

# Beneath the Surface (feat. Killah Priest)

GZA

On a man-made lake there's a sheet of thin ice  
Where unskilled skaters couldn't figure-8 twice  
That's sixteen uncut direct from the cult  
Head on assault, the result death by the bulk  
In a vault, they spoke about the average loss per mission  
That was seen by a king in a prophetic vision  
Like a plane crash from a bomb blast  
Special broadcast, slot time with con cash  
They kept the jury quiet and now the riot will form  
While satanic man now hang in his dorm  
I swing on you fake radio personalities  
Who boost ya ratings with hypes behind casualties  
And fire shots with low-pressure water gun play  
But instantly slap ya five like it's Palm Sunday  
I fashion the first tool, from the elements the Earth use  
And built it to a complex network of communications  
You're up against a hopeless situation  
I screen every vehicle from enemy observation  
Swarming unpredictably, we spread terror  
Increase the fog significantly, change the era  
Check my wind pattern, it's heading west  
Success is freedom but failure can mean death  
Humans sweat and aim shovels, dig up the debris and rubble  
Permanent damage caused by the W  
Now who cowardly urge you to merge through  
And think the workers will serve you?  
The Sonic marvel who just dropped the next novel  
Worldwide, rapidly marred in marble  
It's a countless amount of emcees I saved  
And them same niggas wanna squander those gifts I gave  
Scratch underneath the surface, where does your purpose lie?  
It seems our will is worthless, like we're pawns beneath the sky  
Fates erased by reason and passion's just a whim  
Feel empty so I breath in, keep myself from giving in  
Love and hatred, moments most sacred  
Both species, they lay naked in the tombs of oasis  
Think back on niggas I ate with, spent the day with  
Guns we played with, niggas I relate with  
We broke bread, I heard through a vine niggas worked for the Fed  
Sent out secretly to take my head  
I laid back and meditate to the words they said  
Skipped town for a month and grew some dreads

Had a friend tell my family I was dead  
Returned at the last fall of the autumn leaf  
Operate the plan accordingly in case the Feds are recording me  
Sign all documents using forgery cause just a mere thought of me  
I'm like Solomon, spoke bluntly, told the world, "I'm black and comely"  
Howls from the grave haunt me, the smell of death's upon me  
I dwell in the Hills like Gandhi  
Been in the presence of mad peasants and old kings  
Who sold everything on a quest for God's Divine  
Slept in caves to get a clear mind  
Who prayed three times, when the Moon lit and when the Sun rise  
I met dwellers in the desert, talked to shepherds  
Been in the mouth of many leopards  
Felt the death kiss of Satan's mistress  
Walk through vacant districts, before religions I studied pagan scriptures  
True philosophers and physicians on the cure missions  
Who harden their hearts toward the weak, sick and inflicted  
Candles lit, gamble with a bitch  
Who made me love her when I touch her, soft paws hide claws  
Bees with sweet honey in they mouth  
Have bitter stingers at they tail  
Walk through the chambers of death, take a hole onto Hell  
Embracing her was like embracing the third rail Scratch underneath the surface  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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