

# GZA/Genius, Knock, Knock

I'm the outscene slang kicker with no parental sticker  
Risin y'all that wise words is much slicker  
Under circumstances label advances  
Ample opportunity, infinite chances  
The rhyme, the unrelated beef I don't stress  
I seen many killed for infinite-less  
Ya raps need a clips that packed with lies  
Cowardlessly ya shot up those innocently wise  
In extra long verses hundred bars the lim'  
The percentage of the truth in the rhyme is one tenth  
A solid mass of minerals, easily broke down  
Hard rock MC's ya nothin but compound  
Sparked by the endless greed of CEO's  
in the videos with those questionable flows  
Take it twenty-six, cut it down to four bars, make it a hook  
if it's not I'm sure to send a book

Knock Knock  
Who the fuck is bangin at my door?  
Is it abstract commercial or hardcore?  
Better know who the fuck they lookin for  
Cuz they don't want more  
Yo Knock Knock  
Who the fuck is bangin at my door?  
Is it abstract commercial or hardcore?  
Better know who the fuck they lookin for  
They don't want more

The CREAM of the crop we run circles that remain symmetrical  
with lightning victories that's highly electrical  
My microphone is just too hot to handle  
plus I don't fill ya ears with the, Pennister's scandal  
I gift wrap the sawed-off, the DeeJay pump it  
March to the sounds of Armstrong's trumpet  
Great things satisfied great minds  
You want me to paint scenes describe it in eight lines  
Check it  
Conceptual breakthrough, incomprehensible  
Rap that make you, convinced it's invincible  
Lease up my words, powerful hazardous  
The most dedicated research the data; this  
Info tempo, is gatherin momentum  
A thousand rounds of ammo one of them was spentin  
Applied science to, vocals we flyin through  
Victorious always because I am who?

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I wrote this rhyme with a Sharpie  
You see this dark key ignition's for those with keys  
who wanna start me up  
That's where nature and nightmare come merge  
Put ya hole in so much inside ya gotta splurge  
on these snakes with the things that, poke through your denim  
When ya move it accelerates the action of the venom

But the purity and sacrifice gettin stung twice  
from those who know dikes to cars that deep right  
Cuz rhyme travelers are light years beyond  
The Clan had a bomb that made the world respond  
Considering my own future, I'm used ta  
Damaging MC's then pollyin with producers  
Whose main makin cereal from two tracks of serial  
Hold! That song's playin weak ass material  
We all peak at a singular point in time  
'Till you see the sign, decide

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