

Swordsman

Gza

Chorus:

When a motherfucker steps out his place
And gets slapped in his motherfuckin face
Just because the motherfucker tried to base
The G.O.D., the G.O.D.

And while I see his whole click passes by
Motherfuckers think they qualify
And for those niggaz want to try
The G.O.D., the G.O.D.

Verse One:

Yo

I'm not caught up in politics
I'm no black activist on a so-called scholar's dick
I come through with the Wu and drop math
And versatile freestyles bombs and phonographs
and deliver, all things and other in weight
searched to death, on how living things relate
Cause at a young age, I was molded in a religion I relied on
and got caught up in superstition
Scared to split pole, duck black cats
Once in a while, threw salt over my back
But with knowledge of self from off the shelf
Made things seemed complicated now small like elves
So turn off the lights light a candle, and have a seance
Pull the lid off the Dean Martin scandal
Witches warlocks spooks and holy ghosts
RZA lets defraud the host

Chorus

Verse Two:

We were on the same ship when the slaves were checked
I had to pull your card you was on the top deck
So I plotted my escape, I saw the Thin Line Between Love and Hate
And fast from the hog on the plate
I suffered brutal pains, from whips and chains
Punishments that were set to wash the brain
So look listen observe and also respect this jewel

drawed up, di-tect and reflect this
light I shine, that cause my power to be find
through the truth, which manifest through eternal minds
Purified gases and masses the same elements
that helped spark civilization classes
I see brothers quote math plus degrees
Look at professor ass niggaz can't feed they own seeds

Chorus 2X

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