

## **Genius And Gza**

### **"Living in the world today"**

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Intro:

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, knowhat! '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 wicked 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

[Punk niggaz shatter like a glass jaw, break it]

Verse One: The Genius

My rhyme gross weight be into combination

was too heavy for the Chevy's is chased out the station

Double-edged was the guillotine that beheaded it and

gassed up, fucking with some regular unleaded shit

Heads roll on hillsides behind ropes that

bind-in, X marks the spot on the scope

Heavenly art, military is necessary, it's a gamble

MC's bet they best at every

power move, 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 cuzin

Nigga that's what I got

Cash Rules over all

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

then God struck, religious niggaz call it bad luck

Raps of led, you got caught up in the web

now bees are stingin, yo that niggaz them singin

I'll be 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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