

## The Genius Gza "Shadowboxin'"

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(Special technique)

Fuck that

(Special technique of shadowboxin')

God damn

(The GZA, god damn)

(The GZA, god damn)

Pledge allegiance to the hip-hop

(Method, god damn)

I pledge allegiance to the hip-hop

(Maximilli-on, Maximilli-on)

(Uh, yeah, ahh, uh)

Johnny Blaze

I pledge allegiance to the hip-hop

(Johnny Blaze)

Maximilli-on, Maximilli-on

I breaks it down to the bone gristle

Ill speaking Scud missile heat seeking

Johnny Blazing, nightmares like Wes Craven

Niggaz gunnin', my third eye seen it comin'

Before it happen

You know about them fucking Staten

Kids they smashin'

Everything huh, in any shape form or fashion

Now everybody talking bout they blastin', hmm

Is you bustin' steel or is you flashin'? Hmm

Talkin' out your asshole

You shoulda learnt about the flow and peasy Afro

Ticallion stallion, chinky eye and snot nosed

From my naps to the bunion on my big toe

I keeps it movin', know just what the fuck I'm doin'

Rap insomniac, fiend to catch a nigga snoozin'

Slip the cardiac arrest me, exorcist hip-hop possess me

Crunch a nigga like a Nestle, you know my steez

Burning to the third degree, sneaky ass alley cat top pedigree

The head toucher, industry party bum rusher

You don't like it dick up in ya fuck ya

(Allow me to demonstrate)  
That's right, you corny-ass  
(The skill of Shaolin)  
Rap motherfuckers  
(The special technique)  
Better go back and check  
(Of shadowboxing)  
Your fuckin' stacks  
(Shadowboxin')  
'Cause your naps ain't nappy enough  
And your reefs ain't rugged enough

I slayed MC's back in the rec room era  
My style broke motherfuckin' backs like Ken Patera  
Most rap niggaz came loud but unheard  
Once I pulled out, round em off to the nearest third

Check these non visual niggaz, with tapes and a  
portrait  
Flood the seminar, tryin' to orbit this corporate  
Industry, but what them niggaz can't see  
Must break through like the Wu, unexpectedly

Protect Ya Neck, my sword still remain imperial  
Before I blast the mic, RZA scratch off the serial  
We reign all year round from June to June  
While niggaz bite immediately if not soon

Set the lynchin', and form the execution date  
As this two thousand beyond slang suffocate  
Amplify sample through vaccum tubes compressions  
'Cause RZA, to charge niggaz twenty G's a session

When my mind start to clickin', and the strategy  
is mastered the plot thickens, this be that Wu shit  
I don't give a cotton-pickin', fuck  
About a brother tryin' to size a nigga up, I hold my own

Hard-hat protect your dome  
Look at mama baby boy actin' like he grown  
No time for sleep, I gets deep as a baritone  
Killa bee, that be holdin' down his honeycomb, loungin'  
son

Wu brother number one, protect your neck  
Flying guillotines here they come, bloody bastards  
Hard times and killer tactics, spittin' words plus  
Semi-automatic slurs, peep the graphic

Novel from the genie bottle, hit the clutch  
Shift the gear now, full throttle, time to bungee  
To the next episode, I keeps it grungy  
Hand on my nut sack and spittin' lung-ghies

At a wack nigga dat, don't understand the fact  
When it come to RZA tra-cks I don't know how to act  
Real rap from the Stat, killa hill projects  
How to be exact, break it down, all and together now  
Things are getting good looking better now

(Allow me to demonstrate the skill of Shaolin)  
(Sha-shadowboxin', the special technique of  
shadowboxin')  
(Shadowboxin')  
(Allow me to demonstrate)

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