

## **Genius/GZA "Knock Knock"**

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I'm the out scene slang kicker with no parental sticker  
Risn' y'all that wise words is much slicker  
Under circumstances label advances  
Ample opportunity, infinite chances

The rhyme, the unrelated beef, I don't stress  
I seen many killed for inifinte-e-less  
Ya, raps need a clips that packed with lies  
Cowardlessly ya shot up those innocently wise

In extra long verses hundred bars the lim'  
The percentage of the truth in the rhyme is one tenth  
A solid mass of minerals, easily broke down  
Hard rock MC's ya nothin' but compound

Sparked by the endless greed of CEO's  
In the videos with those questionable flows  
Take it twenty-six, cut it down to four bars, make it a  
hook  
If it's not I'm sure to send a book

Knock, knock, who the fuck is bangin' at my door?  
Is it abstract commercial or hardcore?  
Better know who the fuck they lookin' for  
'Cuz they don't want more

Yo knock, knock, who the fuck is bangin' at my door?  
Is it abstract commercial or hardcore?  
Better know who the fuck they lookin' for  
They don't want more

The cream of the crop, we run circles that remain  
symmetrical  
With lightnin' victories that's highly electrical  
My microphone is just too hot to handle  
Plus, I don't fill ya ears with the Pennister's scandal

I gift wrap the sawed-off, the Deejay pump it  
March to the sounds of Armstrong's trumpet  
Great things satisfied great minds  
You want me to paint scenes describe it in eight lines

Check it, conceptional breakthrough, incomprehensible  
Rap that make you, convinced it's invincible  
Lease up my words, powerful hazardous  
The most dedicated research the data

This info tempo is gatherin' momentum  
A thousand rounds of ammo one of them was spentin'  
Applied science to, vocals we flyin' through  
Victorious always because I am who?

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I wrote this rhyme with a Sharpie, you see this dark key  
Ignition's for those with keys, who wanna start me up?  
That's where nature and nightmare come merge  
Put ya hole in so much inside ya gotta splurge

On these snakes with the things that, poke through  
your denim  
When ya move it accelerates the action of the venom  
But the purity and sacrifice gettin' stung twice  
From those who know dikes to cars that deep right

'Cuz rhyme travelers are light years beyond  
The Clan had a bomb that made the world respond  
Considering my own future, I'm used to  
Damaging MC's then pollyin' with producers

Whose main makin' cereal from two tracks of serial  
Hold, that song's playin' weak ass material  
We all peak at a singular point in time  
Till you see the sign, decide

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