

Beneath the Surface

GZA

On a man-made lake there's a sheet of thin ice
Where unskilled skaters couldn't figure-8 twice
That's sixteen uncut direct from the cult
Head on assault, the result death by the bulk
In a vault, they spoke about the average loss per mission
That was seen by a king in a prophetic vision
Like a plane crash from a bomb blast
Special broadcast, slot time with con cash
They kept the jury quiet and now the riot will form
While satanic man now hang in his dorm
I swing on you fake radio personalities
Who boost ya ratings with hypes behind casualties
And fire shots with low-pressure water gun play
But instantly slap ya five like it's Palm Sunday
I fashion the first tool, from the elements the Earth use
And built it to a complex network of communications
You're up against a hopeless situation
I screen every vehicle from enemy observation
Swarming unpredictably, we spread terror
Increase the fog significantly, change the era
Check my wind pattern, it's heading west
Success is freedom but failure can mean death
Humans sweat and aim shovels, dig up the debris and rubble
Permanent damage caused by the W
Now who cowardly urge you to merge through
And think the workers will serve you?
The Sonic marvel who just dropped the next novel
Worldwide, rapidly marred in marble
It's a countless amount of emcees I saved
And them same niggas wanna squander those gifts I gave
Scratch underneath the surface, where does your purpose lie?
It seems our will is worthless, like we're pawns beneath the sky
Fates erased by reason and passion's just a whim
Feel empty so I breath in, keep myself from giving in
Love and hatred, moments most sacred
Both species, they lay naked in the tombs of oasis
Think back on niggas I ate with, spent the day with
Guns we played with, niggas I relate with
We broke bread, I heard through a vine niggas worked for the Fed

Sent out secretly to take my head
I laid back and meditate to the words they said
Skipped town for a month and grew some dreads
Had a friend tell my family I was dead
Returned at the last fall of the autumn leaf
Operate the plan accordingly in case the Feds are recording me
Sign all documents using forgery cause just a mere thought of me
I'm like Solomon, spoke bluntly, told the world, "I'm black and comely"
Howls from the grave haunt me, the smell of death's upon me
I dwell in the Hills like Gandhi
Been in the presence of mad peasants and old kings
Who sold everything on a quest for God's Divine
Slept in caves to get a clear mind
Who prayed three times, when the Moon lit and when the Sun rise
I met dwellers in the desert, talked to shepherds
Been in the mouth of many leopards
Felt the death kiss of Satan's mistress
Walk through vacant districts, before religions I studied pagan scriptures
True philosophers and physicians on the cure missions
Who harden their hearts toward the weak, sick and inflicted
Candles lit, gamble with a bitch
Who made me love her when I touch her, soft paws hide claws
Bees with sweet honey in they mouth
Have bitter stingers at they tail
Walk through the chambers of death, take a hole onto Hell
Embracing her was like embracing the third rail
Scratch underneath the surface
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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