

Did Ya Say That

Gza

I keep your heart is PZA-pumping, the beat is GZA-jumping
The crowd get wild off my style, they want something
The herds start stomping, the promoters that be fronting
They sue for Cash Rule but the courts they give 'em nothing
Your soundman came with the feedback like we need that
Security's shining flashlights like where the weed at?
Stay in your place, see you guys smoke blowing in your face
And it's hard to stop it once we came to drop it

Who bold enough to challenge this deadly reportation
Of keeping MC's in a hopeless situation
No comparison, if you put the darts side by side
One will weigh out the other like friend next to brother
Try to take cover as the battle comes to a closion
That structure that supported your rap started implosion
Your whole chest and your world caved in
They completely gave in, they just sparks and brave men

Did ya say that?
Record execs wanna push the album way back
And hold out on my advance
They didn't pay that
Producers want seven points
He didn't play that, yo did they say that?

Yo, did he say that?
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And hold back on my advance
They didn't pay that
Producers want seven points
He didn't play that, yo did he say that?
Yo, did he say that?

Raindrops keep falling on your head
So heavy that it's tearing what you're wearing
Ain't caring, so you're hearing what I said
I'm making sure it stick like a stamp you don't lick
Or a snare with no kick, so you know it be authentic
Like the hand-made works of a carpenter

The 64 squares make 'em use a sharpener

Kept a fine point with the lead, then it's thread
On the paper then like cancer it would rapidly spread
This music is addictive but can't live without it
At times you shout it 'The Wu, they be about it'
A strong following with the die-hard supportedly
The loyalty came from the songs that went accordingly
I couldn't be more wrong if I changed the format
Did something different from the most explored rap

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Positive elevation always correct errors
That's the fire till my Clansmen starts to spread terror
Spin your wig back like we DJ'ing, he ain't playing
My songs set a trap, catch 'em laying
Now we stuck but he's overwhelmed by what he came across
Not to play it is a terrible loss at whose cost?
People wait like never before for the ball to drop
At the gate lined up for a tape to cop

I still run into students banging my first joint
Wrote a essay off the second LP to prove a point
That a rhyme is a terrible thing to waste
Gimmicks and radio, the God don't chase
But I replace your wackness, it shows in your flows
Immaturenesses, all of your hoes, case closed
Most of your strength is in the pocket of your clothes
That you endorse in every rhyme like it's Garbeson robes

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