

# 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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