

Paper Plate

GZA

You ever seen someone who roll with Mayweather, rhyme like Ricky Hatton
Smash whatever you throw, 1000 is what I'm battin'
Got a few hooks but no jabs
Took 'em out your corndog books and notepads
I get it, you got rich robbin' those in the industry
Bite off this one, steal from your enemy
Never try to play the hottest one out your camp
He might step off and take half the joules from your amp
Enough to make you vogue on the cover of GQ
Only missin' the sheer blouse, homie, you see-through
Stop sippin' on that Formula 50
They want heat, I'll give it to them, burnt and crispy
Rhymes too short to box with God, so stretch it
Especially these overrated rap Stepin Fetchits
I told you if I rain, there'll be an eternal drizzle
Woodwork strips being chipped with sharp chisels
One verse shatter your spine and crush your spirit
No matter what, you still window shop for lyrics
If you's a pimp, put chicks on a stroll
And if those your soldiers, give 'em bigger guns to hold
Who shot ya? You don't have enough on your roster
You move like a fed, but you talk like a mobster
That yayo you slangin', please abort it
Too many cuts on it, cokeheads they won't snort it
Spray the Flea-Unit with pesticides
You can get your best ghostwriters, get them all to testify
Have you ever been stung by a thousand hornets?
Five hundred killa bees, buzzin' and really on it
Whipped with Cuban Linx, cut with Liquid Swords
Choked by Ironman 'til we crush your vocal cords
You ain't nothin' but a pig in a blanket
Hoghead, the deadliest food at the banquet
All this rap crap that's trapped in your colon
Only means, get rid of the wack sh-- you holdin'
Sweet-tooth dudes, stay out the candyshop
You ain't gotta handcuff 'em to see the panties drop
A few cats is lookin' for a rat with cheese
Got somethin' to pitch? They all swing a bat with ease
Get your ankles broke while doin' your two-step
Leave a "Thank you!" note for the crutches the Wu left
Proactive rap, you know they put drug in the cream
You hallucinate, see Kanye in your dream
And yo, I don't smoke dust, I dust off Smokey and the Bandits
With the brush stroke off the canvas
I walk on your gators and lizards
Raise the lynx that was killed for your minks, you be rockin' in blizzards
Wanna be cock 'til you walk the D-Block
To get a transfer, I'll spread your wings like peacocks
I was an emcee while you was in Nutville
On a world tour, you was gettin' your guts spilled
Ten years your senior but I flow like I'm twenty-one
Straight from Medina, with a mass of many suns
Supernova, give off gamma-ray bursts
And I'll finish this only, 'cause I let off first
Wassup?