

# Living In the World Today

## GZA

Yo (yeah), check it out, son, check it out, son  
Yo (Wu, can I get a soo?), live in the place to be  
You got the capital G, Z to the A, MC  
Givin' a mad shout out to the Ranch Crew, from the old school  
And we gonna take y'all back, know what I'm sayin'?  
Lyrical sorcerors right here, the fathers, the cream of the crop, son  
(Yo, check it)Well, if you livin' in the world today  
You be hearin' the slang that the Wu-Tang say  
Niggas that front, we don't have 'em  
So we blast 'em, alright, well, ok  
Well, if you like the way it sounds, then clap, man  
And if the women love it too, well, then raise your hands  
But only raise your hands if you're sure  
Punk niggas shatter like a glass jaw, break it  
My rhyme gross weight vehicle combination  
Was too heavy for the Chevy's, is chased out the station  
Double-edged was the guillotine that beheaded it  
Gassed up, fuckin' with some regular unleaded shit  
Heads roll on hillsides behind ropes that  
Bind-in, X marks the spot on the scope  
Heavily armed, military is necessary, it's a gamble  
MCs bet they best at every  
Powerful parable ditties might harm  
If tampered with, set off and strike like pipe bombs  
Flashbacks to the "Duel of the Iron Mic"  
Look out for these fatal flying spikes, of massive  
Sleep-holds, put strangle on commercial angle  
Microphone cords tangled from being Star Spangled  
Now, who could ever say they heard of this?  
My motherfuckin' style is mad murderous  
Well, what you know about MCin'?  
Yo, I know a lot  
Well, can you demonstrate somethin', nigga?  
Huh, I'd rather not  
I'm talkin 'bout stacks, cousin  
Nigga, that's what I got  
Cash Rules the world  
Well, Cash Rules the spotMy preliminary attack keep cemeteries packed  
Of niggas who think it ain't like that  
MCs are gunned down like being run down with mad trucks  
Then, God struck, religious niggas call it "bad luck"  
Rap celeb, you got caught up in the web

Now, bees are stingin', yo, that niggas em-singin'  
I'm just swingin' swords strictly based on keyboards  
Unbalanced like elephants and ants on see-saws  
I throw raps that attack like the Japs on Pearl Harbor  
MCs be out like bank robbers  
Fleeing the scene, to be a sole survivor  
DJ, the getaway driver  
Tried to dip, but he dive, I socialize on vocal vibes  
On tracks stabbed up with razor-sharp knives  
Criminal subliminal minded rappers find it  
Hard to define it, when narrow is the gate  
For fat tapes and, then, played out and out of date  
Then I construct my thoughts on site to renovate  
And from that point, the God made a statement  
Draftin' tracements, replacements in basements  
Materials in sheet-rock, to sound proof the beatbox  
And microscopic optics received through the boxes  
Obnoxious topic, major labels, flavor tropical  
Punchlines, that's unstoppable  
Ring like shots from Glocks that attract cops  
Around the clubs and try to shut down the hip-hop  
But we only increase if everything is peace  
Father You See King the police

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>