High Price, Small Reward

Gza

I wiped the chrome off wit the dust cloth
'Fore I bust off
What's the cause? Life loss, high price to pay
For a small reward
Kill for that Bush wick and Horsely broad

I provided the jump cables through to boost the mini-pack
Based on the drama unfolding in a track
I don't hold back, I spare no one
Swords swing like Shogun, now who want it?
You see the truth then act upon it

Or feel the fire's fore view
Ain't a MC that I hit can pull through
That niggas are like kid, flashin' plastic tools
Unaware of the most-year dynastic rule
What stupid!

Without a doubt, it's in the heart where the best darts were written
Sittin' at the window of the grand old earths
Youths thirst for knowledge, I teach but hold heat
'cause some savage niggas are lost beyond reach

Broken homes breed seeds of no guidance
Left to wonder the streets and experiment wit devilish men
Violent, felon offenders, supreme folders
One-twenty bomb holders let 'em off and explode

The battlefield haunting the daunting
Wu-Tang dance deadly emits six pence
Spiral rifle, barrel pointed, elastic noose
Plastic head wrapped stifle, survival

Tribal, title secret rival
'Archual' subliminal message throwin'
Bitch niggas holdin' on labels
Mic cables

Capable of slowin' down jets on deck
Fuckin' you straight through continuously

Justice, wit more of the critical penital
Some long overdue, now served by the chiefs on cheat

Drummer bills is the street prophecies fulfilled
Better chill, currents to the invited
Bang for the 'phones, live niggas on they way home
Snatch poems from clones, we got it sewn

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