

# Gang Starr, Just To Get A Rep (LP Version)

Stick up kids is out to tax [x2]  
And this is how the story goes

Brothers are amused by others brother's reps  
But the thing they know best is where the gun is kept  
'Cause in the night, you'll feel fright  
And at the sight of a 4-5th, I guess you just might  
Wanna do a dance or two  
'Cause they could maybe bust you for self or wit a crew  
No matter is you or your brother's a star  
He could pop you in check without a getaway car  
And some might say that he's a dummy  
But sticking you and taking all of your money  
It's a daily operation  
He might be loose in the park or lurking at the train station  
Mad brothers know his name  
So he thinks he got a little fame  
From the stick-up game  
And while we're blaming society  
He's at a party with his man  
They got their eye on the gold chain  
That the next man's wearing  
It looks big but they ain't staring  
Just thinking of a way and when to get the brother  
They'll be long gone before the kid recovers  
And back around the way, he'll have the chain on his neck  
Claimin' respect, Just to get a rep

Ten brothers in a circle  
Had the kid trapped, the one wit the hood, he said, "We'll hurt you"  
If you don't run out your dues and pay  
Give up the Rolex watch or you won't see another day  
See, they were on the attack  
And one said, "Yo, you wanna make this to a homicide rap?  
Make it fast so we can be on our way  
Kick in the rings and everything, ok?"  
The kid was nervous and flinching  
And little shorty with the 3-8, yo, he was inchin  
Closer and closer, put the gun to his head  
Shorty was down to catch a body instead  
Money was scared so he panicked  
Took off his link and his rings and ran frantic  
But shorty said, "Now" pulled the trigger and stepped  
It was nothing, he did it just to get a rep