Living In the World Today

GZA

Yo (yeah), check it out, son, check it out, son
Yo (Wu, can I get a soo?), live in the place to be
You got the capital G, Z to the A, MC
Givin' a mad shout out to the Ranch Crew, from the old school
And we gonna take y'all back, know what I'm sayin'?
Lyrical sorcerors right here, the fathers, the cream of the crop, son
(Yo, check it)Well, if you livin' in the world today
You be hearin' the slang that the Wu-Tang say
Niggas that front, we don't have 'em
So we blast 'em, alright, well, ok
Well, if you like the way it sounds, then clap, man
And if the women love it too, well, then raise your hands
But only raise your hands if you're sure
Punk niggas shatter like a glass jaw, break it
My rhyme gross weight vehicle combination
Was too heavy for the Chevy's, is chased out the station
Double-edged was the guillotine that beheaded it
Gassed up, fuckin' with some regular unleaded shit
Heads roll on hillsides behind ropes that
Bind-in, X marks the spot on the scope
Heavily armed, military is necessary, it's a gamble
MCs bet they best at every
Powerful parable ditties might harm
If tampered with, set off and strike like pipe bombs
Flashbacks to the "Duel of the Iron Mic"
Look out for these fatal flying spikes, of massive
Sleep-holds, put strangle on commercial angle
Microphone cords tangled from being Star Spangled
Now, who could ever say they heard of this?
My motherfuckin' style is mad murderous
Well, what you know about MCin'?
Yo, I know a lot
Well, can you demonstrate somethin', nigga?
Huh, I'd rather not
I'm talkin 'bout stacks, cousin
Nigga, that's what I got
Cash Rules the world
Well, Cash Rules the spotMy preliminary attack keep cemeteries packed
Of niggas who think it ain't like that

MCs are gunned down like being run down with mad trucks
Then, God struck, religious niggas call it "bad luck"
Rap celeb, you got caught up in the web
Now, bees are stingin', yo, that niggas em-singin'
I'm just swingin' swords strictly based on keyboards
Unbalanced like elephants and ants on see-saws
I throw raps that attack like the Japs on Pearl Harbor
MCs be out like bank robbers
Fleeing the scene, to be a sole survivor
DJ, the getaway driver
Tried to dip, but he dive, I socialize on vocal vibes
On tracks stabbed up with razor-sharp knives
Criminal subliminal minded rappers find it
Hard to define it, when narrow is the gate
For fat tapes and, then, played out and out of date
Then I construct my thoughts on site to renovate
And from that point, the God made a statement
Draftin' tracements, replacements in basements
Materials in sheet-rock, to sound proof the beatbox
And microscopic optics received through the boxes
Obnoxious topic, major labels, flavor tropical
Punchlines, that's unstoppable
Ring like shots from Glocks that attract cops
Around the clubs and try to shut down the hip-hop
But we only increase if everything is peace
Father You See King the police
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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