

## **The Genius Gza**

### **"Feel Like an Enemy"**

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[Hell Razah]

Yeah, yeah yo

I'm like a whirlwind spinnin wit words of wisdom  
In the ghetto only promised a hearse and system  
We complete like the solar system  
Play your space, I get hungry off of treble and bass and  
beat breaks  
Everyday be a court date recorded on tape  
Hell Raizah grab the mic and send your show to a wake  
Cut off a snakehead the same way I cut off dead  
weight  
We negotiate wit .38's in a ?nor? face  
GZA came wit the Liquid Swords killin you all  
I'm the virus in the street that'll get in your paws  
See me jumpin outta four-doors wit my road dogs  
All you soldiers want wars when you don't know laws  
You be a rap fraud, knock you off the top of Billboard  
Besides keyboards, only thing I love is the Lord  
G-G Maccabee, K-P-P rapidly  
Aiiyyo Prodical, niggas is charged wit blasphemy

Chorus [Hell Razah]

AND ALL THAT HARD ROCK SHIT (charged wit  
blasphemy)  
AND IF YOU'RE FEELIN LIKE AN ENEMY (come after me)

[Killah Priest]

I heard the sweet words from sour tongues  
Vent poison in the ears of the ?grown-z's? dead head  
for years  
Shed a tear for the underwear under the stairs  
Left naked in the shame from hunger and fear  
Shots were fired in the darkest moments  
Niggas missed they targets, hit the homeless when the  
chrome spit  
Sacreligious, days of atonement  
Sing a praise wit a peace pipe for niggas I zone wit  
Priest I blow bread amongst twelve thugs  
Drunk a cup of blood  
We trained the same time Peter sprayed a slug  
We all trapped in this dream scared to wake up  
I seen a phantom whisper, grim shadows, shows a

blurry picture  
Streets are filled wit goons and bloody niggas  
I seen my friend fall, clutchin holdin his stomach  
Caught him off-guard, foldin his hundred  
It's like a life never ends, never know when it's comin

[Trigga]

Vocal imbalance, a code of silence converses violent  
Live from medalion, ?nometry? dealin equality  
You could stop to see profiles of me  
Mic styles of me, lifestyles of me  
Parallel prophecy, three-sixty degree  
Complete the formation, salute the salvation  
A Wu nation, do the knowledge no hatin  
No misbehavin, lyrical affiliation  
Artist in occupation together maintainin  
Brain stainin, metaphor mutilatin  
This generation, a misleading calculation  
No elevation, time wastin and live chasin

[Prodigal Sun]

A day and night crime scene, livin in the time machine  
Blaze a lime green, six on the spleen over some green  
Surrounded by crooks, a life wit jux and bloody heist  
It's a deadly price but the gun fiend for ice price  
In this hell puzzle filled wit bitches, money and trouble  
Stitches, for dummy knuckles crummy fuckin up the  
hustle  
It's a struggle, in jungle wit sin we fondle men  
Plus a prison, ain't no division and no religion  
And inner city chronicle, thugs get caught up  
astronomical  
Cash phenomenal, blast at your abdominal  
Niggas is comical, fuckin wit the abominal  
Son, I promise you, you won't live to see tomorrow  
Catch a slug in the back of your head at the Apollo  
I'm a hard act to follow, rugged Smith like Rollo  
(Let's mark that ass nigga)

Chorus 3x

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