

Keep Your Worries (Street Version)

Guru

Ooh, ooh, uh, mm
Mmm, ooh, ooh, uh mm, keep your
Yeah, yeah, my brother Guru and Angie Stone
Ooh, ooh and DJ Scratch, yeah, mmm
Uhh, ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah Keep your feet out my shoes
A nigga like me done paid my dues
Keep my comb out your hair
Unless you 'bout ready to take it there
Keep my name out your mouth
Until you got somethin' worth talkin' 'bout
Keep your hands to yourself
'Cause I belong to someone else It's the, G U R U, once again settin' it off
Lettin' it off my chest plus, bettin' it all
Record sales, awards, accolades I'm, gettin' it all
Mad chips, right above my grip I'm, lettin' 'em fall
Who said the G O D wasn't comin' to do his thing?
Who said the industry, wasn't gonna bow to this king? I paid dues stayed true so I made it through
If you handle your B I fly guy you can make it too
Your potential is infinite, be wise visualize witness it
Why waste your time focusin' your mind on limp shit?
Angie understands me and Scratch got my back
So keep away from the fire, burnin' desire, yo we got that Keep your feet out my shoes
A nigga like me done paid my dues
Keep my comb out your hair
Unless you 'bout ready to take it there
Keep my name out your mouth
Until you got somethin' worth talkin' 'bout
Keep your hands to yourself
'Cause I belong to someone else I've never been a stranger to struggle gotta maintain my hustle
Used to let the anger bubble
These streets can bring mad danger and trouble
And I can do bad all by myself
Do me a favor, don't be concerned about my wealth
If you're one of my peeps you're gonna know that
But if I ain't feelin' you player, huh, my face is gonna show that So keep your eyes off my pockets, don't be
surprised if I cocked it
Can't outlick a can of oil, you never spoil my profits
See how I'm flippin' this here? Things are different this year
Ain't got no time to listen to niggaz that be trippin' this year

'Cause and effect, I always get, applause and respect
When I rhyme, universal laws, truth and righteousness connect
You see the knowledge that I'm kickin's for you
And there is nothin' that another can do
Try to stop me but I make it through
Recruitin' angels as a warrior, I'm true
People need people, it's true true pride will sustain
In order to do what I do I can let you live with me inside my brain
Keep your feet out my shoes
A nigga like me done paid my dues
Keep my comb out your hair
Unless you 'bout ready to take it there
Keep my name out your mouth
Until you got somethin' worth talkin' 'bout
Keep your hands to yourself
'Cause I belong to someone else
I've been tellin' you, that there's war out here
And I've been tellin' you, that there's more out here
So stop limitin' your thoughts, stop reconstructin' your plots
It's more than luck it's an art, no more, duckin' from NARC's
Haters stay at a distance, haters keep away from my fam
Haters stay in my business, haters still playin' this jam
Mad wisdoms reflect the light of this man
Some jealous rappers, tried to pick a fight with this man
But despite all the nonsense and false pretense, I bomb this
Peace to those I get along with, my real niggas I'm strong with
And never get me twisted with no wack shit
And all that foolishness you was kickin', heh
I know you wanna take it back kid
Keep your feet out my shoes
A nigga like me done paid my dues
Keep my comb out your hair
Unless you 'bout ready to take it there
Keep my name out your mouth
Until you got somethin' worth talkin' 'bout
Keep your hands to yourself
'Cause I belong to someone else
Keep your feet out my shoes
A nigga like me done paid my dues
Keep my comb out your hair
Unless you 'bout ready to take it there
Keep my name out your mouth
Until you got somethin' worth talkin' 'bout
Keep your hands to yourself
'Cause I belong to someone else
Uhh, Guru check it
DJ.. Scratch and Angie, uhh
Uhh, ooh, yeah, yeah

Songwriters

KEITH ELAM / ANGELA STONE Published by

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