

## Count Raven

### "Stay in Line"

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[GZA]

Throw down ya mic son, ya gauge is empty  
Plus the wack shit in the game might tempt me  
Quickly drop non-stop rec shot  
What I took on the road on the lap and desktop  
A mixture from up-tempo to slow grooves  
8-Track figure that's mixed wit Pro Tool  
I rhyme wit sense the paragraph was intense  
Area's dense with the flow from the sentence  
Engine powered by five hundred horses  
Press by a threat of joint forces  
For emcee's who spit rap to cause beef  
Cause they depend on wild kill for fresh meat  
On the board, you're just a piece that's captured  
Weak is the land that's laying in the pasture  
The plug that gave ya juice, I might pull it  
Can't escape these endless waves of rap bullets

[Chorus: Santi White (GZA)]

They got no place for me  
In my life can't you see?  
I must not push or bite it tell me  
Stay in line, Stay in line (Stay in line)  
Stay in line, Stay in line (Stay in line son)  
Stay in line, Stay in line (Stay in line kid)  
Stay in line

[GZA]

I'm not insane in fact I'm kinda rational  
Chrome-plated serrated swords slashing you  
I shine light to the mic  
That's filled with the unspoiled water that sprits with  
light  
But um, you get high of the wealth and livin' large  
We rely of the stealth of camouflage  
Cut supply lines, flood ya mans market  
From high altitude cover the land target  
Lost in the desert, the journey is stressful  
Where the rescues are unsuccessful  
They perish while they search for it, intriguing  
treasures

Should of taken precautionary measures  
The rhyme with the shank in the yard that kept stabbing  
ya  
A shakedown from Alcatraz to Attica  
Because we rock the jails  
Wit it and mase write the verse on the walls of cells

[Chorus]

[GZA]

Ya out cold, ya styles old  
Allah just rolled, attack his skull wit a plan less bone  
Hit ya king with a Check that caused directly damage  
ya disco tech  
Shoulda' Protect ya Neck

[Santi White]

And do they think they got me? I don't know  
They seen ya picture baby? Don't think so  
Now do your mission and while you were thinking  
Ain't no collision that'll stop me from screaming

[GZA]

Involving movements, controlling the squares that's  
closed in  
Wit impact, in fact ya zone is frozen  
Submerged in deep blocks of ice  
Sceaming a wise by the high-tech devise  
The slightest fame can bring pain and torture  
The author, who came with a burning offer  
Published by whoever made it must own it  
Is just symatomic for one chaotic moment

[Chorus]

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