

## 7 Pounds

GZA

Speakin' of this art form this slang is dangerous  
MC's are like sperm cells, a gang of us  
Fightin' to reach the egg  
Bitin' and loose a leg  
Odds are like one in ten million, a thin thread  
One from a thousand speaks in his own voice  
the other 999 imitates without choice  
Never even knowing it  
until the going gets  
Rough  
See the amplified sample I've flowin' with  
I grab the microphone, the unthinkable happens  
See the rocket's red glare like the guns a' clappin'  
They steel cage matchin' MC's is scrappin'  
Not the UFC but my opponent's tappin'  
So don't let a little bit of fear turn to hatred  
I was sent as the savior to revive what was sacred  
Also stop this uncalled-for behavior  
Sylphic rap cats they lack taste and flavor

Got word from the wise to let it drop  
Set this on fire, take aim and let it pop  
Because, regardless to whom or what  
even with doors shut  
I'm givin' 'em straight raw you're bringin' 'em more cut  
Like Bolivian rock, your watered down hip hop  
Rap so outta shape and far from tip-top  
Pearls next to pebbles  
Spoons against shovels  
Dictators next to rebels and  
Gods against Devils.

No time for backwards thinkin' let's think ahead,  
If you wanna sleep when you awake, then make your bed  
A lot of MCs came to see me on referrals  
Not even knowing that they would undergo great perils  
These cutting edge methods from the most specialized  
Craftsmen, the last minute before the vessel flies  
The lord of the art strikes a chord in your heart  
Your ear love to hear the god rip the track apart  
To me hip hop is like Einstein to science;  
A match made in heaven, most likely an alliance  
Complex individual that you dream of being  
Intellectual charlatan, the all-high-seeing  
Got an appetite for heat so then come and bite the beat, n'  
Digest the rest and don't stress the part you couldn't eat.