

# GangStarr, I'm The Man

Verse one: guru

I say people people come on and check it out now  
You see the mic in my hand now watch me wreck it now  
What is a party if the crew ain't there?  
(what's your name? ) call me guru that's my man premier  
Now many attempts have been made to hold us back?  
Slander the name and with-hold facts  
But I'm the type of brother with much more game  
I got a sure aim and if I find you're to blame  
You can bet you'll be exterminated, taken out, done  
It doesn't matter how many they'll go as easy as just one  
Bust one round in the air for this here  
'cause this year suckers are going no where  
'cause my strret style and intelligence level  
Makes me much more than just an angry rebel  
I'm gifted unlimited rhymes universal  
Mc's that ain't equipped get flipped in my circle  
I'm aiming on raining on the bitch ass chumps  
'cause their rhymes don't flow and their beats don't pump  
And niggaz better know I paid my dues and shit  
I'm bout to blow the f\*\*k up because I refuse to quit  
I'm out to get the props that are rightfully mine  
Yeah me and the crew think it's about that time  
But on the dl you know that gangstarr will conquer  
That's why you stare and point and others cling on to  
My nautica, asking for a hookup  
Well sorry but my schedule is all booked up  
Nobody put me on I made it up the hard way  
Look out for my people but the suckers should parlay  
'cause it's business kid, this ain't no free for all  
You have to wait your turn, you must await your call  
So now, now it is my duty to  
Eliminate and subtract all of the booty crews  
And suckers should vacate  
Before I get irate  
And I'll kick your can  
From here to japan  
With force you can't withstand  
'cause I'm the muthaf\*\*kin' man

Break: guru

Yo right now I got my man lil' dap from the group home  
Yo step up to the mic and tell them why you're the man

Verse two: lil' dap

So much anger built inside  
So don't stop to say hi, muthaf\*\*ka just die  
My shit holds a mouthful so I guess you know what's up  
Why punks get killed at the end of the month  
Styles and styles I flip  
Lil' dap remains sick  
Yes the group home is thick  
So all you punks hear this  
Everytime you riff  
The more fame that we get  
Muthaf\*\*kas act hard  
Thinking that they are god  
Niggaz just don't understand  
Let me be my own man  
Did everything on my own  
And everyplace wasn't home

Everywhere that I'd rest

I had to dress with a vest  
I guess you get the routine but with a lot of stress  
Frustration on my mind  
Brothers doin' mad time  
Rhymes are organized like crime  
As we're rippin' the lines  
Brothers just don't know  
How shit got to go  
'cause I was told  
To never give my back to the street  
As I walk through the ghetto  
Dead souls I greet  
See my man give him pound  
Then I walk with a frown  
Another minute  
Another brother's gunned down  
Shit is getting too close that's why the group home is thick  
So everytime you riff the more fame that we get  
My father always said don't watch the one across the street  
Watch the one right next  
B'cause he's easy to flex  
Took heed to what he said  
Yeah that deep ass nigga  
While brothers hang around  
Tryin' to get down  
Niggaz just don't understand  
I'm the mutha f\*\*kin' man

Break: guru

And also on the set from dirty rotten scoundrels  
We got my man jeru the damaja  
Yo tell them why you're the man

Verse three: jeru the damaja

I'll tap your jaw  
You probably heard it before  
Step to the bedlamite I'll prove my word is law  
Drugstore with more  
Dope rhyme vendor  
Not partial to beef  
The chief ambassador  
Niggaz get mad 'cause they can't score  
Like a wild west flick they wish to shoot up my door  
But I incite a riot  
Don't even try it  
Bust up chumps so crab kids keep quiet  
Like I said before  
I tap jaws  
Snatch whores  
Kill suckers in wars  
Vic a style you said was yours  
Money grip wanna flip but you're fish  
House the mic like your hooker and did tricks on the bitch  
Dirty rotten scoundrel and my name is jeru  
Utilizing my tools in '92  
Mc's step up in mobs to defeat us  
When we rock knots and got props like norm peterson  
Lot's of friends, lot's of fun, lots of beers  
Got the skills, kreeno so I always get cheers  
Troop on like a trooper no tears for fears

I'm a get mines 'cause the crew'll get theirs  
Cut you up like edward scissorhands  
You know the program I'm the mutha f\*\*kin' man...