

4th Chamber

GZA

Choose the sword, and you will join me
Choose the ball, and you join your mother... in death
You don't understand my words, but you must choose

So... come boy, choose life or death

The only man a hoe wait for
is the sky-blue Bally kid, in '83, rocked Taylor's
My Memorex performed tape decks, my own phone sex
Watch out for Haiti bitches, I heard they throw hex
Yo, Wu whole platoon is filled with raccoons
Corner sitting wine niggaz sipping Apple Boone this ain't no white cartoon
'Cause I be ducking crazy spades
The kid hold white shit, like blacks rock ashy legs
Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas, rat to Romans while Jesus slept?
Stand up, you're out of luck like two dogs stuck
Iron Man be sipping rum, out of Stanley Cups, inflammable
Noriega, aiming knives which stay windy in Chicago
spine-tingle, mind boggles
Kangols in rainbow colours, promoters try to hold dough
Give me mine before Po, wrap you up in so-and-so
I ran the Dark Ages, Constantine the Great, Henry the Eighth
Built with Genghis Khan, the wreck suede Wally Don

I judge wisely, as if nothing ever surprise me
Lounging, between two pillars of ivory
I'm lively, my dome piece, is like building stones in Greece
my poems are deep from ancient thrones I speak
I'm overwhelmed, as my mind, roams the realm
My eye's the vision, memory is the film
Others act sub-tile, but they fragile above clouds
They act wild and couldn't budge a crowd
No matter how loud they get, though they growl and spit
Clutch they fists, and throw up signs like a Crip
And throw all types of fits
I leave them split, like ass cheeks and ragged pussy lips

Aiyyo, camouflage chameleon, ninjas scaling your building
No time to grab the gun they already got your wife and children
A hit was sent, from the President to raid your residence
Because you had secret evidence, and documents
on how they raped the continents, and it's the prominent
dominant Islamic, Asiatic black Hebrew
The year two thousand and two, the battle's filled with the Wu
Six million devils just died from the Bubonic Flu
Or the Ebola Virus, under the reign of King Cyrus
You can see the weakness of a man right through his iris
Un-loyal snakes get thrown in boiling lakes
of hot oil, it boils your skin, chickenheads getting slim
like Olive Oyl, only plant the seed deep inside fertile soil
Fortified with essential, vitamin and minerals
Use the sky for a blanket, stuffing clouds inside my pillow
Rolling with the lambs
Twelve tribes a hundred and forty four thousand chosen
Protons Electrons Always Cause Explosions

The banks of G, all cream downs a bet
Money feed good, opposites off the set
It ain't hard to see, my seeds need God-degree
I got mouths to feed, unnecessary beef is more cows to breed
I'm on some tax free shit by any means
Whether bound to hit scheme or some counterfeit cream
I learned much from such with cons who run scams
Veterans got the game spiced like ham
And from that, sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded, and then blood floods the lawn
Disciplinary action was a fraction of strength
that made me truncate the length one-tenth
With his thump, tweaters hits like air pumps
RZA shaved the track, niggaz caught razor bumps
Scarred trying to figure who invented
this unprecedented, opium-scented, dark-tinted
Now watch me blow him out his shoes without clues
'Cause I won't hesitate to detonate, I'm short fuse