Stay In Line

Gza

Throw down ya mic, son, ya gauge is empty
Plus, the wack shit in the game might tempt me
Quickly drop non-stop rec shot
What I took on the road on the lap and desktop
A mixture from up-tempo to slow grooves
8-Track figure that's mixed wit Pro Tool
I rhyme wit sense, the paragraph was intense
Area's dense with the flow from the sentence
Engine powered by five hundred horses
Press by a threat of joint forces
For emcee's who spit rap to cause beef
'Cause they depend on wild kill for fresh meat
On the board, you're just a piece that's captured
Weak as the lamb that's laying in the pasture
The plug that gave ya juice, I might pull it
Can't escape these endless waves of rap bullets
They've got no place for me
In my life can't you see?
I must not push or bite, they tell me
Stay in line, stay in line
(Stay in line)
Stay in line, stay in line
(Stay in line, son)
Stay in line, stay in line
(That's right)
(Stay in line, kid)
Stay in line
I'm not insane, in fact I'm kinda rational
Chrome-plated serrated swords slashing you
I shine light to the mic
That's filled with the unspoiled water that spirits with light
But you get high of the wealth and livin' large
We rely of the stealth of camouflage
Cut supply lines, flood ya mans market
From high altitude cover the land target
Lost in the desert, the journey is stressful
Where the rescues are unsuccessful
They perish while they search for it, intriguing treasures
Should've taken precautionary measures

The rhyme with the shank in the yard that kept stabbing ya
A shakedown from Alcatraz to Attica
Because we rock the jails

Wit it and Mase write the verse on the walls of cells
They've got no place for me
In my life can't you see?
I must not push or bite, they tell me
Stay in line, stay in line
(Stay in line)
Stay in line, stay in line
(Stay in line, son)
Stay in line, stay in line
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Stay in line
Ya out cold, ya style's old
Allah just rolled, attack His skull wit a plan less bone
Hit a King with a Check that caused directly damage ya disco tech
Shoulda' Protect ya Neck
And do they think they got me?
(I don't know)
They seen ya picture, baby?
(Don't think so)
Now do your mission and while you were thinking
Ain't no collision will stop me from screaming
Involving movements, controlling the squares that's closed in
Wit impact, in fact ya zone is frozen
Submerged in deep blocks of ice
Scheming a wise by the high-tech devise
The slightest fame can bring pain and torture
The author who came with a burning offer
Published by whoever made it must own it
Is just symatomic for one chaotic moment
They've got no place for me
In my life can't you see?
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