

Genius GZA

"1112"

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Bobby said, "Fuck spendin' 50 on a whip, buy equip"
Mental flip, got a thousand tracks stored on a chip
Said he had mad toys to make noise
You split and separate drums like asteroids

The concerned producer sampled this question
Hit him with the beat for the answer with extra
compression
When sound travel, it quickly grab you
And equalizes the pitch up, until it have you

Bugged out, tryin' to think you can match this
The portrait's too graphic
Panoramic view for you, stamp Wu
The feature Gothic, the outcome will be catastrophic

We wrote block-tic checkpoints on your next joint
And who the nigga you anoint?
700 volts on the track to slay
Murderous wordplay displayed for killin' cascades

Throwin' bullets in the air to test wind
Which way the cyclone spins
Counter on clockwise, still civilized
Kill spies on the wall that still flies all dies

Give no extension on the lynchin'
It's tension if the name of the Clan is mentioned
It's the aura that's felt that causes one to flash his gun
And reveal how he really feel, confirmed

He'll never live after the show, see the promoted for
the dough
I'm takin', breakin' his wax
Throw my shit on to perform my selection from the
Swarm
Day 2 breaks, it's a stormy Monday

My ninjas lay in ravines and ditches
Underneath shrubs and leaves
They breathed through underwater reeds

The enemy walks above, Clan remain subterranean
mud

Off shore banks, tanks approach the location
Bombarded by the circle of death formation
Telecom lines are sniped from these low altitude
strikes
Shatterin' bulletproof helmets with scrap nail
fragments of cell

Inhale these venomous thought that I propel
Through the North facility, the city must suffer at the
hand
Of the Chief's command, volts is in
At 3 minute intervals the heat intensifies
Deadenin' the power from electrical fences
Defenses are down, shake a nigga up
Bounce him off the sound

{You know what I'm sayin'?
The God Cadaver, in the streets of Iris
We talk about sex, money and drugs
(Ruled by power)}

{And y'all cats don't know what it's about
(Love and power)
It goes deeper than what you see on TV
Killah Priest, come on}

Burnin' desire, ebony eyes, painted toe nails, legacys
die
Winnin' by the well, Egyptian Queens, Arabian Sheiks
Paid to knock off rich kings for the joy some sing

Graveyards filled with scarlet widows who stabbed they
husbands
Sleepin' on silk pillows, blood on they robes
Disguised as beggar in cheap wool clothes
Lambs and wolfs in black hoods, pull out they gats

Like magic wands, castin' spells, sendin' niggaz to Hell
Trappin' they souls in realms, baptize 'em with holy
water
Springin' on the heads of plenty witches' daughters
Interviews with the richest reporters

Silent nights over the dividers
A thousand Muslims bow before the Kaaba
Hebrews flee to the hills of Masada
For the love of God, guns make a loud sound

I'ma show you how thugs get down
Shoot outs, bullets turn into bloodhounds and hunt you
down
Cursed nation, lost generation
X-Files, describe them in the future as cosmic rulers

Fallen angels from space intruders
Dyin' saints, blood spilled on the floor like wet paint
See it in the pictures, read it like the lost scriptures
Dissolve it with your 100 proof liquor

Ha, I shot the sheriff and the deputy secondly
Threatenin' the lives of those who threaten me
Lessenin' my chances of defeat by predeterminin' the
victory
As taught by Sun Tzu in the chapter, after the third one

I heard my words shall be bombed
Regardless to anything or anyone or else
I die by the gun, my life has just begun
Thought I was livin' all along but I was wrong

This long road I have to travel in countless battles
These filthy snakes with poison fangs and rattles
Kings, queens and pharaohs change to cattle
Unable to [Incomprehensible] the Devil's
[Incomprehensible]

Singin' at his eyes on the sparrow, mind narrow
2 positions, horoscopes and tarots
Hark harolds, angels and Christmas carols

Raven images hang from the mantels
Man made slaves and modern day babbles
Raw from Africa and golden ropes and sandles
By wicked thieves and vandals

Who man-handled us with leather whips and burnin'
candles
And rambled through our castle, leavin' niggaz
shambles
Stole our golden sodas like some Arab camels
We gazed, amazed and baffled as he loaded his
ammo

With to the barrel and blasted out our bone marrow
We went to Gretal and the Hansel, tricked by this
wicked jackal
Children of my grand old daddy, have me
In mind, were they lost in this wilderness blind?

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