

GangStarr, Peace Of Mine

(DJ Premier)

Aiyyo, what the F**K is this shit that y'all are listenin to nowadays on the radio man? You call that shit hip-hop? THAT'S SOME FAGGOT BITCH SHIT Y'ALL ARE LISTENIN TO! All you DJ's are lettin the program directors handcuff you and sit there and tell you how to mix?! YOU F**KIN ROBOTS! F**K Y'ALL!!!

(Guru)

Real talk, serious thoughts
True and livin with a youthful vengeance, yo

(Primo: "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets")

(Guru)

At times I feel like my back's against the wall
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort
In the midst of war, I find peace within
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in
The mind is a terrible thing to waste
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate
Of course I want money, but I won't compromise
Y'all don't realize, think I won't bomb you guys?
With the truth nigga, stop misleadin the youth nigga
Too many wakes and funerals, that's the proof nigga
Our hood's in danger, kids need guidance
You keep lyin, still the young keep dyin
As I walk through the valley I fear none, yes I'm the chairman
Here with my nigga Premier son
And we came to change the game
We represent the pain that's real talk, what's y'all claim to fame?
Rappers simply tracin flows and chasin hoes
Frontin mad hard, that shit's amazin yo
Producers makin Tinkerbelle beats for them to rhyme on
Their ass if they get on the same stage that I'm on
Our shit be rugged, like the New York streets
Make the wrong move stupid then you lose your seat
Cats be buyin up SoundScans to beef up sales
Niggaz wanna crossover, wanna be upscale
F**k that, that ain't hip-hop, that's somethin else
You're better off back on the ave doin somethin else
All you suckers claimin that you are, thug or gangsta
You disrespect the game by dry-snitchin you prankster
I thank y'all for makin more room for us, uhh
Ashes to dust you wonder who's to trust
My sense of self, and my mental health
is much more powerful, than any hint of wealth
A lot of niggaz get cash, and collect Mercedes
But neglect their ladies, and forget their babies
Then the chicks turn and act like dudes
Cause they reflect our light, so yo act right fool
And this is just a piece of my mind, a thesis of mine
I'ma make moves and I'ma leave you behind
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