

## Gza "Illusory Protection"

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When I request my flashing sword  
And my hand take hold on judgment  
I will take vengeance upon my enemies  
And I will repay those that hazed me

When you got bass all in your face  
Sub woofers pumpin' all throughout the place  
A fake rap nigga tryna plead his case  
It's about to be a catastrophe

And if you got beehives right before your eyes  
About to start shit that'll attract the flies  
And then you hear lies followed by some cries  
It's about to be a catastrophe

Half of these rap lyrics ain't thoughts prevoked  
Just alotta beef 'til they get caught in smoke  
But the problem is never cured, on top of that  
Most of them be swingin' wild and then drop the bat  
Many curious spectators watch the human drama  
This rap cat was all in the street without his armor

A homicidal attempt that had failed  
He flew off the roof, on the fence, got impaled  
He talked a good one but it was make believe  
Much too low for the human ear to perceive  
He confused science fiction with science facts  
He couldn't separate the block from the recorded  
tracks

Need a rhyme or the tactic, gotta work your magic  
Detailed and graphic but the outcome is tragic  
Something built to a complex network  
With a panoramic vision designed by experts  
I be the ice breaker for you unskilled skaters  
I increase the heat significantly, just on paper

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No matter what, I'm throwin' an iller dart  
I can lay a verse that'll soften a killer's heart  
As fire as a five alarm blaze that's too hot to be holding  
You feel the heat once the flame pumps lace your  
clothing

What some talk about had little or no bearing  
Could the next be some real shit that's far from  
comparing  
Materialistic M.C.'s come off boring  
Meanwhile, I be sketching up, deposit drawings

Through the years, a countless number of victories  
Changing the era we swarm unpredictably  
A rhyme book is not difficult to manage  
I leave a mic in a bandage from catastrophic damage

Rap niggaz on a trip, gotta steal your sandwich  
So I creped, division reports was left on canvas  
I made it through the worst extremes of cold weather  
Scuffed up but remained durable as old leather

But I hold the pen, you feel the whiff of Polo wind  
Something like Jesus, when he civilize older men  
The math that shed light all across the borders  
If our wisdom was the vast expands of fresh waters

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We call it a sword style because we are lyrical  
assassins  
And we aware that the tongue is symbolic to the sword  
The lyrical assassins, the lyrical assassins, a sword  
style

The procedure is, check with the knight  
Move the knight away to deliver a discovered check  
from the queen

Then sacrifice the queen to force the rook next to the  
king  
Then mate with the knight

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