The Genius Gza
"Sparring Minds"

[GZA]
Designer and most of man
stands the front-end loader
hold enough weight that'll compensate the share-
holders
Powerful motor controls are mad stable
No room for error, injury proves fatal
Hundred ton air-jack, quickly raise the steel
After blowin' out the belt drive, Math' change the
wheels
Bust ya, slash ya, we still thick like plaster
There's always potential full-on scale disasters
In the rec' [?] narrowly missin'
My camp be forced into periless proposition
We must come see ya, despite imminent danger
Was short on fuel, before he flew out the hangar
From the cold dirt, rocks and all, rap galore
Watch the river flow backwards once we storm the
shore
Nigga, mark with razor-sharp eyes of the scope
On the ropes, hanging from the towel and cliffs and
slopes
The magnitude of the devastation untold
The collective laws of countless souls lay in the road

[Inspectah Deck]
Insane flower, vein blower
Aim and it's game over
You know the name, flame-thrower
Got the code to the game and I hold the main controller
Soldiers from the jump, and today the same soldier
I stay low, play close to bank rolls
Parly with the greatest who walk the same road
Oh you ain't hear? Ain't nuttin' new but the gear
The crew of the year, kid too much to bear
Find out what I'm about, know the legend
The slight disrespect, of his name provoke tension
No threat, bringin' the force like Bobo-fet'
The old vet' WHOSE PRESENCE alone control the set
I'm next level, ya best settle, bless Rebel
I shine like a vessel, with strength to bend metal
Guns, head first in the grunge, become emerged the

drums
The verse is murder one

[GZA]
We rhyme back-to-back, deangerous emcees
Move on track-to-track 100 bar measure
Lost treasure, those crews who never gave us much
pleasure
Agreed the sound was good, shoppin' in the state, city,
town and hood
eventually they would
Lay down the trademark with god that built wealth
To dip-dive in the beehive was on self
For the power struggle, never clown but did juggle
The heavy load made it explode to mad rubble
I thought of this tune on a blackout guided by the light
of the moon
on a camp-out, the kerosine lamp out, so we walked the
road we paved
with trails that left vinyl foot-steps engraved

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