

Cow Henry

"Words From a Genius/Words 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 respons 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 premitted 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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