

Gza**"Sparring minds"**Visit "[Sparring minds](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[GZA]

Designer and most of man
stands the front-end loader

hold enough weight that'll compensate the share-
holders

Powerful motor controls are mad stable

No room for error, injury proves fatal

Hundred ton air-jack, quickly raise the steel

After blowin' out the belt drive, Math' change the
wheels

Bust ya, slash ya, we still thick like plaster

There's always potential full-on scale disasters

In the rec' [?] narrowly missin'

My camp be forced into periless proposition

We must come see ya, despite imminent danger

Was short on fuel, before he flew out the hangar

From the cold dirt, rocks and all, rap galore

Watch the river flow backwards once we storm the
shore

Nigga, mark with razor-sharp eyes of the scope

On the ropes, hanging from the towel and cliffs and
slopes

The magnitude of the devastation untold

The collective laws of countless souls lay in the road

[Inspectah Deck]

Insane flower, vein blower

Aim and it's game over

You know the name, flame-thrower

Got to go to the game and I hold the main controller

Soldiers from the jump, and today the same soldier

I stay low, play close to bank rolls

Polly with the greatest who walk the same road

Oh you ain't hear? Ain't nuttin' new but the gear

The crew of the year, kid too much to bear

Find out what I'm about, know the legend

This light is reflective, his name for pro-tension

No threat, bringin' the force like Robo-fet'

The old vet' [?] alone control the set

I'm next level, ya best settle, bless Rebel

I shine like a vessel, with strength to bend metal
Guns, head first in the grunge, become emerged the
drums
The verse is murder one

[GZA]

We rhyme back-to-back, deangerous emcees
Move on track-to-track 100 bar measure
Lost treasure, those crews who never gave us much
pleasure
Agreed the sound was good, shoppin' in the state, city,
town and hood
eventually they would
Lay down the trademark with god that built wealth
To dip-dive in the beehive was on self
For the power struggle, never clown but did juggle
The heavy load made it explode to mad rubble
I thought of this tune on a blackout guided by the light
of the moon
on a camp-out, the kerosine lamp out, so we walked the
road we paved
with trails that left vinyl foot-steps engraved

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