

Rodney Kendrick, Rapability

(feat. GZA, Killah Priest, Scorpion)

[Intro: Killah Priest] [whispering]

Interesting, interesting, interview, interview
Jazz, hip-hop, pull yasef, love yasef
Love yasef, we'll flair on y'all
Straight like that, ya heard?
No doubt, we'll make ya move, one time
Rodney Kendrick

[Scorpion]

Who'll be the victim?
I bend him, twist him, when I spark the 'ism
Mama gon' miss him, Bed-Stuy's in me, can't get it out par
Me in pull 'sage in the back of a shark bar
Whenever there's a mic, I'm there
Whenever the club starts spittin in the air
Everybody feelin me, "Scorp' you the man, son"
Girls say I'm handsome, got a new anthem
Break off with thumbs that write like me
Punish ya lungs to fight like me, how hype I be
Real MC's do real shit, lyrical shit
Rip my whole Bed-Stuy Click, blow clips
They came sour and rich, like fish and chips
If you don't fit then split, abandon ship
Punch you in ya lip, pop shit, I squeeze
Nigga Please, you won't believe how you gon' bleed

[Chorus: GZA]

Extraordinary, rapability
Killa Bees, live in ya facility
You jazz cats are killin me
Who you think got the chemistry?
Extraordinary, rapability
Killa Bees, live in ya facility
You rap cats are killin me
Who you think got the chemistry?

[GZA]

Yo, those who try to judge me, they don't know me
Others try to teach me, but couldn't show me
The media, thought they distly, tried to play me
Rest tried to test me, but couldn't grade me
When I begin to bang this jazzy tune
the crowd react quickly, if not soon
I'm black and proud, I move the crowd
Yet I'm not raised in hell
My lyrics alone, rock the bells
of those who say it's me they wanna scar
Hmm, that's like George Burns without a cigar
Some come in the game and project the hard image
but they can't never get past the line of scri'mage
I'm on the defence with a strong sequence
You lack the knowledge to understand the pretence
From not playin it right, you got sacked
While I blitz the rhymes that were broken down in stacks
Therefore, the mic that was hyper than ya hand
got stripped and ripped while it slipped from it's stand
Then what happened? You begin to cease to control it
You fumble, couldn't rumble, so then I stole it
How did you think you could make the first down?
If you were boxin, you wouldn't escape the first round

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

Made in God's image, with no gimmicks
Travel beyond limits, with Rodney Kendricks
Back hunch over keyboards like Igor
Leave my mind free to sour
The galaxies, cosmic alchemy
Spit words like a prince on his balcony
Touch you like the bullet that made Malcolm bleed
Red mahogany, it's like hard times and poverty
Jazz and hip-hop, state of the art
Razor sharp, it rip clubs apart
Revise slugs in the park, then the blunts'll spark
The party gets worse after dark
Words and melodies, enjoy the smell of weed
Cold faces while brothers roll Aces
Play the wall, it might be a ball
Word is bond when my favorite song comes on
Recitin words like they fightin words
When it's night, dim in the light like a verb
Too swift to be observed, I move crowds like herb
I hit opponents in they vital nerves
Lyrics, hard like spear tips
It goes dip until you feel it
Confess, who's the illest? Who's the realest?
Go tell ya whole village [echoes]

[Chorus x3]