

## **Genius/GZA "Auto Bio"**

Visit "[Auto Bio](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I was born with the mic in my hand  
Then I took it from Medina to the S.I. land  
I pulled up on the block, got out the truck, it was the  
first of pit stops  
The era of the spinnin' tops, the birth of hip hop

That was somethin', I had identified with  
So I made it my point to exploit this fly gift then  
Myself and RZA, made trips to the B.X.  
A mass of ferocious MC's and talent T-Rex

Giants in every ways, rap flows for everyday  
We knew we would get a reward for the price to pay  
The basic training was beyond entertainment  
Just the caters of the verbal expressions, self-explainin'

Were my boots out in constant walks across the  
borough  
Tore the troops out the frame when they challenge the  
most thorough  
From well concealed firing positions, we let off the  
most  
Dangerous with that, slang that just shatter the coast

They say I rhyme like the bank that stop  
'Cause M.C.'s be more shook then the dice that drop  
Especially if I'm rollin' then the point is definitely  
proven  
'Cause with the GZA holdin' that keep a nigga movin'

I walk Broadway, from Quincy to Myrtle  
Back to Quincy, cut careers whatever the expense be  
They heard the Legend, run to the reverend  
With headaches and blackouts, worse then severe  
seven

And when my job is done  
Then it's time to get those that's comin' up some runs  
So you can see where they from

[Incomprehensible] the product is good  
We gonna sling it from the slums of the hills of the

hood  
'Til it's understood

We still search through the crates for songs that just  
breaks  
At times we play legendary battles on tapes  
Unlikely confrontation with a clash of swords  
In a G that was stored, be rain that just poured

On cats and dogs, water that flooded the stance  
The violence and nature had triggered the violence of  
man  
That was bloodshed from which said, audible threats  
Publicize regrets, wanted alive or dead

A hand full recovered from the dramatic plunge  
While the rest kept babblin' and speakin' in tongues  
Since the competition already slaked them in a  
scrimmage  
He continued tarnish that already faded image

Any sport when they come short, majors don't need  
'em  
Then they broke, lose they homes, lively hood and  
freedom  
The rhyme could be a blunt object that make you choke  
Like too many tokes that'll recharge in growth

This Witty Unpredictable Talent or Natural Game  
With non added of slang, it's all actual fact  
The high roller knock the chip off the shoulder  
Strike like the perfect bowler, with catastrophic  
damage

My mother's hard to manage, punishment, swift to  
sudden  
Unparalleled advantage, brought to a level where you  
froze  
And can't speak, trapped in the frigid temperatures of  
that peak

And when my job is done  
Then it's time to get those that's comin' up some runs  
So you can see where they from

[Incomprehensible] the product is good  
We gonna sling it from the slums of the hills of the  
hood  
'Til it's understood

