

## **The Genius Gza**

# **"Who's Your Rhymin' Hero"**

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Who's your rhymin' hero

I use lyrics versatile, beat up, on any style  
Treat em like stepchilds and smile  
I grab the mic then I check one two  
Brother's look, yo what he's gonna do  
Hmm, you know I don't get too hyped  
I just fully load up the brain and cock the mic  
And blast off rhymes, within a matter of time  
I'm like a mirror of organized crime  
For slaying an MC who think that he might be  
The first brother who could come up and fight me  
Start running like you're looking for P.C.  
Protective... custody  
'cause I'm blowing off, just for going off  
You may think I'm showing off, 'cause every rhyme is  
flowing off  
A dope beat that is so sweet to the eardrum  
Gets the crowd prepared to hear some  
Super, high-powered lyrics, specially chosen  
The battle's a snowstorm and brothers are frozen  
Thirty-two degrees below zero  
Now who's your rhymin' hero (3X)

The Genius, is a rap professor  
Casual dresser, you may dress fresher  
But the way I speak is so poetic  
Describe me on the mic, I'm energetic  
Even if you roll up strapped with an uzi  
Still your wack lyrics couldn't [Do Me!!]  
Yo, I'm not the type of guy  
'cause my lyrics are high powered, meaning fly  
I'm not barn, I'm building hard  
You thought that I was weak, well let me speak  
With me being frozen this MC weather come to  
all linked together  
See I got wreck, wrapping things in check  
You got germs, worms, plus a lack of respect  
I'll be teachin, you couldn't handle  
A style like mine, I dismantle  
Just by pickin up the mic, and start showin  
I cold turn it out, and yo then

I get super serious strong and then furious  
Give an MC something to make them curious  
on, professors, in college  
I stomp em out just with supreme knowledge  
Bustin up witches, yo I give stitches  
Super-suckin-fuckin-lickin-some-sexy-scali bitches  
I go off, and off men often  
See the December's Primateen mist coughin  
'cause I'm the God building hard never barred  
Bringin crazy static to your attic  
Now I'm known to flip a show  
Now who's your rhymin' hero (4X)

You have some MC's who get too hyped  
From a ten word rhyme it took em hours to type  
That's not MCing, just an MC being  
weak on his words and never thinkin bout freein  
Poitive thoughts that I let come out  
I'm The Genius of this, I know what it's about  
'cause on the mic I'm a leader, school I am a reader  
When it comes to sex, a strong good breeder  
MC's max but every one I wax  
and collect the cash money without being taxed  
Now that I have your attention, I'd like to mention  
Don't battle me at any rap convention  
If so I'll show all who wants to know  
To determine who's an amateur and who is a pro  
Don't mean to get ill, 'cause I know how you feel  
You lack words like mines, talent and skill  
Now I'm known to flip a show  
Now who's your rhymin' hero (4X)

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