

Hip Hop Fury

GZA

You crunchy chump crabs get crumbled up like crack rock
fuck wit the Wu we bustin ya whole snot box
Throw ya right ear and ya bitch up in a zip lock
Spazzola to ya fury form of hip hop

Here's something to advertise, promote it keep the fan satisfied
Load data for the disc drive, ghetto citywide
Leave em paralyzed, they stolen every word I provide
Without no clearance, I nurture this track like Amish parents
Got requests from retail stores, for my appearance
First we target it, then they market it, to kill ya artist wit
The hungry shark, contra hit, whoevers starting shit
Got as many rap soldiers for how much this record ships
Fuck them niggaz you record with, I make them forfeit
Send a bomb rap fed ex inside ya office,
Son we build and deliver, came to build with the Gza
check the chorus from the Rza, the real album spitta
Me and my street team be holding congress meetings
Audio visual video treatments internationally speaking
Got managers scared to shop you, ready to drop you
It's the coming of the newest hip hop christ to pop you
Try the BDS and soundskins from war fans
Ya whole roster can't take on, one Sun of Man
Get ya street team, get ya sickest out, put ya posters up
Boost ya bucket up, still Razah gonna fuck it up!

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Industrialize niggaz change soon as ya get in
Throw em on a auction block, CEOs bidding
Highest price paid, for those wack rhymes made
It's overrated, cut off, never reinstated
I be fruitful, and multiply with marvelous tales
Feed the hungry MCs who be starving as hell
I laid the first verse and quenched a dry ass niggaz thirst
Who drank my wisdom up like water, till his stomach burst
Full tank, with the premium quality raps
Mickey mouse niggaz get caught on the trap
Ya cottonelle kids from scottsdale, ya cleanex
Looking like rockwell wearing V-Necks
Ya learn from this earn from this
Niggaz getting tossed and turned for this and burned for this
Extort from a thousands degrees of live MCs
I melt ya niggaz down to the size of fleas

The microphonus, collect the bonus, aiyo we on this
House niggaz verse the homeless Ten to one,
Tim's the one Royal famous, the verbal painless
The dark gallery, million dollar pictures
Import from poor to riches, leanin on doors
We move across the brooklyn bridge doing 60
Illegal driving, from dusk to red dawn
The Gza/Genius, Wu-tang we live long

True indeed, I hook tracks like my seed
Persona, wack MCs do me notta
King solomon the great came to evaporate the fake
Yeah you, you know your power-U
Ya reconize the voice, it's that nigga from the Wu
Every dart I spit gets mastered and promoted
Ya just been demoted, cause ya sweet and sugar coated, ya folded
Ya style is half stale and half molded, so mold it

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