Shadowboxin'

GZA/Genius

I breaks it down to the bone gristle
Ill speaking Scud missile heat seeking
Johnny Blazing, nightmares like Wes Craven
Niggas gunning, my third eye seen it coming before it happen
You know about them fucking Staten kids, they smashing
Everything huh, in any shape form or fashion
Now everybody talking bout they blasting, hmmm
Is you busting steel or is you flashing, hmmm
Talking out your asshole
You shoulda learnt about the flow and peasy afro
Ticallion stallion, chinky-eye and snot-nosed
From my naps to the bunion on my big toe
I keeps it moving, know just what the fuck I'm doing
Rap insomniac, fiend to catch a nigga snoozing
Slip the cardiac arrest me, exorcist hip-hop possess me
Crunch a nigga like a Nestle, you know my steez
Burning to the third degree, sneaky ass alley cat top pedigree
The head toucher, industry party bum rusher
You don't like it dick up in you fuck ya

Allow me to demonstrate
That's right, you corny-ass
The skill of Shaolin, rap motherfuckers
The special technique, better go back and check
Of shadowboxing, your fucking stacks
Shadowboxing, cause your naps ain't nappy enough
And your beats ain't rugged enough, bitch

I slayed MC's back in the rec room era
My style broke motherfucking backs like Ken Patera
Most rap niggas came loud but unheard
Once I pulled out, round em off to the nearest third
Check these non-visual niggas, with tapes and a portrait
Flood the seminar, trying to orbit this corporate
Industry, but what them niggas can't see
Must break through like the Wu, unexpectedly
Protect Ya Neck, my sword still remain imperial
Before I blast the mic, RZA scratch off the serial
We reign all year round from June to June

While niggas bite immediately if not soon
Set the lynching, and form the execution date
As this two thousand beyond slang suffocate
Amplify sample through vacuum tubes compressions
Cause RZA, to charge niggas twenty G's a session

When my mind start to clicking and the strategy
Is mastered the plot thickens, this be that Wu shit
I don't give a cotton-pickin' FUCK
About a brother tryin to size a nigga up, I hold my own
Hard-hat protect your dome
Look at Mama baby boy acting like he grown
No time for sleep, I gets deep as a baritone
Killa bee, that be holding down his honeycomb, lounging son
Wu brother number one, protect your neck
Flying guillotines here they come, bloody bastards
Hard times and killer tactics, spitting words plus
Semi-automatic slurs, peep the graphic
Novel from the genie bottle, hit the clutch
Shift the gear now, full throttle, time to bungee
To the next episode, I keeps it grungy
Hand on my nut sack, and spitting lunghies
At a whack nigga dat, don't understand the fact
When it come to RZA tracks I don't know how to act
Real rap from the Stat, killa hill projects
How to be exact, break it down
All in together now
Things are getting good looking better now

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