

# 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 cemetery,  
as well as the Park Slope and Gowanus 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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