

GangStarr, Full Clip

Intro:

Big I rest in peace, rest in peace, rest in peace

Oh oh oh oh oh oh

Do you wanna mess with this

Oh oh oh oh oh oh....

...one of the best yet....

...we've got it....

...you can feel the realness....

...in this business of rap....

...go ahead

Verse 1:

Fresh out the gate again

Time to raise the stakes again

Fatten my plate again

You'll cats know we always play to win

G and g, to the stars son

Haters, took this shit to far son

So thats all for you I'm wipen out your whole team

Ill splatter your dreams with lyrics to shatter your schemes

The badder you seem, the more lies you tell

The more lies you sell, nobodys surprised you fell

Into my death trap

Right into my clutches

Stupid, you know that god must bless every single mic he touches

Ive suffered

Just so I can return harder

Wanna be a shit starter f**k around make you a martar

I make you famous

Turn around and make you nameless

Cause you never understood how vital to me this rap game is

Save it and hold that

You catch a hot one

Rhymes will chase a fake nigger down

Soon as I spot one

Chorus:

Full clip, do you wanna mess with this....

Gang starr, one of the best yet....

Im nice like that....

Its all good, in this business of rap....

Full clip, do you wanna mess with this....

Gang starr, one of the best yet....

Im nice like that....

Its all good, so I suggest you take a rest...

Verse 2:

So if you stand in my way

Im a have to spray

Learn that if you come against me son

Your gonna have to pray

Since, back in the day I held the weight and kept my head up

They wanna see the guard catch an I, it's all a set up

I give no man or thing power over me

Why these niggers so jealous and lookin sour over me

Im bolder g

Im like impossible to stop

Im like that nigger in the ring with you, impossible to drop

Im like two magazines fully loaded to your one

Plus I ain't gonna quit spittin, til your done

Plus, more than ever I got my whole shit together

More than a decade of hits, that'll live forever

Catch a rep off my name, your bound to fry

Know how many niggers that I know thats down to die

We never fail and we ain't never been frail

You niggers talk crime but you scared of jail

Chrous:

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Verse 3:

Attackin like a slick apatchy

Lyrics are trigger happy

Blowin back your wig piece just for the way you lookin at me

Cock back, blau

I hit you up right now

I don't why so many y'all wanna be thugs any how

Face the consiquence

Of your childish nonsense

I can make your head explode just by my lyrical content

Get ya in my scope and metaphorically snipe ya

I never liked ya

I gased that ass and then ignite ya

The flame thrower

Make your peeps afraid to know ya

How many times I told ya

Play your position small soldier

My art is colder

Makes me want to resort to violence

Stop beatin me in the head son,

Na, I'm not buyin it

Im ready to blast

Ready surpass and harass

Im ready to flip, yea

And ready to dip with all the cash

I hold my chrome steady, with a tight grip
So your dome already cause this one might hit

Chorus:

Full clip, do you wanna mess with this....

Gang starr, one of the best yet....

Im nice like that....

Its all good, in this business of rap....

Full clip, do you wanna mess with this....

Gang starr, one of the best yet....

Im nice like that....

Its all good, so I suggest you take a rest...

Fu..fu..fu..fu..fu..fu..fu..fu..full clip..fu..fu..fu