

Suckas Need Bodyguards

Gang Starr

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 stiff 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 fuck 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 hardChorus 4XOutro (2X):
Fake mc's they always act hard
I'm not a sucker so I don't need a bodyguard

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