

Gang Starr, Remainz

[Guru]

The question remains.. which MC's will reign
Which ones will gain, how many suckers will feel pain
"Ask yourself the same question"
"What is it.."

Phrases I spit like slugs after I sip from my mug
Life is bugged, the bassline groove is my drug
Now that you feel me, yo here's some advice
All you foul niggaz gonna pay the fuckin price
So take that phony hardcore look off your grill
Cause I be stompin ya still with the intent to kill
This is a battle rhyme in case you haven't noticed
You get replaced you get demoted
I give chumps cranium lumps just like Louisville
I stand tall, just like the Catskill Mountains
Preyin like a cougar ready to pounce and
denouncin, all the unrealistic fake gangsters
fake mystics; so let me make this specific
You know we're nearest the original gifted
Rhymes get twisted, brain cells dissolve
As the world revolves, wack crews lick my balls
They can't deal with the realism
When they go for the mic, they better bring their steel with them
They're gonna need crazy help
When I get down for mine, murderin suckers for delf

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So umm.. "THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY!"
My sight is never blurry, I hit you with the flurry
of rhymes and laws, combined with raw style and grace
You're just a pile of waste if you can't place in this rap race
I've been here, I'm stayin, what, think I'm playin?
I've been down, I came up, the hard way, I'm sayin
Bless my Pops he's divine
but what he owns is his, and what's mine is mine
So God bless the child in the streets that's wild
I can easily pull, a perpin MC's file
You can study for years and be the world's top scholar
Out here, life's a gamble, people scramble for dollars
With the textbook sense, you can still be dense
Rather master the game than dwell in sorrow and shame
I'm a survivor, so I'ma always remain
the little nigga with the voice to leave a stain on your brain

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My microphone, is CALLIN
So I'm one-two checkin, and yes yes y'allin

Fallen, heroes are zeroes, I ain't down with the weirdos
I'm true to the game, fuck fame, peep my concerto
And yea though I walk through the valley, from Brooklyn to Cali
Huh, I leave the real niggaz rallied
Cause I ain't fakin no jax, MC's are taken aback
Cause the songs they be makin crazy wack
So I subtract them, I'm one ill black man
I pack man, liable to cap when I'm rappin
So all that's left is the bloodstains
but still the question remains

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