

# Gang Starr, U Know My Steez

Another artist:

For real

Hit it High

MCin' and DJin' for the O Mine Ya Know

I Guess right now we should start the show

Gang starr:

Who is this suspicious character?

Strapped with the sound profound

similar it around spit by Deriingers

You in the Terridorm

Like my Man Chuck-D said

It's Time to Dethrone you Clones

and all you Knuckleheads

Cause MCs have used up extended warranties

While real MCs and DJs are a minority

But right about now

I use my Authority

Cuase I'm Like the wizard and you look lost like Dorothy

The Horror be when I return for my real people

words of split wigs hittin' like some double desert eagles

Sporting Caps Pulled Low and Baggy Slacks

Subtracting Other rappers who lack other's Premiere Tracks

Severe Facts Have brought this rap game to near collapse

So as a I have in the past i will (numbered dialed replacing the word Fuck)

dropping lyrics hotter than sex and Candle wax

and 1-dimensional MCs can't handle that

and while the world's revolving on its axis

I come with mad love and plus the illest war like tatics

The wilderness is filled with this

so many people searching for false lift

I'm here with the skills you missed

The rejected stone is now the conerstone

Sort of like the master builder

when I make my way home

U know my Steez

(u Know my steez)

Chorus:

Same guy as beginning of song:

Let 'em know

do your thing dog

Gang Starr:

Keep it Live

(to the beat yo)

The beat is sinister

The primo makes you relax

I'm like the minister when I be lacing the wax

I'll be bringing salvation with the way that I rap and you know

and I know I'm nice like that

Work through worldly problems

I got the healing power

when the mics within my reach I'm feelin' more power

stealing at least 3 minutes of every rap radio hour

Its not easy for one to give advice

then it is one person to run ones own life

That's why I can't be caught up in all the hype

I keep my soul tight let these lines take flight

The apparatus gets blessed and suckas get put to rest

no more for the unpure I got the cure for this mess

The whackness is preading like the plague

MCs lucked out and got paid  
yet they still can't make the (dialed number/fuck)  
How many times are Bees gonna lie?  
They must wanna fry they can't touch the knowledge I personify  
I travel through the darkness carrying my torches  
The illest soldier When I'm holding down the fort

(Chrous)

On the microphone you know I'm one of the best yet  
some punks ain't paid all of their debts yet  
Try to be fly riding high on a jetsons  
with Juvenile making fake ass death threats  
big deal like en vogue something you can feel  
Style more tangible and image more real  
for some time now  
I held a dozen manuscripts  
when its time to go allah, its like "damn you flip";  
Now I'm sick  
fed up with the bullshit  
got the lyrical full clip giving you a verbal ass whip  
Don't trip its prolific gifted one  
known as baldhead slick  
why is the press all in my...  
my style bne wilder than a kamikaze pilot  
don't try it  
I'm about to stop more than a freak riot  
Style is unsurpassable  
Yo those suckas the are mutha (dialed number/Fuck) are harrassable  
For I be speaking from my parable  
and carry you beyond  
The mics either a magic wand or it gets tragic like tha havoc of  
a nuclear bomb  
Then I grab your palm no Pulse you're gone  
And if you think w lose are stich you way wrong  
I stay up I stay on  
shine bright like neon  
Your songs pathetic  
synthetic like rayon  
fats beats they play on  
sope rhymes put me on  
word is bond  
u know my steez