No More Mr. Nice Guy

Gang Starr

Punks will always scheme to, create a means
To take my kindness, for weakness, cause they don`t seem to
Respect my generosity, and what it`s costin me
Is headaches, I don`t like fakes, or people bossin me around
You clown, it`s time I beat you down
You tried to play me betray me and slay me, and now you`ll drown
In the river, I`ll give ya, reasons you should shiver
Cause when I get to wreckin and deckin, I won`t forgive ya
You had the opportunity, for bein cool with me
You stabbed me in the back you duck, and now you`re soon to be
Disarmed, embalmed, I`ll break off all your arms
And then your legs, you`ll beg, I`ll crack you like a egg
And spill your yolk, you joke, I`ll duff you in the eye
And you`ll say, "Why?" And bleeding and pleading, you`ll start to cry
And I`ll reply with a confident sigh, "There`ll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Yo ?, this is somethin that I want to tell to you, sell to you
And as I speak you girlies yell to your friends, "Yo it`s him!
He`s shockin again!" This is the season for breezin with reason
Because I`m in, charge of the attack on suckers who just rap on
Wack track that lack that snap, while I just mack on
Honies who look good and, they all want the wood in
They push up, to get up close, to serve me puddin
And I just tell em, "Look here, I am not a crook there"
But I like to snatch em all, cause like a hook they`re stuck
Struck, they tried to press their luck
They want to tease me and skeeze me and please me, to squeeze the bucks
From my pocket that is bulging, I`m not indulging
In lame games with phony dames, too busy buildin my fortress
Score this, drink while I pour this
I`m livin and givin my rhymes, so I`ll ignore this
Garbage you are runnin, I am not the one and
You`ll never get to vamp me tramp cause I`ll be stunning your mind
I`ll sign, my name on your behind and cool you off
Like frost, I`m leary of the way you double cross
Get lost, I`ll tell you you are fly and say goodbye

And burning and yearing you`ll ask my why
And I`ll reply with a wink of an eye, "There`ll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

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Oh sure, you`re, running back for me
I`ma great you defeat you and beat you, show you the door
Cause you ain`t really welcome, you know you`re seldom
Thinkin of your fellow man, but you still til them
You want to be a friend then, you keep pretendin
You`re two-faced, so you`ll taste, just what I`m sendin
POW, now, you`re shaken sayin WOW
You stare, you fear, my wrath is too severe
I never let up so get up I`m fed up, and I don`t care
I`ll duff you in the eye and you`ll say, "Why?"
While you`re bleeding and pleading, you`ll start to cry
And I`ll reply, "Either do or you die,
Cause there`ll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

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