult  
Head on assault, the result, death by the bolt  
In a vote, it spoke about the average loss commission  
That was seen by a king in a prophetic vision  
Like a plane crash from a bomb blast  
Special broadcast, slot time with con cash  
It kept the jury quiet, and now a riot will form  
While satanic man, now hang in his dorm  
I swing, on you fake, radio personalities  
Boost ya ratings, but hypes behind casualties  
Fire shots, for low-pressure water gun play  
Instantly, slap ya fire like it's Palm Sunday  
I fashion the first tool, from the elements  
The earth use, and built it to a complex  
Network, of communications, you're up against a hopeless, situation  
I screen every vehicle, through enemy observation  
Swarmin unpredictably, we spread terror  
Increase the force significantly, change the error  
Check my wind pattern, it's headin west  
Success is freedom, failure could mean death  
Humans sweat, aim shovels  
Dig up the debris and rubble  
Permanent, damage caused by the double-  
U, Now who, cowardly urge you to merge through  
And think the workers'll serve you  
Signin marvel, who just dropped the next novel  
Worldwide, practically marred in marble  
His countless, amount of MC's I saved  
And those same niggas wanna squander those gifts I gave

[Chorus: RES sample]

Scratch underneath the surface, where does your purpose lie?  
It seems our world is worthless, like we're pawns beneath the sky  
Change the race by reason, and ashes just the wind  
The left is so our we're breathin, keep ourself from givin in

[Killah Priest of Sunz Of Man]

Love and hatred, home is most sacred  
Both species, they lay naked in the tombs of oasis  
Think back on niggas I ate with, spent the day with  
Guns we played with, niggas I relate with  
We broke bread, I heard through a vine niggas workin for the Feds  
Sent out secretly to take my head  
I lay back and meditate to the words they say  
Skip town for a mutten goofy dred  
Had a friend tell my family I was dead  
Return at the last fall of the autumn leaves  
Operate the plan accordingly, in case the Feds are recordin me  
Sign all documents, usin forgery, cuz just a near thought of me  
Like Solomon, spoke bluntly  
Told the word I'm black and calmly  
Howls from the grave haunt me  
The smell of death's upon me, I dwell in the hills like Gandhi  
Been in the presence of mad peasants, and old kings  
Who sold everything, on a quest for god's divine  
Slept in caves to get a clear mind  
Who prayed 3 times, when the moon lit and the sun rise  
I met dwellers in the desert, talked to shepherds  
Been in the mouth of many leopards

Felt the death kiss, of Satan's mistress  
Walked the vacant districts, for 4 religions, studied Pagan scriptures  
True philosophers and physicians, on a cure missions  
Who harden their hearts, to ward the weak, sick and afflicted  
Candles lit, gamble with a bitch  
Who made me love her, when I touch her, soft cause hide claws  
Bees with sweet honey in they mouth  
Have bitter stingers at they tail  
Walk through the chambers of death, take a hold on to hell  
Embracing her was like embracing a 3rd world

[Chorus]

[Outro: RES sample]  
Scratch underneath the surface