

Flip The Script

Gang Starr

Brave is the knave who steps up to be slayed
By the one who forgave him for his first mistakes
He'd best behave, or I'ma send him a wave
Of some shocking volts, he doesn't know what he's talkin about
He's kickin a bunch of crap so I'll be the judge of that
The boy lacks artistry but still he tries hard to be
An entertainer, but instead he's a waste of
My time and your time so I'll kick the pure rhymes
Whenever you're looking for rap that's exceptional
And credible, straight to the G's you better go
Cause GangStarr's known to be prone to be
Masters of streetwise poetry and turntable wizardry
But still be a cold day in Hell when you hear that
Guru or Premier ever tell suckers get sales
But they fail in the long run that kid who went gold yo
That was the wrong one but tonight the spotlight is all on me
I'm the Guru, of the G-A-N-G
Taking out scrubs cause they rub me the wrong way
And I'll say, that they've still got a long way to go
To show they can flow like a real pro
So gimme that loot catch the boot from my steel toe
I'm changing the scenery as I make em uncomfortable
Cause most MC's ain't really got no pull
Watch me stifle em quick with the gift and the wit
Make em quit all that riff as I flip the script[Chorus]Fool listen, I know that you've been missing
All this and so my rhymes are gonna gleem and glisten
Like a gem, and if you are the fake MC type
I'll shine so bright I'll be blinding your eyesight
Your capabilities fall short so I'ma treat you like a dwarf
On a basketball court still you try to rap
And even claim you got new styles but
Rolling your tongue's been playe dout for a while
And you don't sound fly so why are you doing that?
You had a dope track but you're wack so you ruined that
I couldn't make out what you were saying your diction
Is jumbled where as me I'm conveying clear thoughts
To a crowd that's most critical
Booty duck rappers like you are just pitiful
I bet you couldn't name more than one pioneer

Cause you didn't pay dues and you got on on outta nowhere
But that's OK cause I'm peeping your card
If rap was my house you'd be sweeping the yard
As I recline I'll find more chores to give ya
Like moppin the floors or maybe fetchin my slippers
So don't even trip or run off with the lip
Cause as soon as you slip you know I'll flip the script[Chorus]

Songwriters

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