

John Mellencamp F/ Me'Shell Ndegéocello

"Living in the World Today"

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Intro: RZA

Yo [yeah] Check it out son, check it out son
Yo, [Wu, can I get a soo] live in the place to be
You got the capital G
G to the A-M-C
Givin a mad shout out to the Ranch Crew from the old
school
And we gonna take y'all back, knowwhatl'msayin?
Lyrical sorcerors right here, the fathers, the cream of
the crop son
[Yo check it]

Chorus: The Genius

Well if you livin in the world today
You be hearin the slang that the Wu-Tang say
Niggaz that front we don't handle em
So we blast em, alright, well OK

Well if you like the way it sound then clap man
And if the women love it too well then raise your hands
But only raise your hands if you're Sure
[Meth] Punk niggaz shatter like a glass jaw, break it

Verse One: The Genius

My rhyme gross weight vehicle combination
was too heavy for the Chevy's is chased out the station
Double-edged was the guillotine that beheaded it
gassed up, fuckin with some regular unleaded shit
Heads roll on hillsides behind ropes that
bind-in, X marks the spot on the scope
Heavily armed military is necessary, it's a gamble
MC's bet they best at every
Powerful parable ditties might harm
if tampered with, set off and strike like pipe bombs
Flashbacks to the Duel of the Iron Mic
Look out for these fatal flying spikes, of massive
sleep-holds, put strangle on commercial angle
Microphone cords tangled from being Star Spangled

Now who could ever say they heard of this?
My motherfuckin style is mad murderous

Chorus: (in reverse verse)

Interlude: Method Man, Genius

Well what you know about MCin?
Yo, I know a lot
Well can you demonstrate somethin nigga?
Huh, I'd rather not
I'm talkin bout stacks cousin
Nigga that's what I got
Cash Rules the world
Well Cash Rules the spot

Verse Two: The Genius

My preliminary attack keep cemeteries packed
of niggaz who think it ain't like that
MC's are gunned down like being run down with mad
trucks
Them God struck, religious niggaz call it bad luck
Rap celeb, you got caught up in the web
now bees are stingin, yo that niggaz em-singin
I'm just swingin swords strictly based on keyboards
Unbalanced like elephants and ants on see-saws
I throw raps that attack like the Japs on Pearl Harbor
MC's be out like bank robbers
Fleeing the scene, to be a sole survivor
DJ the getaway driver
Tried to dip but he dive I socialize on vocal vibes
On tracks stabbed up with razor sharp knives
Criminal subliminal minded rappers find it
Hard to define it, when narrow is the gate
for fat tapes and then played out and out of date
Then I construct my thoughts on site to renovate
And from that point, the God made a statement
Draftin tracements, replacements in basements
materials in sheet-rock, to sound proof the beat box
and microscopic optics received through the boxes
obnoxious topic, major labels, flavor tropical
Punchlines, that's unstoppable
Ring like shots from glocks that attract cops
around the clubs and try to shut down the hip-hop
But we only increase if everything is peace
Father U C King the police

Chorus

Chorus

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