

## King Harvest

### "Rapability"

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[Intro: Killah Priest \*whispering\*]  
Interesting, interesting, interview, interview  
Jazz, hip-hop, pull yaself, love yaself  
Love yaself, we'll flair on y'all  
Straight like that, ya heard?  
No doubt, we'll make ya move, one time  
Rodney Kendrick

[Scorpion]  
Who'll be the victim?  
I bend him, twist him, when I spark the 'ism  
Mama gon' miss him, Bed-Stuy's in me, can't get it out  
par  
Me in pull 'sage in the back of a shark bar  
Whenever there's a mic, I'm there  
Whenever the club starts spittin in the air  
Everybody feelin me, "Scorp' you the man, son"  
Girls say I'm handsome, got a new anthem  
Break off with thumbs that write like me  
Punish ya lungs to fight like me, how hype I be  
Real MC's do real shit, lyrical shit  
Rip my whole Bed-Stuy Click, blow clips  
They came sour and rich, like fish and chips  
If you don't fit then split, abandon ship  
Punch you in ya lip, pop shit, I squeeze  
Nigga Please, you won't believe how you gon' bleed

[Chorus: GZA]  
Extraordinary, rapability  
Killa Bees, live in ya facility  
You jazz cats are killin me  
Who you think got the chemistry?  
Extraordinary, rapability  
Killa Bees, live in ya facility  
You rap cats are killin me  
Who you think got the chemistry?

[GZA]  
Yo, those who try to judge me, they don't know me  
Others try to teach me, but couldn't show me  
The media, thought they distly, tried to play me

Rest tried to test me, but couldn't grade me  
When I begin to bang this jazzy tune  
the crowd react quickly, if not soon  
I'm black and proud, I move the crowd  
Yet I'm not raised in hell  
My lyrics alone, rock the bells  
of those who say it's me they wanna scar  
Hmm, that's like George Burns without a cigar  
Some come in the game and project the hard image  
but they can't never get past the line of scri'mage  
I'm on the defence with a strong sequence  
You lack the knowledge to understand the pretence  
From not playin it right, you got sacked  
While I blitz the rhymes that were broken down in  
stacks  
Therefore, the mic that was hyper than ya hand  
got stripped and ripped while it slipped from it's stand  
Then what happened? You begin to cease to control it  
You fumble, couldn't rumble, so then I stole it  
How did you think you could make the first down?  
If you were boxin, you wouldn't escape the first round

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

Made in God's image, with no gimmicks  
Travel beyond limits, with Rodney Kendricks  
Back hunch over keyboards like Igor  
Leave my mind free to sour  
The galaxies, cosmic alchemy  
Spit words like a prince on his balcony  
Touch you like the bullet that made Malcolm bleed  
Red mahogany, it's like hard times and poverty  
Jazz and hip-hop, state of the art  
Razor sharp, it rip clubs apart  
Revise slugs in the park, then the blunts'll spark  
The party gets worse after dark  
Words and melodies, enjoy the smell of weed  
Cold faces while brothers roll Aces  
Play the wall, it might be a ball  
Word is bond when my favorite song comes on  
Recitin words like they fightin words  
When it's night, dim in the light like a verb  
Too swift to be observed, I move crowds like herb  
I hit opponents in they vital nerves  
Lyrics, hard like spear tips  
It goes dip until you feel it  
Confess, who's the illest? Who's the realest?  
Go tell ya whole village {\*echoes\*}

[Chorus 3X]

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