

Ultramagnetic Mcs, Go 4 Yourz

[Kool Keith]

Yes indeed one time

This is for all you stupid niggaz out there

talkin that dumb doo doo weak shit

We comin live and direct

Straight in your motherfuckin face with some pure raw shit

And we gon' get busy, like this

It's been a while, since I seen a good street fight

A good fight, throwin fist to fist

Blow for blow, toe for toe, yeah

Put your gun down, and give a brother a fair fight

Smitty with a left jab, no AK

Automatic pistol, put it the hell away

Bring out a baseball bat for your black ass

Cincinatti, beatin down on Oakland

But I'll be the referee, while nose get broken

and basket broken, and brains get beat down

Bronx style, buckwild, nobody should jump in

Just stand the hell way back, before you get slapped back

No posse to run back, the gangsta hard talk

Braggin on the mic, you shootin cops

But when you in a cell, shootin stops

Look at the murderers, third degree psychos

Waitin to get hanged, and next on death row

Behind the steel bars, you're froze and can't throw

But back on the streets with a tool you are still hard

Callin yourself God, and hangin with bodyguards

But look at the snitch, your whole face is scarred

Go 4 Yourz

Chorus: Tim Dog (repeat 3X)

You gotta Go 4 Yourz {suckers} Go 4 Yourz {suckers}

[Ced Gee]

Yo listen up, a lot of rappers wanna be hard

Walkin around with fifty-seven bodyguards

Armed with guns, crazy automatics

Wearin black, but they're faggots

Cause when the Gods are gone, and the guns are gone

and they're one on one with someone

Time to put the fist up straight into action

Blow for blow for real satisfaction

Hit the deck the results are fatal

They can't throw cause they're not able

to kick out a left hook and follow with the overhand, left

but duck cause you'll miss he'll land, a bomb

and put you on the canvas

You wish your boys were there but they're in Kansas

+Back on the Block+ like Quincy Jones makin cash

While you're on the road, goin out like a jackass

So when you're out there, perpetratin fantasies

You need to stop it, and face reality

And grow up like a man who understands

Be yourself, never give a damn

about who accepts you, because it's only you

who choose..

Chorus

[Tim Dog]

Gotta Go 4 Yourz, you gotta go get yourz, get yourz

Get yourz, get yourz

Go 4 Yourz, Go 4 Yourz

Go, go, go, go! (Gone!)