

## **The Genius Gza**

### **"Auto Bio"**

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I was born, with the mic in my hand  
Then I took it from Medina, to the S.I. land  
I pulled up on the block, go out the truck, tt was the first  
of pit stops  
The era of the spinnin' tops, the birth of hip hop  
That was somethin', I had identified with  
So I, made it my point to exploit this fly gift then  
Myself and RZA, made trips to the B.X  
A mass of ferocious M.C.'s and talent T-Rex  
Giants in every ways, rap flows for every day  
We knew we would get a reward for the price we'll pay  
The basic training was beyond entertainment  
Just the caters of the verbal expressions, self explainin'  
Were my boots out in constant walks across the  
borough  
Tore the troops out the frame when they challenge the  
most thorough  
From well concealed firing positions we let off the most  
Dangerous with that, slang that just shatter the coast  
They say I rhyme like the bank that stop  
Cause M.C.'s be more shook then the dice that drop  
Especially if I'm rollin', then the point is definitely  
proven  
Cause with the GZA holdin', that keep a nigga movin'  
I walk Broadway, from Quincy to Myrtle  
Back to Quincy, cut careers whatever the expense be  
They heard the Legend, run to the reverend  
With headaches and blackouts, worse then severe  
seven

And when my job is done  
And it's time to get those that's comin' up some runs  
So you can see where they from, from, from  
They say the product is good  
We gonna sling it from the slums of the hills of the  
hood  
'Til it's understood

We still search through the crates of songs that just  
breaks  
At times we play legendary battles on tapes  
Unlikely confrontation with a clash of swords

In a G that was stored, be rain that just poured  
On cats and dogs, water that, flooded the stance  
The violence and nature had trigged the violence of  
man  
That was bloodshed, from which said, audible threats  
Publicize regrets, wanted alive or dead  
A hand full recovered from the dramatic plunge  
While the rest kept babblin' and speakin' in tongues  
Since the competition already slaked them in a  
scrimmage  
He continued tarnish that, already faded image  
Any sport, when they come short, majors don't need  
'em  
Then they broke, lose they homes, lively hood and  
freedom  
The rhyme could be a blunt object that make you choke  
Like too many tokes, that'll recharge in growth  
This Witty Unpredictable Talent or Natural Game  
With non added of slang, it's all actual fact  
The high roller knock the chip off the shoulder  
Strike like the perfect bowler, with catastrophic  
damage  
My other's hard to vanish, punishment, swift to sudden  
Unparalleled advantage, brought to a level where you  
froze and can't speak  
Trapped in the frigid temperatures of that peak

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