

## Gza "Those That's Bout It"

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Code to umm, the code to umm  
To draw your swords, to draw your gun

Those that's 'bout it M.C.'s I run with  
Those that doubt it on the mic get done quick  
Even if you left in intensive care  
I'll have the plug pulled before your crew gets there

I'm the one you hate to see your worst nightmare  
While you dream of riding the block and raiding the fair  
Enemies get cooked like eggs while they scramble  
He lived but he still lost his legs as he gamble

Couldn't sell what he shipped the shell came from the clip  
His lightweight belt had got blown off his hip  
No one on the strip had the full explanation  
Only that the victim had high expectations

Most never peddle above the street level  
They cut they last deal with the devil just to settle  
For the crumbs that fell off the plate of the late great  
Who died in the federal state prison behind gates

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M.C.'s don't want none of this so just stop  
Got gimmicks with a bunch of facades and just props  
Don't take the song seriously, they just drops  
For the radio but you ain't crazy, yo

I'm on the regular, slang competitor  
I shock journalists, slap magazine editors

Watch the D.P. as he moves towards me  
Stuffed on his wordplay and can't record me

Three dimensional, visual, write portraits  
Enough in the photo lab not to get caught with  
Treason for any reason will only bring about torture  
Should of been the nine on those offers

Ribs broke my plate in the fifth  
The fact that the beat came from Muggs was a hell of a  
gift  
So I took the present sent some to the essence  
Like the young M.C.'s who'd only escaped adolescence

The sword remains in shape with endurance  
The blades can be quick when replaced with insurance  
But never seem to stop regardless of the tragedy  
Hyperactive rhymes slingers with charged batteries

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