

# GangStarr, What I'm Here 4

"tell the people what you're here for"

Intro/chorus: guru

It's the message in the song that makes you rock on  
Some people go to places where they don't belong  
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight  
But I'm here to bless this mic, aight?

Verse one: guru

I take action the minute that the crowd gets hype  
I'm type crashin, down like a meteorite  
I'm bogart-ing, mics and whole stages  
Destroying mc's dreams, from words to whole pages  
Their rapbooks, look more like scrapbooks  
With their fictional fairytales and frail ass hooks  
A lot of shit has happened, since I started rappin  
There's been enough beef, and enough gat clappin  
There's been mad signs, for this brother to heed  
And while some choose greed, I choose to plant seeds  
For your mental, spirit and physical temple  
Bob your head to it, there's the water you've been lead to it  
Bathe in it, a long time you've been cravin it  
Prance to it, use your third eye and glance through it  
Your state of being, becoming advanced through it  
While others rhyme with no reason I be breezin  
Their mics I seize them, then I try em for treason  
I used to always like to hang out  
Now I lounge in the rest writin bombs while tracks bang out  
I know you peeped me in the club then  
But now I'm in your speaker, with the voice that you're lovin

Chorus

Verse two: guru

Peace to the young ladies, who wanna bone me much  
And peace to my nigga premier, with the golden touch  
I never fall off point, like deniro in casino  
Peace to black gambinos and all my peoples  
Dig the steelo -- I'm fightin wars you know  
As in the jihad, most humble, most merciful  
That's because I be god, I trog through fogs, puffing logs  
Mc's muttering menial madness, they get mobbed  
Scarred and barred, and then, banished from my f\*\*kin kingdom  
You got a fly one bring one, or else I come to fling some  
Exquisite exotic exciting type shit  
Enough to make the real heads wake up and get hype quick  
I'm type slick, known as the God universal  
Kick rhymes without rehearsal, I cross the burnin sands  
Now I stand here with virtue, of course I could hurt you  
Simply with my point of view, and I knew  
That many would come, that's why I've chosen  
To cut off pathways, and there's no runways or doorways open  
For the jokers who ain't focused  
And all the fake mercenaries get buried by the tongue of terrifying fury  
Nothing's blurry, f\*\*k it I got no worries  
Hearts and minds, shine bright light with insight  
Yeah sense my birthright to set up cyphers with power  
Cause mad shit ain't right, like punks in the spotlight  
Who can't freestyle, sometimes I make my peeps smile  
By sayin somethin crazy wild

Like some shit off my dome, that be soundin  
Better than the next man's whole album...