Auto Bio

Gza

[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, go out the truck, tt 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 and talent T-Rex
Giants in every ways, rap flows for every day
We knew we would get a reward for the price we'll pay
The basic training was beyond entertainment
Just the caters of the verbal expressions, self explainin'
Were my boots out in constant walks across the borough
Tore the troops out the frame when they challenge 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 that stop
Cause M.C.'s be more shook then the dice that drop
Especially if I'm rollin', then the point is definitely proven
Cause with 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 severe seven

[Chorus: GZA]
And when my job is done
And it's time to get those that's comin' up some runs
So you can see where they from, from, from...
They say the product is good
We gonna sling it from the slums of the hills of the hood
'Til it's understood

[GZA]
We still search through the crates of songs that just breaks
At times we play legendary battles on tapes
Unlikely confrontation with a clash of swords
In a G that was stored, be rain that just poured

On cats and dogs, water that, flooded the stance
The violence and nature had trigged the violence of man
That was bloodshed, from which said, audible threats
Publicize regrets, wanted alive or dead
A hand full recovered from the dramatic plunge
While the rest kept babblin' and speakin' in tongues
Since the competition already slaked them in a scrimmage
He continued tarnish that, already faded image
Any 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 in growth
This Witty Unpredictable Talent or Natural Game
With non added of slang, it's all actual fact
The high roller knock the chip off the shoulder
Strike like the perfect bowler, with catastrophic damage
My other's hard to vanish, punishment, swift to sudden
Unparalleled advantage, brought to a level where you froze and can't speak
Trapped in the frigid temperatures of that peak

[Chorus]

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