

Paper Plate

Gza

You ever seen someone who roll
With Mayweather, rhyme like Ricky Hatton
Smash whatever you throw, a thousand is what I'm battin'
Got a few hooks with no jabs
Took 'em out ya corndog books and notepads
I get it, you got rich robbin' those in the industry
Bite off this one, steal from your enemy
Never try to play the hottest one out ya camp
He might step off and take half the joules from ya amp
Enough to make ya Vogue on that cover of GQ
Only missin' the sheer blouse, homey, you see through
Stop sippin' on that Formula 50
They want heat? I give it to 'em, burnt and crispy
Rhymes too short to box with God, so stretch it
Especially these over-rated raps, step to fetch it
I told you if I rain, there'll be an eternal drizzle
Woodwork strips bein' chipped from sharp chizzles
One verse shatter your spine and crush your spirit
No matter what, you still window shop for lyrics
If you was a pimp, put tricks on the stroll
And if those were soldiers, give 'em bigger guns to hold
Who shot ya? You don't have enough on your roster
You move like a fed, but you talk like a mobster
That yayo you slingin', please abort it
Too many cuts on it, cokeheads, they won't snort it
I spray the Flea Unit with pesticides, and you can get
Your best ghost writers, get 'em all to testify
Have you ever been stung by a thousand hornets?

Five hundred Killa Beez, buzzin' and really on it
Whipped with Cuban Linx, and cut with Liquid Swords
Choked by Ironmen 'til we crush your vocal chords
You ain't nothin' but a pig in the blanket
Hog head, the deadliest food at the banquet
All this rap crap, that's trapped in your colon
Only means, get rid of the wack shit you holdin'
Sweet tooth dudes stay out the candy shop
You ain't gotta handcuff 'em to see the panties drop
A few cats is lookin' for a rat with cheese

Got somethin' to pitch, they all swing a bat with ease
Get your ankles broke, while doin' your two-step
Leave a thank you note, for the crutches the Wu left
ProActive rap, you know they put drug in the cream
You hallucinate and see Kanye in your dream
And yo, I don't smoke dust, I dust off Smokey and the Bandits
With the brush stroke off the canvas
I walk on your gators and lizards, raise the lynx
That was killed for your minks, you be rockin' in blizzards
Wanna be cop, 'til you walk to D-Block
And get entranced for us, spread your wings like peacocks
I was an MC when you was in Nutville
On a world tour, you was gettin' your guts filled
Ten years MC'ing, but I flow like I'm twenty-one
Straight from Medina, with the mass of many suns
The supernova, give off gamma ray bursts
And I'll finish this, only 'cause I let off first, what's up

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