

# Dj Krush, Zen Approach

(feat. Black Thought)

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, you wasn't payin' attention, I'm henchman, hit the entrance  
Trenchin', wasn't no means, a intervention  
A dollar bill will make a hundred-ten Yen son  
How much you willing to sacrifice to win, huh?  
I personally have paid mine and then some  
Climbed up an inch at a time, now who the Zen one  
If not self, whom else could you depend on  
Friends gon' swear it's aight, and probably been wrong  
I've got them battlefield dents in my armor  
A twitch from the drama, the trees, and bad Karma  
But yo, I'm a precision, proceed ya preformer  
We operate every night, and leave in the morning  
To get you high as a kite is the reason you wanted  
It's like, a direct flight from freezing to burning hot shit  
The audience fiend for this fix  
And Krush come with the guillotine for this mix yo...

[Various soft-spoken words from Black Thought]

[Verse 2]

Yo, who got they fingers on the carousel, locked in position  
It's got to be my guy, the turntable tactician  
You all in a hush, silent, trying to listen  
You wanna feel this realness, that reads "spittin";  
It got ya head, splits ya eyes, can't stop twitchin'  
The only thing that you can do is rock to the rhythm  
Thought puttin' down, cuz he's the world-reknowned  
See me lickin' rhymes, trappin' like I'm firing rounds  
And um, you in tune to this infinite sound  
And um, the revolution poppin' off right now  
I make you raise ya fist, raise and I'm proud  
Raise ya fifth, and bust it at the flag like BLOW  
You fuck-boy niggas tryin' to keep it on a hush  
But Black Thought spit it cuz you people want the rush  
You feel? That's why the audience fiend for this fix  
And Krush come with the guillotine for this mix yo...

[Various soft-spoken words from Black Thought]

[Verse 3]

Yo, I got that renaissance, turn-of-the-century choke  
And I'ma do the people right if y'all just give me the vote  
We feel to ride, hit 'em high, Krush just give me the rope  
See all the porcelain chase cats gettin' the broke  
One at a time, now best focus on who the dime  
When your blade's sharp as mine and people want you to rhyme  
And want you to spill, for me it's not nothin' for real  
Me and my man run at your band yo we tough on the will  
He'll blow ya mind like bustin' the steel  
I give the crowd somethin' to feel  
This sound got the power to heal  
It's like The Green Mile, now I need an hour to chill  
A quarter a kill, the bird while patrolling the field  
I'm puttin' rappers out cold  
I done rocked from Tokyo to the North Pole  
Whenever my man program the passcode y'all receive the fist  
Aiyo Krush come with the guillotine for this mix yo...

[Various soft-spoken words from Black Thought]