

The Genius & Maximillion F/ Method Man, Johnny Blaze "Shadowboxin'"

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Intro: Method Man/Johnny Blaze

[special technique] Fuck that
[special technique of shadowboxing] God damn
(The GZA, god damn!)
(The GZA, god damn!) Pledge allegiance to the hip-hop!
(Method, god damn!) I pledge allegiance to the hip-hop
(Maximilli-on, Maximilli-on)
(Uh, yeah, ahh, uh) Johnny Blaze
I pledge allegiance to the hip-hop
(Johnny Blaze) Maximilli-on
Maximilli-on

Verse One: Method Man/Johnny Blaze

I breaks it down to the bone gristle
Ill speaking Scud missile heat seeking
Johnny Blazing, nightmares like Wes Craven
Niggaz gunnin, my third eye seen it coming
Before it happen
You know about them fucking Staten
Kids they smashin
Everything huh, in any shape form or fashion
Now everybody talking bout they blastin, hmmm
Is you bustin steel or is you flashin? Hmmm
Talkin out your assHOLE
You shoulda learnt about the flow and peasy afro
Ticallion stallion, chinky eye and snot nosed
From my naps to the bunion on my big toe
I keeps it movin, know just what the fuck I'm doin
Rap insomniac, fiend to catch a nigga snoozing
Slip the cardiac arrest me, excorcist hip-hop possess me
Crunch a nigga like a Nestle, you know my STEEZ
burning to the third degree, sneaky ass alley cat top
pedigree
The head toucher, industry party bum rusher
You don't like it dick up in ya fuck ya

(allow me to demonstrate) That's right, you corny-ass
(the skill of Shaolin) rap motherfuckers

(The special technique) Better go back and check
(of shadowboxing) your fuckin stacks
(Shadowboxing) Cause your naps ain't nappy enough
And your reefs ain't rugged enough
Bitch

Verse Two: The Genius/Maximillion

I slayed MC's back in the rec room era
My style broke motherfuckin backs like Ken Patera
Most rap niggaz came loud but unheard
Once I pulled ut, round em off to the nearest third
Check these non visual niggaz, with tapes and a
portrait
Flood the seminar, tryin to orbit this corporate
indsutry, but what them niggaz can't see
must break through like the Wu, unexpectedly
Protect Ya Neck, my sword still remain imperial
Before I blast the mic, RZA scratch off the serial
We reign all year round from June to June
While niggaz bite immediately if not soon
Set the lynchin, and form the execution date
As this two thousand beyond slang suffocate
Amplify sample through vacuum tubes compressions
cause RZA, to charge niggaz twenty G's a session

Verse Three: Method Man/Johnny Blaze

When my mind start to clickin, and the strategy
is mastered the plot thickens, this be that Wu shit
I don't give a cotten-pickin FUCK
about a brother tryin to size a nigga up, I hold my own
Hard-hat protect your dome
Look at mama baby boy actin like he grown
No time for sleep, I gets deep as a baritone
Killa bee, that be holdin down his honeycomb, loungin
son
Wu brother number one, protect your neck
Flying guillotines here they come, bloody bastards
Hard times and killer tactics, spittin words plus
semi-automatic slurs, peep the graphic
novel from the genie bottle, hit the clutch
shift the gear now, full throttle, time to bungee
To the next episode, I keeps it grungy
Hand on my nutsac, and spittin lung-ghies
At a wack nigga dat, don't understand the fact
When it come to RZA tra-cks I don't know how to act
Real rap from the Stat, killa hill projects
How to be exact, break it down
All and together now
Things are getting good looking better now

(Allow me to demonstrate the skill of Shaolin) (Sha-
shadowboxing, the special technique of
shadowboxing) (Shadowboxing)

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