4th Chamber

GZA/Genius

Choose the sword, and you will join me
Choose the ball, and you join your mother, in death
You don't understand my words, but you must choose

So, come boy, choose life or death

The only man I hold wake for
Is the sky-blue Bally kid, in eighty-three, rocked Taylor's
My Memorex performed tape decks, my own phone sex
Watch out for Haiti bitches, I heard they throw hex
Yo, Wu whole platoon is filled with rac-coons
Corner sittin wine niggaz sippin Apple Boone, this ain't no white cartoon
Cause I be duckin' crazy spades
The kid hold white shit, like blacks rock ashy legs
Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas rat to Romans while Jesus slept? Stand up
You're out of luck like two dogs stuck
Iron Man be sippin' rum, out of Stanley Cups, unflammable
Noriega, aimin' knives which stay windy in Chicago
Spine-tingle, mind boggles
Kangols in rainbow colors, promoters try to hold dough
Give me mine before Po, wrap you up in so-and-so
I ran the Dark Ages, Constantine and great Henry the Eighth
Built with Ghengis Khan, the wreck suede wiley Don

I judge wisely, as if nothin' ever surprise me
Loungin', between two pillars of ivory
I'm lively, my dome piece, is like buildin' stones in Greece
My poems are deep from ancient thrones I speak
I'm overwhelmed, as my mind, roams the realm
My eye's the vision, memory is the film
Others act sub-tile, but they fragile above clouds
They act wild and couldn't budge a crowd
No matter how loud they get, though they growl and spit
Clutch they fists, and throw up signs like a Crip
And throw all types of fits
I leave em split, like ass cheeks and ragged pussy lips

Aiyyo, camoflouge chameleon, ninjas scalin' your buildin'
No time to grab the gun they already got your wife and children

A hit was sent, from the President, to rage your residence
Because you had secret evidence, and documents
On how they raped the continents, and it's the prominent
Dominant Islamic, Asiatic black Hebrew
The year two thousand and two, the battle's filled with the Wu
Six million devils just died from the Bubonic Flu
Or the Ebola Virus, under the reign of King Cyrus
You can see the weakness of a man right through his iris
Un-loyal snakes get thrown in boilin' lakes
Of hot oil, it boils your skin, chicken heads gettin' slim
Like Olive Oyl, only plant the seed deep inside fertile soil
Fortified with essential, vitamin and mineral
Use the sky for a blanket, stuffin' clouds inside my pillow
Rollin with the Lands, the tribe's a hundred and forty four thousand chosen
Protons electrons always cause explosions

The banks of G, all CREAM downs a vet
Money feed good, opposites off the set
It ain't hard to see, my seeds need God-degree
I got mouths to feed, unnecessary beef is more cows to breed
I'm on some tax free shit by any means
Whether bound to hit scheme or some counterfeit CREAM
I learned much from such with cons who run scams
Veterans got the game spiced like hams
And from that, sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded, and then blood floods the lawn
Disciplinary action was a fraction of strength
That made me truncate the limp on temp
With the stump, treat his hips like air pumps
RZA shaped the track, niggaz caught razor bumps
Scarred tryin to figure who invented
This unprecented, opium-scented, dark-tinted
Now watch me blow him out his shoes without clues
Cause I won't hesitate to detonate, I'm short fuse

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by DIGGS, ROBERT F. / COLES, DENNIS DAVID / GRICE, GARY E.
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/