

## **The Genius Gza "Paper Plate"**

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You ever see someone who roll with Mayweather,  
rhyme like Ricky Hatton  
Smash whatever you throw, 1000 is what I'm battin'  
Got a few hooks but no jabs  
Took 'em out your corndog books and notepads  
I get it, you Got Rich robbin' those in the industry  
Bite off this one, steal from your enemy  
Never try to play the hottest one out your camp  
He might step off and take half the juice from your  
amp  
Enough to make you Vogue on the cover of GQ  
Only missin' the sheer blouse. Homie, you see-through  
Stop sippin' on that Formula 50  
They want heat, I'll give it to them burnt and crispy  
Rhymes too short to box with God, so stretch it  
Especially these overrated rap steppin fetchers  
I told you if I rain, there'll be an eternal drizzle  
Woodwork strips being chipped with sharp chisels.  
One verse shatter your spine and crush your spirit  
No matter what, you still Window Shop for lyrics  
If you's a pimp, put chicks on a stroll  
And if those your soldiers, give 'em bigger guns to  
hold  
Who Shot Ya? You don't have enough on your roster  
You move like a Fed, but you talk like a mobster  
That Yayo slangin, please abort it  
Too many cuts on it, cokeheads they won't snort it  
Spray the Flea-Unit with pesticides  
You can get your best ghostwriters, get them all to  
testify  
Have you ever been stung by a thousand hornets?  
Five hundred killa bees, buzzin' and really on it  
Whipped with CUBAN LINX, cut with LIQUID SWORDS  
Choked by IRONMAN 'til we crush your vocal cords.  
You ain't nothin' but a pig in a blanket  
Hoghead, the deadliest food at the banquet.  
All this rap crap that's trapped in your colon  
Only means, get rid of the wack sh-- ya holdin'  
Sweet-tooth dudes stay out the Candyshop  
You ain't gotta handcuff 'em to see the panties drop  
A few cats is lookin' for a rat with cheese  
Got somethin' to pitch? They all swing a bat with ease

Get your ankles broke while doin' your two-step  
Leave a Thank-You note for the crutches the Wu left  
Proactive rap, you know they put drug in the cream  
You hallucinate, see Kanye in your dream  
And yo, I don't smoke dust; I dust off Smokey and the  
Bandits  
With the brush stroke off the canvas  
I walk on your Gators and lizards,  
Raise the lynx that was killed for your minx, you be  
rockin' in Blizzards  
Wanna be cock (diesel)'til you walk the D-Block  
To get a transfer, I'll spread your wings like Peacocks  
I was an emcee while you was in Nutville  
On a world tour, you was gettin' your guts spilled  
Ten years your senior but I flow like I'm twenty-one  
Straight out Medina with a mass of many sons  
Super nova give off gamma-ray bursts  
And I'll finish this, only 'cause I let off first  
WASSUP

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