

## The Genius

### "Words From a GeniusWords From the Genius"

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slight variation between the original and the re-release  
in song title

Intro:

One two one two check one two

The Genius in the place to be

Verse One:

I make the mic pump my mic makes the party jump

And poison beats make hip-hoppers stump

their feet kinda wild, to give off sparks

But I'll still light it up when the place is pitch dark

Now that you witnessed me this get this correct, rap  
wreck

when I'm speaking it's the God projecting

facts into brains of those unaware

Now you're afacing the truth in the square

Bitties like biting, then yo you should chew this

Your man wants to beef, then we can do this

Then when it's time for you to face the God

I'll be giving you the whole nine yards

With lyrics that breaks the laws of gravity

So sweet to biters it gives them cavities

And can't be healer from the strongest toothpaste

So keep biting to see how the truth taste  
You need guidance and self-assistance  
Cause you lack the training to go the distance  
But I'll rhyme, to the fullest length  
And this is just a fraction of the strength

Chorus:

of the Genius

Words from a Genius

Verse Two:

I'll never sweat an MC then say I wanna be him  
Cause he makes a hit records and flips a coliseum  
I learn to lead myself, not be a follower  
I'm not a biter, stupid rhyme swallower  
I created something funky fresh funky new  
Brothers started playing money see and monkey do  
Should I explain hip-hop, okay I love it  
Simple definition but ya still don't know the half of it  
All I need is a mic, a beat, then I'll step free  
And flip like I'm bugging off Bacardi and Pepsi  
Dancers on stage like Alvin Ailey  
While I'm deep into the roots like Alex Haley  
You wanna try me, and be worn and torn  
Step forward, I'll get on and start to born  
A pumpin self explanator rap  
Make a sucker MC like you clap

your hands, while you clap the sound's intact  
You react like an infant responds to Similac  
Or then again, could have been Enfamil  
But for your information the rhyme is real  
MC's wonder what's hip-hop thunder  
Tell you the truth it's just One Nation Under  
A Groove, getting down for the funk of it  
Like Fred Sanford in the business for the junk of it  
When I'm permitted to break down a poem  
I'm like knotty hair rippin out teeth from a comb  
One by one so who you calling your troops on  
Ya couldn't even bust a grape, with spike boots on  
Biters are crooks and try to steal the stage  
I read em like books, flip em and turn the page  
I'm The Genius, you're living in deep fear  
Go home and write and come try me next year  
With stacks of rhymes or you'll be feelin ill troop  
You being stuck in the ice cream and didn't know the  
scoop

Chorus (2X)

Verse Three:

Some say The Genius, has a style of his own  
And his hands are like Vise-Grips holdin a microphone  
Flowin smooth, with rhymes that are rough  
Because I can't get enough  
So I practice not what I preach but what I teach

In which the critics say is improper speech  
But it's proper, only to those who understand  
Why I walk on stage with a mic in my hand  
As brothers look on, label me as a psycho  
Just because I'll jump on stage and grab a micro-phone  
From a so-called said to be MC  
Who admires me with jealousy and envy  
My rhymes are delivered with style and potential  
Words are flowin smoothly in a sequential  
Order, revealin hidden tape records  
Stuffed inside pockets and those I'll slaughter  
But I don't get upset, when you bite and steal  
I go home and write some ill  
Stacks of poetry, page after page  
Imagining the scen-ery onstage  
I catch flash-backs of the seminar  
As I crush the dreams of a wannabe star  
Self-explanatory words are shifted  
In a unbitten style cause I'm gifted  
and talented, with the lyrical ability  
Bound to fuck up a hip-hop facility  
Damaging MC's who dare to enter  
The center, then challenge the inventor  
Of an impartial rhymin status  
Followed a relevant apparatus  
The way I come off on the mic is attractive

I can make a quadriplegic hyperactive  
With lyrics of friction causing mics to spark  
My style couldn't be bitten by a shark  
MC's don't understand the way I be bombin em  
Roll up and ask me what's the phenomenon  
First of all homeboy when I'm battlin  
I'm like a doctor shootin deadly insulin  
Into MC's like that of a syringe  
And dare you to seek for revenge  
Chorus (2X

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