

DJ Muggs vs. GZA

"Illusory Protection"

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[Intro: movie sample]

When I request my flashing sword..
And my hand take hold on judgment..
I will take vengeance upon my enemies..
And I will repay those that hazed me..

[Chorus: GZA]

When you got bass all in your face
Sub woofers pumpin' all throughout the place
A fake rap nigga tryna plead his case
It's about to be, a catastrophe
And if you got beehive's, right before your eyes
About to start shit that'll attract the flies
And then you hear lies, followed by some cries
It's about to be, a catastrophe

[GZA]

Half of these rap lyrics ain't thoughts prevoked
Just alotta beef, til they get caught in smoke
But the problem is never cured, on top of that
Most of them be swingin' wild and then drop the bat
Many curious spectators, watch the human drama
This rap cat was all in the street without his armor
A homicidal attempt, that had failed
He flew off the roof, on the fence, got impaled
He talked a good one, but it was make believe
Much too low, for the human ear to perceive
He confused science fiction with science facts
He couldn't separate the block, from the recorded
tracks
Need a rhyme or the tactic, gotta work your magic
Detailed and graphic, but the outcome is tragic
Something built to a complex network
With a panoramic vision, designed by experts
I be the ice breaker, for you unskilled skaters
I increase the heat significantly, just on paper

[Chorus]

[GZA]

No matter what, I'm throwin' an iller dart

I can lay a verse, that'll soften a killer's heart
As fire as a five alarm blaze, that's too hot to be
holding
You feel the heat, once the flame pumps lace your
clothing
What some talk about, had little or no bearing
Could the next be some real shit, that's far from
comparing
Materialistic M.C.'s, come off boring
Meanwhile, I be sketching up, deposit drawings
Through the years, a countless, number of victories
Changing the era, we swarm unpredictably
A rhyme book is not, difficult to manage
I leave a mic in a bandage, from catastrophic damage
Rap niggaz on a trip, gotta steal your sandwich
So I crepted, division reports was left on canvas
I made it through the worst extremes of cold weather
Scuffed up, but remained durable as old leather
But I hold the pen, you feel the whiff of Polo wind
Something like Jesus, when he civilize older men
The math that shed light, all across the borders
If our wisdom was the vast expands of fresh waters

[Chorus]

[Outro: GZA (chess sample)]

We call it a sword style, because, we are lyrical
assassins
And we aware that the tongue is symbolic to the sword
The lyrical assassins... the lyrical assassins... a sword
style...
(The procedure is, check with the knight
Move the knight away to deliver a discovered check
from the queen
Then, sacrifice the queen to force the rook next to the
king
Then mate with the knight)

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