

# 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 lungnies  
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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