

Genius

"Living In The World Today"

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Yo, check it out son
Yo, 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 I'msayin?
Lyrical sorcerers right here, the fathers, the cream of
the crop son

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 okay

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
Punk niggaz shatter like a glass jaw, break it

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

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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

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For fat tapes and then played out and out of date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

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The Wu-Tang say
We don't handle 'em, alright, well okay
The world today, the Wu-Tang say
Niggaz that front we don't handle 'em
So we blast 'em, alright, well okay

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