

# GangStarr, Words From The Nutcracker

Sick thoughts on my mind with no self-control  
Uplift your soul and make the brothers wanna roll  
Sixteen years old with heart that's gold  
Yo check it check it out like this, here we go  
Run around the streets cold strapped like an alley rat  
But now I'm gettin much props like a fat cat  
A young mack but I don't think I'm all that  
I just can't sweat another brother's bozack  
So what the f\*\*k, y'all movin on up

Gonna swim in big bucks, like scrooge mcduck  
And if ya don't like and you wanna step up  
Then open your mouth, and suck my nuts  
Melachi the nutcracker, I'm always gettin blacker  
Fatter, I bust a fat rhyme to make your head shatter  
I'm from the bronx, new york city  
The big f\*\*kin apple where the niggaz get busy  
God bless the dead, and God rest my pops  
Peace to the niggaz goin out bustin shots...