

# 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, camoflounge 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

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