

# Make 'em Pay

## Gang Starr

First and foremost, some rappers are sweet like fructose.  
When I cock back these lyrics, y'all punks best be ghost.  
I be the seven, twenty-one, eighteen, twenty-one.  
The illest one, I'm almost dooper than anyone.  
Straight out the late nights of Bed-Stuy.  
Steppin' up, y'all put your weapons up, I make heads fly.  
You're artificial, like saccarhin.  
You're crazy fake, it's more than skills you be lackin' in.  
Concepts you bite, 'cause your identity ain't tight.  
Tryin' to be somethin' you're not, like pullin' a knife at a gunfight.  
I'm troopin' on night air, like flight number 1-0-6,  
And gettin' all up in your fuckin' mix.  
You get me upset, and I got you uptight,  
'Cause my committee's in your city tonight, a'ight?  
We got seventeen million of us, plus two million Indians.  
That makes nineteen mil, lightin' shit up, like Wild Bill.  
I be the supreme father, plus the ill kid, with drama.  
My karma, creates the teflon to pierce your body armor.  
And make sure you check the shit, before you walk to me, or talk to me.  
Steppin' to me improperly, you just may catch the weaponry.  
My specialty is tearin' tracks out the frame.  
You know my fuckin' name, I rule all game.  
I'm universal, on all planes, what's your claim?

Yo, I be your highness, in slickness, you chumps bear witness.  
Tremendous tropper, verbal nigga, with the fitness.  
Drop you for your spot with the blazer, then I blast ya.  
Slice precise, like Benihanas, when I come to bring the dramas.  
Styles so swift, that you can't peep the God.  
As your lyrics get buried, six feet deep, in my backyard,  
I laugh hard, while your mental, I run through mazes.  
Dark stages of terror, to shatter your dressing room mirror.  
Your whole error gets crushed, your whole show gets bumrushed.  
Too many dumb punks want to enter this rap scene,  
Kickin' Willie Bobo, but need to be slapped clean  
Into oblivion; the true champion always rises.  
I bring surprises to the chief, plus their advisers.  
Size me up, and you will find nothing's larger.  
Catch more wreck on your dome, than a deranged fuckin' barber.

So what, you made some dough, you best keep on scramblin'.  
All your vanity, is instantly crushed, when I start handlin'.  
Demandin' that you pay, for your weak rhyme display.  
Coast to coast, I break the fakes everyday.

I see myself as the black Rap Messiah.  
Colossal, spreadin' my gospel through electrical wires.  
Spit fire through speech, so I can reach each and every  
Tom, Dick, and Jerry, slippin' like petroleum jelly.  
Too busy in the limelight, can't rhyme tight.  
I got divine right to bring y'all to light.  
Somethin' ain't right, to be an MC, you gotta thug,  
Or to thug you gotta be an MC, this shit is bugged.  
Show love but few; deal with crew and crew only,  
And think universal, like Sony.  
Phony pounds and fake hugs is usually avoided.  
Give a fuck like Pizza Hut, I got to stay Noyd-ed.  
'Cause that same nigga you trust, could be that same cat  
Behind that gat that bust, quiet ya, with the silencer.  
Keep it hush, ashes to dust, then dust to ashes.  
Nowadays it's who pull out the fastest, imagine this  
Rap shit without this gat shit, or the phony cat  
In black, talkin' 'bout how much his Mac spit.  
But this year, Gang Starr got changes bein' made.  
No wack shit bein' played, no fake macks gettin' paid.  
No Versace MC's, with a mouth full of Mo'.  
Soundin' like a ho, spittin' that old-fashioned show flow.  
I bombshell that pastel Chanel rap, through a Maxwell.  
Ever since young Krumb, was taught to rap well.  
Goin' deep, process of thought, when my eyes closes.  
Awaken with interpretive robe and sandals, like Moses.  
Travellin' high sands and Eastern lands, for the answers.  
Ignorance is spreadin' through the streets, like it was cancer.  
Too many drinkin' not thinkin', when behind that trigger,  
A thirty-eight escalate the murder rate, for us niggaz.  
It's like, microphone roulette, 'cause nowadays MC's is gettin' wet,  
Over someone else's fake gangsta rep.

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