

General Principles

GZA

Castle, Qc2

If black takes on c4, then white could play e4

I must put in time to get mine, many hours to earn power
Like the ashy hand pizzeria owner that rolled flour
I can't be a broke nigga, bitter and sour
Sellin' CDs on the corner of Sunset and Gower
A small fry nigga in a baked potato world
Sizzling in some beef full of grease like jheri curls, uh-uh
Shout out to DJs who kept it real
Shipped a few hundred thou' but some never broke the seal, fuck them
Stick to college radios, mix shows
Stormin' university with freestyles, sick flows
Might give a lecture about your rap texture
MC, B-Boy, DJ / Director
The name was a bell that rang through the hall
Popular as the tag on the bathroom stall, check it
This language is so captivating
When we lose a rap nigga the news is devastating
Whether to the prison or grave
You know this rap shit is built from the strength of those that hunger and c
rave
My clan got rhymes for days, to be skilled it pays
Most of them can't escape the solar rays

Name a crew that can stop the force that I strike with
Let alone try to hold the pen that I write with
You can even chop off my fingers I type with
Those I hold a mic with, thinking I might quit
They didn't know that only makes me more determined
Ich lebe für hip hop, you can ask the Germans
Some say I never got this full recognition
So I drop another, they shocked and still listen
Plus I ran into a well-known musician
He said this sample shit got too many cooks in the kitchen
Now he's back to flippin' love borns and cypher zigs
To support his kids, much even hyper wiz
A bad amigo will stroke your ego
You see the flash on the dash when he blast your Buick-Regal
The same brother you was throwin' your key to
Brought the seven niggas in the buildin' to see you
You know these goddamn streets 's so gritty
With sour milk from titties that'll spoil the city
The hood cornerbacks, strong attack is a blitz
But we don't lie down for shit, not even direct hits

From graffiti in New York on the walls and trains
DJs in California to the shores of Maine
B-Boys on the floor who be doin' the thang
To MCs behind ropes who had titles to claim

My team's about shootouts, the fans shout with loud mouths
The clock run out, the ref throw the sign, it's overtime
The rim-leanin', visitin' teams schemin'
Championship ring fiendin', they must be dreamin'
These rap players and slayers got a lotta endorsements
Make 'em hire law enforcement

Plus I just turned down tracks, can't remember the
Producer with the beats is wack, sound similar
It gotta be exciting, striking, lightning
Bring the best out, to dawn through Harlem
Writing, light stroke from my pen might choke
The tape lent, got a little air, then half the spins
MCs be stuck with fear and fascination
The nature and the scale of events shake the station
I stick up the track armed only with the pen
Terrorize it vocally with the force of wind

From graffiti in New York on the walls and trains
DJs in California to the shores of Maine
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This is hip-hop

Castle, Qc2
If black takes on c4, then white can play e4)

C5, Qa5, e5, Nd5, Bxc4, Nc3, and then castle