

GZA/Genius "Crash Your Crew"

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Eh yo, turn my shit up son too, yo
You know exactly what I'm talking about
Y'know?

I'm gonna crash your crew
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Left drink wine, from the purist grapevine
An' rhyme out the motherfucking mind
Metal shine, light blind, cut the mic line
Catch juice from the land fo

Fifteen twenty inch woofers blow the manhole
Made the street crack, master feedback
Allah masters the beat back?
The crowd look, while the stage shook

Carpenters made errors
Craftsmen had his head severed
Pyroclastic flow, heavy like tonnes of snow
Broke this rhymin' video

Verbal assassin', blastin'
Exploit your break through explosively
Echo chamber ate that rap up ferociously

Game controlled, optimize the input channel
I set it relatively high for those on a panel
CD with the durable, long-life cover
Very similar to no other

I seen a million tryin' to set a flow, thousands that show
Observe with the patience of watching a flower grow
But one individual thing forgot the fri show
Now his pursuit is not for digress

A special note, thanks for being flank
While journalist's stay runnin' in front of tanks
Blew out first class, came back close cash
Ruff class, surfaces with no math

Military campaign, while shots
Cause information of the brain
Beat Crazy Eddie insane
Filled with pain, niggaz reign

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You never use those shoes
You can't have platinum authority inject me, bitch
I inject you with the shit that made you say, yo dirt

I'm gonna crash your crew

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