

GangStarr, 2 Deep

Verse one

I'm 2 deep and yes much too complicated
My lines when stated are quite often underrated
So consider it a privilege to hear this
Those weak-minded opinions could never come near this
For my outlook on life is a profound view
Whil the suckers act down thinking that they sound new
Only a few sound true
Me and the crew know who
'cause you see me and the fellas have been waiting for a while now
Giving you the time to get your wack-ass style down
You punks pop junk as if life is a fantasy
Knowing that hard is something you can't be
So you front but you could never call my bluff
'cause you'll catch hell you'll get dealt with

Chorus

I never sleep
I always peep
Rhymes creep
I'm 2 deep
I'm 2 deep....

Verse two

I forgive you sike I'm takin' your life
'cause you continue to disrespect so i'ma get trife
But then again I think I'll spare ya
'cause I know tht all it takes one rhyme just to scare ya
See I'm the holder of the key
Don't ask me if I'm muslim don't say nothin' to me
I said I was raised like one son I had two cousins
They pushed me to find myself or else they knew I wasn't
Gonna make it and then end up a statistic
My life was twisted I almost missed it

The chance yes the chance to make you feel good
I used to steal goods and fake my parents out real good
But now I got k-n-o-w-l-e-d-g-e of self 'cause I'm me
And the nation of islam has my support
'cause they try to reeducate the ones who are lost
And the 5 percent nation takes other steps
To get through to brothers on the corners with the reps
And in the prison they give the brothers new visions
Of how we can gain wealth gain self esteem and dream
Of a total different scene I dress clean, stand lean
Say what I mean and I'm out
Like a scout on a new route exhibitting clout

Chorus

Verse three

For right now yo my religion is rhyming
Perfect timing test the flow and climb in
Ansaar, sunnite, sheite, jihad
All must regard the times are hard
Unite or perish
Is the message I cherish
That goes for my people of all religions
If we're all black why have so many divisions

Superficial factors are drawing us apart
Don't let it happen
Let's put some respect back in
So before I act I think 'cause it's the brink of destruction
Word corruption what's up son your gun is just one
And I just might have one
Or two or maybe even three or four
And plus an army of 100 or more
But violence is never my first choice
I come in peace to release the effect of my voice

Chorus