

Swordsman (feat. Killah Priest)

GZA

When a motherfucker steps out his place
And gets slapped in his motherfuckin face
Just because the motherfucker tried to base, The G.O.D, The G.O.D
And while I see his whole clique pass us by
Motherfuckers think they qualify
And for those niggas want to try
The G.O.D., the G.O.DYo, I'm not caught up in politics
I'm no black activist on a so-called scholar's dick
I come through with the Wu and drop math
And versatile freestyle bombs and phonographs
And deliver, all things in number and weight
Searched to death, on how living things relate
Cause at a young age, I was molded in a religion I relied on
And got caught up in superstition
Scared to split pole, ducked black cats
Once in a while, threw salt over my back
But with knowledge of self from off the shelf
Made things seemed complicated now small like elves
So turn off the lights, light a candle, and have a seance
Pull the lid off the Dean Martin scandal
Witches, warlocks, spooks and holy ghosts
RZA let's defraud the hoax
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The G.O.D., the G.O.DWe were on the same ship when the slaves were checked
I had to pull your card, you was on the top deck
So I plotted my escape, I saw the thin line between love and hate
And fast from the hog on the plate
I suffered brutal pain, from whips and chains
Punishments that were set to wash the brain
So look listen observe and also respect this jewel
Drawed up, detect and reflect this
Light I shine, because my powers is refined
Through the truth, which manifest through eternal minds
Purified gases and masses the same elements
That helped spark civilization classes
I see brothers quote math plus degrees
Look at professor-ass niggas can't feed they own seeds
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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