

## Gza "Groundbreaking"

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I'm in the schoolyard rhymin' with my brother Jamel and  
Ra' Allah  
Vibe and took the beat and imaginin' how far  
The sound travel at the turn of the volume  
It could shake the gravel, before we heard the loud  
boom

It vibrated through the parkin' lot  
Shattered a few windshields, set off a sparkin' shot  
The local UPS cat, but we didn't stress that  
He had a slow leak, front tire almost flat

I got a cousin think he slicker than the oil in the chain  
But I live in an arcade, surrounded by game  
He used to pass me bucks, tryin' to gas me up  
He was a fast talker and he kept a flashy cut

From a spot that was on Malcolm X Boulevard  
Where this magician, wishin' I would pull a card  
An optical illusion and whose hands were quick  
But wasn't fast enough not to reveal his trick

Hey yo, who be the first to set it off and just begun?  
Turn up the heat until the track is done  
And we roll together as one  
Yes, I call my brother sun, 'coz he shine like one

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Mass hysteria inside the cafeteria  
Not a food fight, but the news might beat your area  
Whether by word of mouth, or if you read about it  
Extra, extra, extra that they felt the need to shout it

The drummer played the beat on the table  
His boy kicked a verse, like he was the first and I wasn't  
able  
More prepared to let off anything substantial  
If I had no rhymes and my planes was canceled

Picture that, before you give your bag and expose it  
Couldn't develop the color, wonder why he chose it  
See less than the worst competition to the point  
I only use one ear to listen

Was it something I'm missin'? The food is gettin' cold  
The corners about to flake as soon as I flip the bowl  
See the rhyme ain't worth than less a ticket  
Wasted time of mine plus the temp cooked it

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