

## **The Genius & GZA F/ Method Man, RZA**

### **"Living In The World Today"**

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Intro: RZA

Yo [yeah] Check it out son, check it out son  
Yo, [Wu, can I get a soo] live in the place to be  
You got the capital G  
G to the A-M-C  
Givin a mad shout out to the Ranch Crew from the old  
school  
And we gonna take y'all back, knowwhatl'msayin?  
Lyrical sorcerors right here, the fathers, the cream of  
the crop son  
[Yo check it]

Chorus: The Genius

Well if you livin in the world today  
You be hearin the slang that the Wu-Tang say  
Niggaz that front we don't handle em  
So we blast em, alright, well OK

Well if you like the way it sound then clap man  
And if the women love it too well then raise your hands  
But only raise your hands if you're Sure  
[Meth] Punk niggaz shatter like a glass jaw, break it

Verse One: The Genius

My rhyme gross weight vehicle combination  
was too heavy for the Chevy's is chased out the station  
Double-edged was the guillotine that beheaded it  
gassed up, fuckin with some regular unleaded shit  
Heads roll on hillsides behind ropes that  
bind-in, X marks the spot on the scope  
Heavily armed military is necessary, it's a gamble  
MC's bet they best at every  
Powerful parable ditties might harm  
if tampered with, set off and strike like pipe bombs  
Flashbacks to the Duel of the Iron Mic  
Look out for these fatal flying spikes, of massive  
sleep-holds, put strangle on commercial angle  
Microphone cords tangled from being Star Spangled

Now who could ever say they heard of this?  
My motherfuckin style is mad murderous

Chorus: (in reverse verse)

Interlude: Method Man, Genius

Well what you know about MCin?  
Yo, I know a lot  
Well can you demonstrate somethin nigga?  
Huh, I'd rather not  
I'm talkin bout stacks cousin  
Nigga that's what I got  
Cash Rules the world  
Well Cash Rules the spot

Verse Two: The Genius

My preliminary attack keep cemeteries packed  
of niggaz who think it ain't like that  
MC's are gunned down like being run down with mad  
trucks  
Them God struck, religious niggaz call it bad luck  
Rap celeb, you got caught up in the web  
now bees are stingin, yo that niggaz em-singin  
I'm just swingin swords strictly based on keyboards  
Unbalanced like elephants and ants on see-saws  
I throw raps that attack like the Japs on Pearl Harbor  
MC's be out like bank robbers  
Fleeing the scene, to be a sole survivor  
DJ the getaway driver  
Tried to dip but he dive I socialize on vocal vibes  
On tracks stabbed up with razor sharp knives  
Criminal subliminal minded rappers find it  
Hard to define it, when narrow is the gate  
for fat tapes and then played out and out of date  
Then I construct my thoughts on site to renovate  
And from that point, the God made a statement  
Draftin tracements, replacements in basements  
materials in sheet-rock, to sound proof the beat box  
and microscopic optics received through the boxes  
obnoxious topic, major labels, flavor tropical  
Punchlines, that's unstoppable  
Ring like shots from glocks that attract cops  
around the clubs and try to shut down the hip-hop  
But we only increase if everything is peace  
Father U C King the police

Chorus

Chorus

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