

# GangStarr, Suckaz Need Bodyguards

Mc's be fakin' so now they get taken

Chorus:

Fake mc's, they always act hard  
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard  
I hate fake mc's, they always act hard  
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard

Verse one:

Mc's I lay out like stiffs in the morgue  
Praise the lord you're in awe when I'm grippin the mic cord  
Rhymes I rip with swift execution  
One verse to coerce your girl to prostitution  
The guru is now the brother you fear and  
Beware when I'm making hits with premier and  
Rolling to a spot near you, lyrics tear through  
Chrome to your dome you better watch your rear view  
Niggaz been held back too long we're coming up  
In the streets we roll alone so watch me running up  
I'm summing up a mad posse of warriors  
Night crusaders able to break down barriers  
And bringing faces of death putting mc's to rest  
Until there's no fake chumps left  
Run, step, yeah bounce nigga bounce  
My rhyme's a (cargo) when yours is just a quarter ounce

Chorus 4x

Verse two:

Gangstarr boy and that's beyond your comprehension  
Mad brothers in every city you can feel the tension  
To stop the killing wack mc's must die  
Who am ? I'm the substance that'll make your third eye cry  
Too potent, too high in intelligence quotient

When I unleash my speech I'll have you punk rappers open  
I won't expose your names and your identities  
You know you're phoney get the f\*\*k from in front of me  
Hardcore fans are fed up from your folklore  
Lines strip you raw and infect you like cold sores  
And I hope you're not the one that I'm after  
Since the days of adidas I've been a true master

Chorus 4x

Verse three:

I've been around punk but yo I still feel young  
A few of my crew members like to pack guns  
I'm high strung but don't mistake me when I smile  
I murder an entire rap chart with my freestyle  
After the killing just like casper I'm ghost  
Fakes thought I was friendly, at their wakes I was host  
Toast without a gun you'd be done  
Throw up your hands bitch and now you know you stand to lose one  
Choose one metaphor and then choose another  
Wax that ass like a bully have you calling your big brother  
Although I'm five foot eight they call me sargeant  
Got more hoes in my dick than you can fit in the garden  
At madison square I shot a fair one

So many niggaz knew me that the kid wouldn't dare run  
Mc's pay cash to ensure their safety  
They know they can't take me; the g-a-n-g, you crazy?  
I be on them like a message from god  
Knowledge of self while fake mc's play hard

Chorus 4x

Outro (2x):

Fake mc's they always act hard  
I'm not a sucker so I don't need a bodyguard