

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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