

[GZA]

I was born, with the mic in my hand
Then I took it from Medina, to the S.I. land
I pulled up on the block, got out the truck, it was the first of pit stops
The era of the spinnin' tops, the birth of hip hop
That was somethin', I had identified with
So I, made it my point to exploit this fly gift then
Myself and RZA, made trips to the B.X.
A mass of ferocious M.C.'s the talent T-Rex
Giants in every ways, rap flows for every day
We knew we would get a reward wit a price to pay
The basic training was beyond entertainin'
Just the cadence of the verbal expressions, self explainin'
Wore my boots out in constant walks across the borough
Tore the troops out the frame when they challenged the most thorough
From well concealed firing positions we let off the most
Dangerous with that, slang that just shatter the coast
They say I rhyme like the bank thats stopped
Cause M.C.'s be more shook then the dice thats dropped
Especially if I'm rollin', then the point is definitely proven
Cause what the GZA holdin', that keep a nigga movin'
I walk Broadway, from Quincy to Myrtle
Back to Quincy, cut careers whatever the expense be
They heard the Legend, run to the reverend
With headaches and blackouts, worse then seven seven

[Chorus: GZA]

And when my job is done
then it's time to give those that's comin' up some run
So you can see where they from, from, from...
And since the product is good
We gonna slang it from the slums of the hill of the hood
'Til it's understood

[GZA]

We still searched through the crates for songs thats just breaks
At times we played legendary battles on tapes
Unlikely confrontation with a clash of swords
Energy that was stored, we rained and just poured
On cats and dog water that, flooded the stares
The violence of nature had trigged the violence of man
That was bloodshed, from which said, audible threats
Publicized regrets, wanted alive or dead
A hand fall recovered from the dramatic plunge
While the rest kept babblin' and speakin' in tongues
Since the competition already slayed em in the scrimmage
He continued to tarnish that already faded image
In this sport, when they come short, majors don't need 'em
Then they broke, lose they homes, lively hood and freedom
The rhyme could be a blunt object that make you choke
Like too many tokes, that'll recharge y' growth
This Witty Unpredictable Talent All Natural Game
wit non additive slang, it's all actual fact
The high roller knock the chip off y shoulder
Strike like the perfect bowler, the catastrophic damage
from what was hard to manage, punishment, swift and sudden
Unparalleled advantage, brought to a level where you froze and can't speak
Trapped in the frigid temperatures of that peak

[Chorus]