

## Gza "General Principles"

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Castle points you too  
You're black takes on C4  
Then white could C4

I must put in time to get mine, many hours to earn  
power  
Like the ashy hand, he should wear only the rope  
flower  
I can't be a broke nigga, better in showers  
Sellin' CD's on the corner of Sunset and Dower

A small fry nigga in a baked potato world  
Sizzling in some beef full of grease like jheri curls  
Shout out to DJ's who kept it real  
Shook a few in the thou', but some never broke the seal

Fuck them, I stick to college radios, mix shows  
Historic university to freestyle sick flows  
Might give a lecture about your rap texture  
M.C. B-Boy, DJ, slash director

The name was a bell that rang through the hall  
Popular is the tag in the bathroom stall, check it  
This language is so captivating  
When we lose a rap nigga, the news is devastating

Whether to the prison or grave, you know this rap shit  
Is built from the strength of those to hunger the crave  
My Clan got rhymes for days to be skilled, it pays  
Most of them can't escape the solar rays

Name a crew that can stop the force that I strike with  
Let alone try to hold the pen that I write with  
You can even chop off my fingers I type with  
Those I hold a mic with, thinking I might quit

They didn't know, that only makes me more  
determined  
Ich lebe fur hip hop, you can ask the Germans  
Some say I never got this for recognition  
So I drop another, they shocked and still listen

Plus I, ran into a well known musician  
He said, this sample shit got too many cooks in the  
kitchen  
Now he's back to flipping love borns and cypher says  
To support his kids, much even hyper wiz

A bad amigo, will stroke your ego  
You see the flash in the dash, weed blast with Buick-  
Regal  
The same brother you was throwing your key to  
Brought the 7 niggaz in the building to see you

You know these god damn streets is so gritty  
With sour milk from titties, that'll spoil the city  
The hood corner backs, strong attack is a blitz  
But we don't lie down for shit, not even direct hits

From graffiti in New York on the walls and trains  
DJ's in California, to the shores of Maine  
B-Boys on the floor who be doing they thang  
To MC's, behind ropes, who had titles to claim

My teams about shoot outs, the fans shout with loud  
mouths  
The clock ran out, the ref throw the sign, it's over time  
The rambling, visiting teams scheme  
The championship ring fending, they must be  
dreaming

These rap players and slayers got a lot of  
endorsements  
Make them hire law enforcements  
Plus, I just turned down tracks, can't remember the  
Producer with the beats is wack, sound similar

It gotta be exciting, striking, lightning  
Bring the best out, to dawn through Harlem  
Writing, light stroke from my pen might choke  
The tape lent, got a little air, then half the spins

M.C.'s be stuck with fear fascination  
The nature in the scale of events, shook the station  
I stick up the track, armed only with the pen  
Terrorize it vocally with the force of wind

From graffiti in New York, on the walls and trains  
DJ's in California, to the shores of Maine  
B-Boys on the floor, who be doing they thang  
To MC's, behind ropes, who had titles to claim

This is hip hop

(Then white takes C4, and C5, and C6)  
(C5, Queen E5, E5, 95, Bishop takes C4)  
(Masters 3, and then castle)

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