

Just To Get A Rep

Gang Starr

Stick up kids is out to tax
And this is how the story goes
Brothers are amused by others brother's reps
But the thing they know best is where the gun is kept
'Cause in the night, you'll feel fright
And at the sight of a 4-5th, I guess you just might
Want to do a dance or two
'Cause they could maybe bust you for self or wit a crew
No matter is you or your brother's a star
He could pop you in check without a getaway car
And some might say that he's a dummy
But he's sticking you and taking all of your money
It's a daily operation
He might be loose in the park or lurking at the train station
Mad brothers know his name
So he thinks he got a little fame
From the stick-up game
And while we're blaming society
He's at a party with his man
They got their eye on the gold chain
That the next man's wearing
It looks big but they ain't staring
Just thinking of a way and when to get the brother
They'll be long gone before the kid recovers
And back around the way, he'll have the chain on his neck
Claimin' respect, just to get a rep
Ten brothers in a circle
Had the kid trapped, the one wit the hood, he said, "we'll hurt you"
If you don't run out your dues and pay
Give up the rolex watch or you won't see another day
See, they were on the attack
And one said, "yo, you want to make this to a homicide rap?
Make it fast so we can be on our way
Kick in the rings and everything, ok?"
The kid was nervous and flinching
And little shorty with the 3-8, yo, he was inchin
Closer and closer, put the gun to his head
Shorty was down to catch a body instead
Money was scared so he panicked
Took off his link and his rings and ran frantic
But shorty said, "now" pulled the trigger and stepped

It was nothing, he did it just to get a rep

Songwriters

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