

Those That's About It

GZA

Call to umm - the call to arms
To draw your swords, to draw your gun

Those that's bout it, M.C.'s I run with
Those that doubt it, on the mic, get done quick
Even if you left in intensive care
I'll have the plug pulled, before your crew gets there

I'm the one you hate to see, your worst nightmare
While you dream of riding the block, and raiding the fair
Enemies get cooked like eggs, while they scramble
He lived, but he still lost his legs, as he gamble
Couldn't sell what he shipped, the shell came from the clip
His lightweight belt, had got blown off his hip
No one on the strip, had the full explanation
Only that the victim had high expectations
Most never peddle above the street level
They cut they last deal with the devil, just to settle
For the crumbs that fell off the plate, of the late great
Who died in the federal state prison, behind gates

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M.C.'s don't want none of this, so just stop
Got gimmicks with a bunch of facades, and just props
Don't take the song seriously, they just drops
For the radio, but you ain't crazy, yo

I'm on the regular, slang competitor
I shock journalists, slap magazine editors
Watch the D.P. as he moves towards me
Stuffed on his wordplay, and can't record me
Three dimensional, visual, write portraits
Enough in the photo lab, not to get caught with
Treason for any reason, will only bring about torture
Should of been the nine, on those offers
Ribs broke my plate in the fifth
The fact that the beat came from Muggs, was a hell of a gift
So I, took the present, sent some to the essence
Like the young M.C.'s, who'd only escaped adolescence
The sword remains in shape with endurance
The blades can be quick, when replaced with insurance
But never seem to stop, regardless of the tragedy
Hyperactive rhymes, slingers with charged batteries

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