

# Gang Starr, Mostly The Voice

("Chorus")

It's mostly tha voice, that gets you up  
It's mostly tha voice, that makes you buck  
A lot of rappers got flavor, and some got skills  
But if your voice ain't dope then you need to (chill... chill...)

Up steps one, and he gets done  
Then up steps another, he gets smothered  
That's word to mother, or should I say moms  
I drop bombs, scorchin niggaz like napalm  
Sucka, boy, get off my shit  
Get off my dick so what I make butter hits  
You better change your behavior, battling Gangstarr  
No religion could save ya  
My religion is rap, R-A-P  
R-E-A-L-I-T-Y, G  
Cause when I rock street kids rejoice  
I got mad rhymes, still

("Chorus")

So when you think you know the whole you don't even know the half  
You're not a threat to myself, and neither to my staff  
Not the type to really dance too much, although I used to  
Rather bust a fresh line, and get loose to  
The blunted ill types of beats Premier makes  
Makes your girl's rear shake, let me set it straight

("Chorus")

Some rappers use hooks to this shit  
But if you took that shit out  
And you took all the music out  
What would remain? The voice no doubt  
Bless my soul I control  
when in pimp mode  
My bank roll expands  
I invest in my man  
I plan, to keep rap real  
So if your shit ain't fat then kneel  
You squeal, feeling pain from my oral flex  
What about oral sex, which chick's next  
To open wide and get a chunk from a real brother  
Yeah, some real funk from a real brother  
They get sprung and most of them don't recover  
But I don't diss em I just talk to em  
Cause the sound, of my voice, it does a lot to em  
So you and, the niggaz right there  
Be aware, like SWV, I'm right here  
Waitin to correct your ass  
And if you don't follow now I'll disrespect your ass  
More Vicious than Sid, do a crime with no bid  
I tell a bitch that I didn't when you know that I did  
Take a trip to a land a-far  
Then come back, and people still know Gang Starr  
See I'm the ladies choice  
Cause I got crazy styles, still

("Chorus")

("Outro: Guru & Shug)

- Oh shit Shug, what's up?
- What's up money?

- Just loungin, about to go do this shit in the studio
- Oh yeah, you just let me get on that shit, you always said I could get on, you need to let me get on
- Word?
- For real man
- Yo man
- Don't front on that shit
- I'm sayin, yo, if I let you get busy, you kno what I'm sayin, you can't be disappointing me
- I flip shit, I'ma flip shit on this
- Aight man, let's go