

Crash Your Crew

06. Genius-GZA

Eh yo
Turn my shit up son too
Yo
You know exactly what I'm talking about
Why'know?

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Left drink wine, from the purist grapevine
An' rhyme out the motherfucking mind
Metal shine, light blind, cut the mic line
Catch juice from the land fo
15 twenty inch woofers blow the manhole

Made the street crack, master feedback
Allah masters the beat back
The crowd look, while the stage shook
Carpenters made errors
Craftsmen had his head severed

Pyroclastic flow, heavy like tonnes of snow
Broke this rhyming video
Verbal assassin, blastin'
Exploit your break through explosively
Echo chamber ate that rap up ferociously

Game controlled, optimize the input channel
I set it relatively high for those on a panel
CD with the durable, long-life cover
Very similar to no other

I seen a million tryin' to set a flow, thousands that show

Observe with the patience of watching a flower grow
But one individual thing forgot the Fri show
Now his pursuit is not for digress

A special note, thanks for being flank
While journalist's stay runnin' in front of tanks
Blew out first class, came back close cash
Ruff class, surfaces with no math

Military campaign
While shots cause information of the brain
Beat Crazy Eddie insane
Filled with pain, niggaz reign

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You never use those shoes
You can't have platinum authority inject me
Bitch I inject you, with the shit that made you say
Yo dirt doggchew-chew-chew

I'm gonna crash your crew

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