

## Rough Cut

GZA

Uh-huh, GZA, uh, RZA, uh

Listen, if ya'll can spit, we can spit, please get it together  
'cause anything you can do, I can do better  
Your imagine material looks, hotter behind looks  
Raise the fear, no one, but self, who's shook?  
Bring the plague like the revelations in the holy book  
Who's spot you took? Duke off the hook  
I'm from the land of the crook, life quit the end  
Better known as the Brook, rather tape then lend  
There's a lot of wack records, but this ain't one of them  
DJ's off the books, go 'head put the gun at them  
All groupie M.C.'s, I'm bout to start stunnin' 'em  
Don't matter what crew, every last one of 'em  
It's gettin' crowded in here, some acts got to go  
Let's start by eliminatin' groups that can't flow  
I better meal my deal, my career with no fear  
That none of ya'll group can touch what's over here

These rough cut metal tapes  
Quick to break your label mates, won't hesitate  
Negotiate your table stakes, you can't flow right  
Or fuck with me on no night  
Fuck the slow light, you need to get your show right

Yo Justice, how many M.C.'s must get pistol whipped?  
Crack faces with bottles of Crys', hollow tips gobble lips  
That's the penalty for poppin' that shit  
Vanish in a colorless whip, bags of grip  
Doo-rags and clips, tag the strip  
You had the chance to advance, I'm sorry for the holes in  
your hip  
Son, It's the way of the street merchant, live by the laws,  
die by the rules  
My gleam play the part of a fool  
Now hear these jewels from a wise king, see what my eyes seen  
Ten year supreme, the theme, we sizzle-line and triple CREAM  
My grip'll off that digital bream, visual scene  
Roll footage on your video screen  
Globe patrol, Two On The Road, we never fold  
Snub react, GZA mack eliminate tracks  
Stimulate phat, Sunzini, nigga, gifted and black  
Now watch me mack to the kingdom of rap

Give me a beat, nigga dealin' battles like a thief  
Done killed more niggas than Jason in part 3  
Stay Wu, on the graveyard and this label  
Dum dums, that battle 12 O'Clock, now it's able  
So what, looked up and made the bitches clap  
That was because my style's clothes, not the raps  
Ain't that shit, props for the clothing  
Should of brought a mirror, 'cause lyric wasn't rollin'  
My rhymes is all that and yours ain't shit  
And at a party, your bitch takin' crazy flicks of me  
She said I was nigga celebrity  
But I'm from the slums, with the bums drinkin' Hennesey  
Take a sip of some Jamaican rum

Put fire to my lung, tongue, teeth and gums  
When it comes out my mouth, shit's hot and it burns  
Make fools out of bitches like I'm Howard Stern