

Knock, Knock

Gza

I'm the outscene slang kicker with no parental sticker
Risin' y'all that wise words is much slicker
Under circumstances label advances
Ample opportunity, infinite chances
The rhyme, the unrelated beef I don't stress
I seen many killed for infinite-e-less
Ya raps need a clips that packed with lies
Cowardlessly ya shot up those innocently wise
In extra long verses hundred bars the lim'
The percentage of the truth in the rhyme is one tenth
A solid mass of minerals, easily broke down
Hard rock MC's ya nothin' but compound
Sparked by the endless greed of CEO's
in the videos with those questionable flows
Take it twenty-six, cut it down to four bars, make it a hook
if it's not I'm sure to send a book

Knock Knock

Who the fuck is bangin' at my door?
Is it abstract commercial or hardcore?
Better know who the fuck they lookin' for
'cause they don't want more

Yo Knock Knock

Who the fuck is bangin' at my door?
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The cream of the crop we run circles that remain symmetrical
with lightnin' victories that's highly electrical
My microphone is just too hot to handle
plus I don't fill ya ears with the, Pennister's scandal
I gift wrap the sawed-off, the DJ pump it
March to the sounds of Armstrong's trumpet
Great things satisfied great minds
You want me to paint scenes describe it in eight lines
Check it
Conceptional breakthrough, incomprehensible
Rap that make you, convinced it's invincible

Lease up my words, powerful hazardous
The most dedicated research the data; this
Info tempo, is gatherin' momentum
A thousand rounds of ammo one of them was spendin'
Applied science to, vocals we flyin' through
Victorious always because I am who?

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I wrote this rhyme with a Sharpie
You see this dark key ignition's for those with keys
who want to start me up
That's where nature and nightmare come merge
Put ya hole in so much inside ya gotta splurge
on these snakes with the things that, poke through your denim
When ya move it accelerates the action of the venom
But the purity and sacrifice gettin' stung twice
from those who know dikes to cars that deep right
'cause rhyme travelers are light years beyond
The Clan had a bomb that made the world respond
Considering my own future, I'm used ta
Damaging MC's then pollyin' with producers
Whose main makin' cereal from two tracks of serial
Hold! That song's playin' weak ass material
We all peak at a singular point in time
'Till you see the sign, decide

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