Investigative Reports

GZA/Genius

Intro/Outro: U-God

[here we go, come on]
[A, A battle was fought, in Brooklyn...]
[Hessian Soldiers killed 3,000 men; much of the fighting
took place in what is now Prospect Park in Greenwood cemetary,
as well as the Park Slope and Gowanas neighborhoods.]
[This was the first battle, of America.]

Rugged rhymsters, crooked crimesters
Dime droppers, Twenty-five-to-lifers
Backstabbers, low blowers
Illegal... cocaine growers
Starvation, profanity
Anxiety, brothers tryin me
Gun slingers, dead ringers

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

Yo, my slang's out of this world
Mix collaboration man, little man and his girl
Way of life got me thinkin, plus I'm analyzing young
youths on roofs, you know, three time felony brutes
Roll together, tropical trees puff, whatever
Yo, we could go run up on kids for leathers
What drug? Faculties bubble keys for G's
Cream flow like seven seas, hit chicks Guayanese
Word up, hold your head before you fall out
The morgue route, the devil want that
Let's get my niggaz locked all out
Change for better, that be my only vendetta
in life, feed your seed right, it's breathin indeed right
Chef, remarkable, sparkable, raps and tackable gats
Never get jacked, see ya then move, black
Paradise trife, plush with much ice
gettin nice, layin back, sleep all my life
Word up!

Chorus: U-God

[The battle of Brooklyn depicted was the bloodiest
clash of the American revolution. Soldiers killed
3,000 men, much of the fighting took place in what is now...]

Crack patients, dime smokers
Vial carriers, mocha tokers
Burnt buildings, brothers building
Save yo' children, investigative reports!

Verse Two: GZA

Callin all cars, callin all cars! Ghetto
Psychos, armed and dangerous, leavin mad scars on those
Who are found bound, gagged and shot when they blast the spot
Victims took off like astronauts
Get with this, even your best can't
come on down, you're the next contestant!
Get your pockets dug from all your Chemical Bank-ins
Caught him at the red light - on Putnam Avenue and Franklin
They used to heat up the cipher with a shot that was hyper
than your average JFK sniper
He just came home to spark it
Rolling like Kaufman, and lay that ass out like carpet
Stop the stuttering boy, save the planes for the five-oh
Then praise the God - chk-a-chk POW!
They be lick shots and premeditate to grab...
...and then they jet back to the lab
And then remain in Shaolin
An endangered island
Shorties lose blood by the gallon

Chorus

[Have integrate a number of corrupt cops, judges...
...into high-level positions, to insure the continued
success of the drug smuggling and money laundering operations]

Verse Three: Ghost Face Killer

Yo, I grab the pen for revenge and let loose, see
Like Muslims, standing on the block, rocking a khufi
The hundred-dollar kick rockin kid's back for more
startin gold wars, with black Reeboks and Velours
Jungle royal life, livin villain
Packed with visions, copywritten
Throwin bread to pigeons, Christ has risen, King Elegant

Slang-Master jackets, expensive noodle hats
In sixty-nine, old times was time that brothers shot craps
The baggy blue Guess jeans, pull strings off of callin springs
I'm locked in the thing, Rocky ring labelled rap king
The corner emperor - the golden thieves play the benches
Rednecks be hanging big niggaz down in Memphis
Back in Now-Y, hit the bull's eye with loaded nines
Life is like Tarzan, swingin from a thin vine
Shatter dreams, then mirrors don't need a press spirals
Aim at the white shadows with big barrels
of Moet-ahs, the bald headers, milk and Amarett-ahs
Who fear none, question all personal vendettas, yo
They use guns, while we angrily shot arrows
You better keep your eye on the sparrow!

Intro/Outro

[Have integrated a number of corrupt cops, judges and lawyers
into high-level positions -- to insure the continued success
of the drug smuggling and money laundering opertaions.]

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