

Gang Starr, You Know My Steez (Three Men And

(feat. The Lady of Rage, Kurupt the Kingpin)

[DJ Premier]

The real...remix

More MCing, and DJing

From your own mind, ya know?

"I-I guess right now we should start the show"

[Guru]

Please baby, we gettin G's, you know the steez baby

Ain't no if's, no and's, no but's or no maybe's

The vibe'll drive you crazy, almost break your neck

Again we take respect, remember Just To Get A Rep?

Sportin baggy pants, mackin stackin finance

Bold figure, older nigga, yo watch me advance

Used to be a small cat, now I'm all that and more

Puttin the pressure on, catchin rep from the dog

Pure secure, injectin like the fuckin doctors

Smoother than silk, more milk than Louie Pasteur

Ask yourself, "Do you wanna mess wit this?"

The specialist, turn the page, I bring the rage when I spits

Then the set gets wet, I bring the crowd into a frenzy

Leave you sleepin wit the fishes, see how them niggas envy

Authentic vocal tone, transmittin like a mobile phone

Welcome to my ghetto my man, hope you can hold your own

I make you first name To The, last name Curb

I gets grimy, stimey, who you? Revenge of the herbs

I ain't seen you out here, and you ain't got no clout here

Your style don't come across, you lost this bout here

At five-eight and three-quarters, I be the warrior sargent

Gang Starr, rippin clubs and bars

Super-star studded, buyin rings that's flooded

On the low, countin dough in this rap life I love it

You know my steez

[Method Man] "You know my steez"

[ODB] "Let em know, do your thing dog"

[scratching] "Keep it live"

"To the beat y'all"

[Lady of Rage]

Check check check check it out y'all

You best to back off, you jackoff

Rage next to blast off

Get wacked off cuz your half-ass is soft

I bring it to you rough and rugged, chuga lug it

Mothafuckers act like they hate it but mothafuckers love it

I'm the raw dame in this war game, don't get your jaw tamed

?Or broken? I ain't no joke and I ain't jokin

You know my steez when I stand and deliv-de-liv-deliver-er-ies

I Tag MC's like Freeze and burn em like the third-degree

Now wouldn't you agree, that the three of us put together

Make it mo' better to make mo' cheddar

Puffin get higher than four centers

Ask Coretta, Scott King on the spot

Who's the Doc like that man uh, Mart King

Keep march-ing, cuz when it comes to me and The Guru

Like my man Charlie Brown said, the rest of y'all is doo-doo

The butcher, the baker, time to meet your maker

Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin but a faker

You're cheesy fo' sheezy, next to me you're measly

Believe me, I kick that shit so sick I'll make ya queasy

Now easy, Premier scratch that shit like fleas

Three men and The Lady, and uh, you know my steez

"You know my steez"
"Let em know, do your thing dog"
"Keep it live"
"You know my steez"
"Let em know, do your thing dog"
"Keep it live"
"You know my steez"
"Let em know, do your thing dog"
"Keep it live"
"You know my steez"
"Let em know---"
"The mic"

[Kuru]pt]

Yo yo yo (who are you?)
The monotone, melodic microphone
Poetical mac-milly from Philly illy-syndrome
Clouds'll form, which starts the wind storm
And the young Gang Starr posse front in full
Kick off like a gauge, then seek the stage
In a seek-and-destroy mission to burn and blaze
Vanish a few, K-U-R-U-P-T, R-A-G-E and Guru
Let's simplify it nigga, just don't try it
What I recite, ignite mics, my voice encourage riots
I don't talk it, I live it, I don't give up, I give it
I bring it, bust it, don't sing it
Get in your veins, melt mics and spit flames
Get in your brains, explode like propane
Yo Premier (what) tell these niggas this our year
Flow through like a breeze, murder MC's wit ease
You know my steez, steez, steez, steez