

# GZA/Genius, Did You Say That

[GZA]

I keep your heart is PZA-pumping, the beat is GZA-jumping  
The crowd get wild off my style, they want something  
The herds start stomping the promoters that be fronting  
They sue for Cash Rule but the courts they give 'em nothing  
Your soundman came with the feedback like "we need that"  
Security's shining flashlights like "where the weed at?"  
Stay in your place, see you guys smoke blowing in your face  
And it's hard to stop it once we came to drop it  
Who bold enough to challenge this deadly reputation  
Of keeping MC's in a hopeless situation  
No comparison, if you put the darts side by side  
One will weigh out the other  
Like friend next to brother  
Try to take cover as the battle comes to a closion  
That structure that supported your rap started implosion  
Your whole chest and your world caved in  
They completely gave in, they just sparks and brave men

[Chorus x2: GZA]

Did ya say that?  
Record execs wanna push the album way back?  
And hold out on my advance?/And hold back my advance?  
They didn't pay that  
Producers want seven points?  
He didn't play that  
Yo did he say that?

[GZA]

Raindrops keep falling on your head  
So heavy that it's tearing what you're wearing  
Ain't caring, so you're hearing what I said  
I'm making sure it stick  
Like a stamp you don't lick  
Or a snare with no kick  
So you know it be authentic like the hand-made works of a carpenter  
The 64 squares make 'em use a sharpener  
Kept a fine point with the lead, then it's thread  
On the paper then like cancer it would rapidly spread  
This music is addictive but can't live without it  
At times you shout it "The Wu, they be about it"  
A strong following with the die-hard supportedly  
The loyalty came from the songs that went accordingly  
I couldn't be more wrong if I changed the format  
Did something different from the most explored rap

[Chorus x2]

[GZA]

Positive Elevation Always Correct Errors  
That's the fire till my Clansmen starts to spread terror  
Spin your wig back like we DJ'ing, he ain't playing  
My songs set a trap, catch 'em laying  
Now we stuck but he's overwhelmed by what he came across  
Not to play it is a terrible loss at whose cost?  
People wait like never before for the ball to drop  
At the gate lined up for a tape to cop  
I still run into students banging my first joint  
Wrote a essay off the second LP to prove a point  
That a rhyme is a terrible thing to waste  
Gimmicks and radio the God don't chase  
But I replace your wackness, it shows in your flows  
Immaturenesses, all of your hoes, case closed  
Most of your strength is in the pocket of you clothes

That you endorse in every rhyme like it's Garbeson robes [echo]

[Chorus x2: w/ last line repeated twice]