

## Genius/GZA "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, knowwhat 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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