Publicity

GZA

Who be first to catch this Beat Down?
My RapPages be The Source
Ego Trip remain victory and no loss
Rap Sheet show you Details of wars in streets
Where the most live catch Vibe and Blaze heat
Double XL kings who rush through got Right On
Quick to Stress ya sound crew to get a mic on
Math lets the plates Spin
Consecutive hits, promoters' face grin
The dawn catch fist, keep the paper direct wire, see MJ retire
Unlike the story that echoes out from chronic liars
Like those who feast on hogs, eat Murder Dogs
A Village Voice kid with his heart and soul calm
Killa Beez produce the honey that fortify the platinum
Plus the DJ claws fiend to scratch them
Thus street team take shots at criticism
Promotional vehicles wiffin with mad rhythm
With the lockout of one of our Source Sports
We spice the stand and launch the stage on the ball court
During the first half, number one draft
Rap lords swing swords, slam microphone, shatter Billboards
Forty-eight in sight after inhaling the herb
Vision impaired when the silhouette emerged
One nut out the Clan
Get your whole clique banned from radio
PDs cut your raps man
Forcing me to move on from one world to another
On the gulf from the fuel Jet to hover
Take cover wit the radical Urban Latino
No Hip-Hop Connection wit Us and Janet Reno
I do an interview and they aim to trace my Essence
To know more than is necessary blunts your weapon
My group's Nova, remain unsober
And serve High Times with king cobras
I shoulder low-post MCs, your whole style la feast
Second to get your Word Up then the troops unleash
Creative Loafing to the grand opening
With my ray gun scoping, you're hoping
Uniforms be fridged when they walk the Black Beat

In the heat of razors exposing fresh meat
In Bedrock and Gambling, Rolling Stone out of zone
Where they can't monitor my 'xact poem
Collide with the Tiger Beat, rapping raga
Ebony eyes, folks see the saga
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/