

## **GZA/Genius "Hip Hop Fury"**

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You crunchy chump crabs get crumbled up like crack  
rock

Fuck wit the Wu we bustin' ya whole snot box  
Throw ya right ear and ya bitch up in a zip lock  
Spazzola to ya fury form of hip hop

Here's something to advertise, promote it keep the fan  
satisfied

Load data for the disc drive, ghetto citywide  
Leave em paralyzed, they stolen every word I provide  
Without no clearance, I nurture this track like Amish  
parents  
Got requests from retail stores, for my appearance

First we target it, then they market it, to kill ya artist wit  
The hungry shark, contra hit, who ever's starting shit  
Got as many rap soldiers, for how much this record  
ships  
Fuck them niggaz you record with, I make them for fit  
Send a bomb rap fed ex into ya office

Son we buil and deliver came to build with the Gza  
Check the chorus from the Rza, the real album spitta  
Me and my street team be holding congress meetings  
Audio visual video treatments internationally speaking  
Got managers scared to shop you, ready to drop you

It's the coming of the newest Hip Hop Christ  
Pop you, try the BDS and sound skins from war fans  
Ya whole roster cant take on, one Sun of Man  
Get ya street team, get ya sickest out, put ya posters up  
Boost ya bucket up, still Razah gonna fuck it up!

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Industrialize niggaz change soon as ya get in  
Throw em on a auction block, CEO's bidding  
Highest price paid, for those Wack rhymes made

It's over rated, cut off, never reinstated  
I be fruitful, and multiply with marvelous tales  
Feed the hungry MC's and be starving as hell  
I laid the first verse and quenched a dry ass niggaz  
thirst  
Who drank my wisdom up like water, till his stomach  
burst

Full tank, with the premium quality raps  
Mickey mouse niggaz get caught on the trap  
Ya cottonelle kids from Scottsdale cleanex  
Looking like rock well wearing V-necks  
Ya learn from this earn from this  
Niggaz getting tossed and turned for this and burned  
for this  
Extort from a thousands degrees of live MCs  
I melt ya niggaz down to the size of fleas

The microphones, collect the bonus, aiyo we on this  
House niggaz verse the homeless  
Ten to one, Tim's the one  
Royal famous, the verbal painless  
The dark gallery, million dollar pictures  
Import from poor to riches, leanin' on doors  
We move across the Brooklyn bridge doing 60  
Illegal driving, from dusk to red dawn  
The Gza, Wu-tang we live long

True indeed, I hook tracks like my seed  
Persona, wack MCs do me notta  
King Solomon the great, came to evaporate the fake  
Yeah you, you know your power-U  
Ya recognize the voice, it's that nigga from the Wu  
Every dart I spit gets mastered and promoted  
Ya just been demoted, 'cause ya sweet and sugar  
coated  
Ya folded, ya style is half stale and molded  
So mold it

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